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Hazel Kellogg

THE

REAL AMERICA

IN ROMANCE

By

JOHN R. MUSICK

WITH READING COURSES

Being a Complete and Authentic History of America from the time of Columbus to the Present Day

Forty Illustrations in Photogravures, One Hundred Half-Tone Plates, Maps of the Period and Numerous Pen-and-Ink Drawings, by

F. A. CARTER

WM. H. WISE & COMPANY

NEW YORK — 1908 — CHICAGO

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Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England
[Printed in the United States of America]

THE REAL AMERICA IN ROMANCE

Volume I

COLUMBIA

The Age of Discovery

By

JOHN R. MUSICK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FREELAND A. CARTER

WM. H. WISE & COMPANY

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Dedication

TO MY MOTHER

FROM WHOSE LIPS I FIRST LEARNED THE STORY OF COLUMBUS, AND WHO SOUGHT BY HIS LIFE TO TEACH ME TO PERSEVERE IN TRUTH AND RIGHT TO A TRIUMPHANT END, THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

THE PLAN AND SCOPE

The world's greatest historians to the present time have sought to put the interest of fiction into their work, but they have been so limited by the narrative style adopted that only a few of the greatest have been even fairly successful. The vast majority of histories never have been and probably never will be read outside of a limited circle of tireless students.

Romance and History Successfully Blended

In "The Real America in Romance," the author has actually used the medium of romance to give an authentic account of our country's development; and, instead of reading about historic characters and events, we see the characters themselves in action and live with them through the developments of their day and generation. The reader loses himself completely in the irresistible fascination of the story, and the impressions are made on the heart as well as on the mind. This is distinctly the difference between the narrative style and that of the novelist. You do not merely read about Columbus: you endure with him his hardships, share with him his disappointments, and rejoice with him in his achievements; you actually feel the thrill of discovery when the New World is found. The author does not

merely tell you that Washington wintered at Valley Forge with his army, in pitiable distress. He takes you right into the camp, shows you the torn and bleeding feet of the soldiers, makes you stand watch with the half-fed sentries, with little to warm your body save the fiery determination to die of cold, hunger, or British bullets, rather than give up the fight for your country.

The Purpose of the Work

The purpose of this work has been to make the reading of history, which is commonly looked upon as downright drudgery, a matter of genuine pleasure, and to so present the story of our country's development that the reader will be able, without mental effort, to retain the knowledge acquired. Romance and authentic history are blended to their mutual advantage, and so wonderfully well has the author succeeded that one may read merely for recreation and at the same time acquire a comprehensive knowledge of the four hundred years of American development.

As a means of interesting beginners in the study of American history, of enlisting their enthusiasm and impressing upon their minds correct and lasting conceptions of the significance of historic events, as a stimulus to memory and a preparation for a more earnest pursuit of the subject, there can be no doubt that these romances far excel the ordinary school text-books upon which the average citizen is content to rely for his knowledge of our country's develop-

ment. It is the common experience of students that knowledge acquired from the study of a narrative history is, at best, retained by the mind in a chaotic state. This work has been prepared in the belief that even the advanced student will be able by the reading of these romances to form more definite and lasting impressions, which serve as a foundation for the information acquired from other sources.

The Discovery of the Idea

Franklin's old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," is just as applicable in the field of literature as in the world of science. It was the necessity for such a work that led the author to prepare this publication. John R. Musick was for years Professor of History and Literature in one of our Western colleges. He had among his students a number born of Scottish parents, who had passed through our high school. He found that they, along with their co-students, knew practically nothing of American history when they entered college; yet these same students were intimately acquainted with Scottish historic characters and events. After making a searching investigation as to the reason for this, he found that not one of them had ever studied Scottish history as such, but they had read Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novels, to which they had had access in their homes from childhood. The author carried this thought in his mind for several years and during this time he often discussed with the leading educators means by which the study of American history could

be made more interesting. He was finally persuaded by these men to take up the work himself, and "The Real America in Romance," to which he gave the rest of his life, is the result of this idea.

This is not a new principle. Froebel's experiments, made three-quarters of a century ago, established the psychological value of interest and demonstrated that recreation could be used for educational purposes. The kindergarten, an international institution, has grown out of those experiments, and the student of educational methods will recognize in "The Real America in Romance" a still broader application of these well-established principles.

The Plan of the Series

The idea, briefly, is to weave the whole four hundred years of American development into a series of fascinating romances; and this has enabled the author to hit upon a unique plan of dividing the history of our country into generations instead of epochs, as most historians have done. He believes that the true way to study history is to go beneath the surface and follow the undercurrent. All the upheavals in society are the result of thought movements which have driven men into action, and these changes, which are commonly called epochs, have come with the changes in generations. He has, therefore, divided the history of America into thirteen average lifetime periods and has woven the important events and incidents of each generation into a dramatic whole; but in doing so has made no historical sacrifices. The

historic characters of each generation have been woven into the romance, but the author has taken no liberties with them. His aim has been to help the student realize history by making him live through the several generations and become intimately acquainted with the historic characters who have built up our institutions. The author believes that the most important part of historical study and the truest of all histories is that which treats not merely of the happenings of war and bloodshed, but of the growth of man's ideas and institutions. He believes that anyone who has lived through the life, feelings, and thoughts of the past has received that truly historical education that fits him for the life of the future. His constant aim, therefore, has been to make the reader live through the thirteen generations of American development, in order that his life may become coextensive with the life of the nation.

Greatest Serial Ever Written

Each volume is full of life and plot, complete in itself, covering a distinct period of history; yet all are skillfully connected in one unbroken series — extending over a period of more than four hundred years — making it the greatest serial ever written.

In Volume I the romance is woven around the career of the boy who accompanied Columbus on his almost hopeless wanderings from court to court and sailed with him on his voyages of discovery. The author gives him the classic Spanish name, Hernando Estevan. In the intimacy which springs up

between Columbus and the boy, a strange story is told of the mysterious disappearance of the lad's noble father. Many remarkable adventures occur in the course of unraveling the mystery and a dainty love story runs through the whole. The scene changes from Spain to the New World and later to Granada. The hero of the story finally settles in San Domingo and his descendants become the central characters of the succeeding volumes.

In Volume IV two of Hernando Estevan's great-grandchildren are kidnapped by the crew of Sir Francis Drake, who had been commissioned to destroy the Spanish settlements in the West Indies and on the coast of Florida, and were carried back to England, where the name was anglicized to Stevens. One of these boys landed with the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620, the other settled in Virginia, thus forming a northern and a southern branch of the family. The change in the name is significant. It marks the beginning of English domination and the decline of Spanish influence in the New World. This is traced throughout the series, until, at the close of the Spanish-American War, Spain forfeits the last vestige of her control in the Western Hemisphere. In this war are two direct descendants of Hernando Estevan, one with Dewey at Manila, the other with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba.

Eighty per cent of the material in our public libraries is fiction, and practically the only calls for books are for this class of literature. If one reads at

all, he reads fiction. It is safe to assume that most of the knowledge of history acquired by the average reader is through the reading of such books as are usually classed as "historical novels." The object of most of such productions is merely entertainment, and great liberties are often taken with historic characters and events to make them suit the purposes of fiction. Nevertheless, it may well be questioned if, with all their distortions, the average reader will not obtain a truer and more lifelike view of a period from a historical novel than from the average text-book on the subject. The recognition of this fact furnished the motive for the production of "The Real America in Romance," but the author employed fiction as a means, not as an end, and made everything subservient to the main object of teaching history and impressing its lessons.

Romance as an Educational Medium

No one to-day will dispute the fact that knowledge acquired in a pleasant and entertaining manner is much more easily and permanently retained than that derived from constant effort and hard study. We have no trouble in recalling stories read in childhood and can, without mental effort, live them over again. The history, however, which we really labored to master, at the same impressionable age in life, is forgotten with the exception of a few romantic incidents here and there, such as the Courtship of Miles Standish and the Story of Pocahontas. The incidents

Impressions Lasting

commonly used by novelists to portray characters in fiction are not more interesting in themselves than those in the lives of real historic characters. If one were to take merely the incidents used by the novelist to delineate his characters and put them into a narrative, the most interesting romance ever written would become just as dull and uninteresting as any history. Does anyone believe for a moment that the vicious literature of the present day would be any menace to society if written in the same narrative style as our histories?

New Plan of Biography

It is universally conceded that Boswell's Life of Johnson is the greatest biography that has ever been written. Boswell himself was one of the greatest scholars of his day, and had for his subject "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century;" yet the most careful study of the Life of Johnson will not enable the reader to get as close to the man as he does to Jean Valjean in a superficial reading of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The incidents in the life of Samuel Johnson are not less interesting in themselves than those which the novelist used to portray the character of Jean Valjean, but the methods employed by these authors are entirely different. Boswell's masterpiece is written in narrative style, while Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" is a romance.

John R. Musick has used the same means to make the reader intimately acquainted with the historic characters of America. It is an entirely new method

of writing biography. He has surrounded the real characters with typical men and women of their day, and has done for the thirteen generations of American life what Balzac in his "Comédie Humaine" did for one generation of French life. The reader becomes just as intimately acquainted with the great characters of history as with Sydney Carton in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" or Little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Importance of the Subject

The boys of to-day will fill the important places of to-morrow, and while the citizen is in the making there is nothing of more importance than a thorough preparation for intelligent citizenship. A man must know history before he can help to make it. He cannot vote wisely or be a valuable citizen without a conception of what his forefathers have striven for and what it has meant for them to win or lose. He must bring himself into full sympathy with the true American spirit; in other words, he must first of all catch up with the past. Education along these lines is the most important training he can have to prepare him for citizenship. Without a knowledge of the history of his country, one can make no pretense to education. It is as much of an impertinence to discuss the necessity of a knowledge of history with a man of education as it is to discuss the necessity of education itself. History is the most broadening, stimulating, and instructive of all studies. It alone teaches the earthly reward that awaits courage and

cowardice, vice and virtue; it alone teaches the true philosophy of life.

The boy who stands on the shoulders of a tall man is able to see farther than the man, and we who to-day stand on the shoulders of the great men of America may be able to see farther into the future than they have. President Roosevelt says, "The success of the Republic is predicated upon the high individual efficiency of the average citizen." In these days of money-mania and public distrust, when so many "great" men have fallen from their pedestals and stand revealed in their true colors, it is refreshing to turn back through these pages and become intimately acquainted with the early heroes and patriots, the men who laid the foundations of this Republic. The lessons learned from their lives will never be forgotten. Their undaunted patriotism are our highest ideals — all that is good and true and lasting in our Republic to-day. No more shining examples of heroic self-sacrifice can be found in the history of any nation. These men are the world's beacon lights of liberty, and no better preparation for citizenship can be provided than an intimate acquaintance with these six hundred historic characters.

A Historical Picture Gallery

The illustrations form a most important feature of the work, adding as much to its historical value as to its attractiveness. The artist, Mr. Freeland A. Carter, is a man of well-known ability and wide information. He stands in the front ranks of American

book illustrators. He has done his work in a thoroughly conscientious manner. Before beginning his drawings, he carefully studied the author's plan and purposes, as well as the manuscript of the books, and consulted the best authorities as to the costumes and environments of the people of each period covered by the work. As a result, the drawings, of which there are nearly four hundred, not only are pleasing in an artistic sense, but they add in a marked degree to the vividness of the historical narrative and the charm of the romance; and they present much valuable information concerning the people, their dress their movements, and their surroundings that could not be told in words.

The Historical Index

The use of the Historical Index, to be found at the end of each volume, will avoid any confusion arising in the mind of the reader as to which is authentic history and which is romantic material. Only the names of the real historic characters and actual events appear, and this enables the reader who has absolutely no knowledge of the subject to separate the history from the fiction. The index serves the further purpose of adding greatly to the value of the series as a reference work.

The Reading Courses

The Reading Courses, comprising the fourteenth volume of the series, were prepared under the supervision of Edwin Markham, the distinguished poet. Not only do they form a guide to the systematic

reading of the thirteen romances, but they are full of interesting and illuminating material and will be found very entertaining reading in themselves.

Introductory Essays

The first few centuries of our history were little more than a continuation of the quarrels that originated in European countries. It is important therefore that we study the development of our own country in connection with the history of those European nations from which the first settlers came and by which the subsequent course of America has been influenced. Not the least valuable feature of these Reading Courses are the sketches of European history, which have been introduced to illuminate the beginnings of our own.

Arrangement of Notes

The arrangement of the notes is first by page and then by subject, the idea being that the reader, advancing from page to page, will notice if any comment is made upon a subject on which he is not fully informed. The note gives all the explanation which is thought necessary to make the point entirely clear, to impress the historic lesson conveyed, or to make more distinct the thread of events which the reader might allow to slip in following the romance too closely. These Reading Courses are especially valuable in directing the work of beginners and, if preferred, may be reserved by the teacher or parent, who may arrange the lessons in the manner outlined and give orally the instruction suggested by the notes. The

Romances and Reading Courses, taken together, provide a complete text-book to the history of the United States, a guide to its study, and a thoroughly equipped instructor always at hand with suggestions, assistance, and illuminating information.

Arrangement of Courses

The outlines have been arranged upon the assumption that about six months' time should be devoted to the series, in order that the information conveyed may be well digested as the reading proceeds. This arrangement is, of course, not hard and fast and may be modified according to circumstances. Each course is divided into readings of about the same average length, but varying considerably according to the relative amount of historic and romantic matter in each chapter — the readings being longer where the romantic prevails. The thirteen romances are divided into nearly two hundred readings, which may be regarded in the nature of entertainments; and it is predicted that these two hundred evenings of entertainment will be more helpful and the benefits more lasting than two hundred evenings spent in hard study.

Into these Reading Courses has been thrown all the information which it has been thought would serve in any way to make the text more complete, interesting, and instructive. The aim has been to enable the reader to read these thirteen romances with the same intelligent appreciation the author possessed in his preparation of the series.

Questions

Last, but not the least valuable feature, come the Questions, a set for each volume, which bring out the important facts in our country's development.

Only Authentic History in Romance

"The Real America in Romance" is the only authentic history of any country written in romance. By combining the interest of fiction with the educational value of history, the author has given us a new type of literary achievement and has placed himself in the front ranks of the world's historians. It is with no small degree of pride that the publishers announce the completion of a task that has never before been attempted.

WM. H. WISE AND COMPANY.

PREFACE

The belief is common that fiction should be helpful as well as entertaining. Well-written historical novels have always been regarded with favor. Bare historical facts stripped of romance are dry reading to the majority of the millions; and as history is full of romance, why withhold it? No land is more fertile in song and story than the New World; its discovery is like a fairy tale, and its discoverer a hero of enchantment. It is not our purpose to tell a new story, but rather to narrate in a new form, an old but ever interesting one and bring before the public some faces that may be new to the general reader. Great care has been taken to have historical events and dates correct, and not to confound truth with fiction. While the information we have attempted to give in this volume is presented through the medium of romance we believe it will profit as well as entertain both the young and the old.

We must acknowledge our indebtedness for the chief incidents in this narrative to a host of celebrated

writers, among whom are *Las Casas, Dr. Chanca, Peter Martyr,* and he who stands pre-eminently great among American writers, *Washington Irving.* Having conscientiously performed this duty to the best of our ability, we submit the effort to a generous public.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

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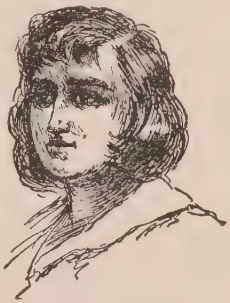
COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE HORNS OF TAURUS.

MANY names once familiar in Spanish history have been forgotten, or are so entangled in the threads of fiction as to be of doubtful origin. Among those still clinging to history by the slenderest cords of truth is the once well-known name of Estevan. At times it was lost to the world, but after a few decades again appeared under the magical touch of some poet, novelist, or historian; and in the dim twilight of church legend are to be found a thousand stories of this once powerful family. Spanish romance has enshrined it in imperishable lines, and it is destined to live as long as the language is spoken.



HERNANDO ESTEVAN.

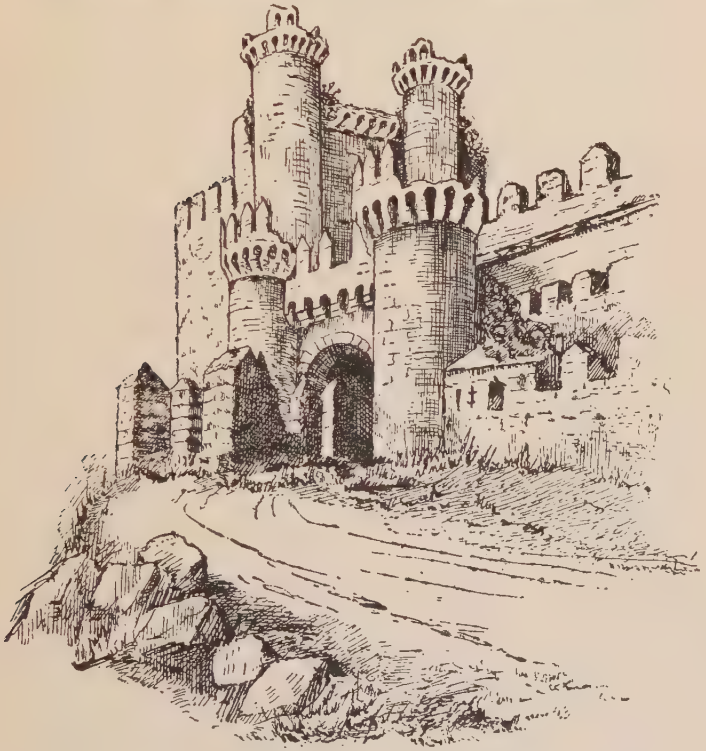
The name Estevan is a peg on which countless charming inventions have been hung. Spanish, Christian and Arabian poets, ballad writers, and ancient chroniclers, historians to whose heads the wine

of these delightful legends has too frequently mounted, have made of "Estevan" the incarnation of their own subtly-woven fancies.

The origin of the family is not known. Not being directly related to the throne of any of the provinces, no chronicler has ever troubled to investigate its genealogy. They are mentioned in the Arabian chronicles of the Cid, a sort of professional highwayman, who is himself wrapt in a mythical veil.

In his day none was more loyal to the house of Castile than Philip Estevan, a prominent Spanish grandee and a gallant knight, who fell in battle at about the age of fifty. He left two sons, Roderigo and Garcia, and a large estate to be divided between them, with promises of ancestral honors for each. Nearly two centuries of the history of the Spanish provinces in the peninsula is largely a record of minorities and civil wars; and, during this time, the Estevan family had won its share of honors in the conflict. The provinces divided their time between fighting each other and their common enemy, the Moors, whose occupation of Spain forms one of the most splendid episodes in all history. "They were a nation without a legitimate country or name, a remote wave of the great Arabian inundation, cast upon the shores of Europe. They seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent." Within twenty years they had conquered nearly the whole of Spain, from the Rock of Gibraltar to the Cliffs of the Pyrenees, and had Charles Martel failed

at Tours to roll back the surging tide of Moslem conquest, all France, all Europe might have been over-



JEWEL OF MOORISH ARCHITECTURE.

run with the same facility as were the empires of the East. This was one of the most important battles in the world's history and saved western civilization

from hopeless retrogression and ruin. "But for it, perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford."

In architecture, literature, science, industry, manufacture, and agriculture, the Spanish Moors were far in advance of any northern European race at that date. No other people in western Europe could have then built a cathedral like the Mosque of Cordova. The cities of Arabian Spain became the centers of Christian students, who came from all countries to instruct themselves in the useful arts. In philosophy and the terms of mathematical and astronomical science, they have left their impress on most of the languages of western Europe.

With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was a brilliant exotic that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished, and after eight hundred years — a period nearly as long as has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman Conqueror — they were annihilated, and the exiled remnant of this once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa. The Moors had no reserve of civilization or of increasing resources to fall back upon in northern Africa; they were degenerating, while behind Christian Spain was a Europe ever growing more civilized and richer in resources of every kind. The conquest was retarded by the divisions and civil wars of the Christian kingdoms, which finally united, and the fiery courage of the Arabs was at length subdued by the persevering valor of the Goths. A few

"The Mosque of Cordova."

broken monuments, such as the Alhambra, are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion.

Roderigo and Garcia Estevan developed into manhood at about the time the numerous petty kingdoms of Spain — Castile, Aragon, Navarre, and the Moorish kingdom of Granada — were being gradually amalgamated into one comprehensive nationality, to enter upon the arena of European politics and form a nation that was to be one of the great powers of earth. The brothers were of the *ricos hombres*, or higher class, which acted in war or peace like so many independent sovereigns.

During the reign of Enrique (Henry) IV. of Castile, that kingdom fell into violent civil war. Enrique was known as The Impotent, and the revolutionists were determined that his brother, Alfonso, should rule in his stead. Alfonso dying, however, the crown was restored to Enrique on his formally naming his sister Isabella as his heir. The proclamation of Isabella as successor to Enrique and heiress to the crown of Castile and Leon was preceded by prolonged intrigue, for Enrique attempted to place his daughter on the throne against the wishes of his subjects.

Being now more than ever a brilliant matrimonial object, Isabella was beset with numerous proposals of marriage, and chose among her many suitors the gallant Ferdinand of Aragon.

The marriage was not looked upon with favor by Enrique and his advisers. The Marquis of Villena even threatened imprisonment for Isabella. While

in peril of being seized by him, she was taken to Valladolid, guarded by a band of faithful knights, among whom were Roderigo and Garcia. To Valladolid came Ferdinand from Castile, disguised as a merchant. So impoverished were both that money had to be borrowed to defray bridal expenses. Both Estevans — Garcia and Roderigo — were present at the wedding, and Garcia thereafter remained steadfastly among their following. Roderigo joined the king, Enrique IV., serving him till the monarch's death in 1474. True to her promise, Isabella made no attempt to wrest the throne from her weak brother while he lived; and now, at his death, she assumed government with little opposition. At Segovia, December 13, 1474, in the public square of the quaint old Castilian city, surrounded by gorgeously clad functionaries, invoking the blessing of heaven on her reign, Isabella was solemnly proclaimed queen. The tableau was heightened by the glorious Andalusian sunshine, the fantastic old colonnaded houses, the singularly beautiful situation of the city with its grouped and castellated hills, the lofty presence of the majestic and slender-columned cathedral, and the countless variegation of clanging bells, floating standards, *Te Deums*, and brilliant costumery. Garcia Estevan, who had already grown to be a favorite with Ferdinand, was the herald first to proclaim:

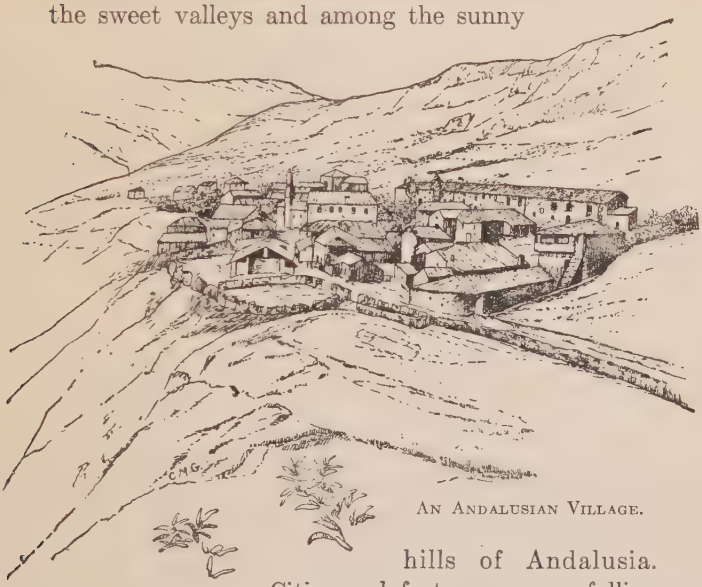
"Castile! Castile! for the King Don Ferdinand and his consort Doña Isabella, Queen proprietor of these kingdoms!"

Both brothers were soon in a fair way to win high and equal place in the good graces of the new sovereigns. But Garcia would not rest content with divided favor. He was of an envious, jealous nature, and more inclined to hoard up wealth and honors than to seek that fame and renown which his more daring brother gained in many a hard-fought battlefield. Roderigo remained almost continually on the frontier. Gallant, brave, and generous, he entertained no thought of evil against his brother, but went on seeking adventures by land and sea — now campaigning against the Moors, now sailing away with a Portuguese exploring party, now returning to plunge into further warfare against the Moors. His mind was fully occupied with loyal service and with determination to add fresh laurels to the family name, and he little guessed how many a gloomy hour Garcia spent, grudging him his successes and forming vague plans for his undoing.

Garcia's hostility toward his brother dated from the death of their father; for Philip Estevan had seen fit to bestow the greater part of the family estate upon his favorite son. Enraged at this mark of preference, Garcia began early to plot Roderigo's ruin. A crisis might have been long delayed, however, had not an incident happened, about a year after the coronation of the Queen, of a nature so wounding to Garcia's pride that his smouldering malice flamed into fiery hatred.

The Moorish kingdom of Granada was by this time

in constant war with the Christians. Hard pressed by the increasing might of the Spanish arms under Ferdinand and Isabella, they retaliated by continually sending out predatory incursions into Spanish territory. The clash of arms was everywhere heard in the sweet valleys and among the sunny



An Andalusian Village.

hills of Andalusia. Cities and fortresses were falling to the Spaniards. Villages were being sacked and men, women, and children being carried away into captivity by the Moors. One day Roderigo, while riding unattended, encountered a small party of Moors returning from one of their raids. In their midst was a beautiful maiden. At sight of the knight the girl

uttered a joyous and appealing cry. He, in an instant, had lowered his visor, couched his lance, and charged like a thunderbolt among her captors. Two of the Moors were slain, the others were put to flight, and the victor bore the lady in triumph to Castile. As they rode she told him of her father, a Christian gentleman of Navarre, who had fallen defending his home, leaving her to the mercies of their enemies. She spoke, too, of her ancestral family, once powerful, but now impoverished by the wars. Roderigo listened enchanted with the sweet voice; he loved her and determined to make her his wife.

The lady became at once a great favorite at court. Her beauty and vivacity won all hearts. Among her many suitors Garcia Estevan enrolled himself; and when the maiden showed unconcealed preference for her gallant rescuer and when, a little later, she married him amid great rejoicing, the bitter hatred of Garcia knew no bounds. He sought out the king, and with subtle skill worked to instill into the monarch's mind poisonous suspicions of Roderigo's loyalty. He was only too successful, and in those days suspicion was followed by condemnation.

Roderigo had not been married quite two years when a son was born to him, but before his child was old enough to call his name, the father was seized and imprisoned. After a short time he was released, but deprived of his estates and rank. But noble, generous, and loyal to the last, he joined his king in a campaign against the Moors, and won distinction in

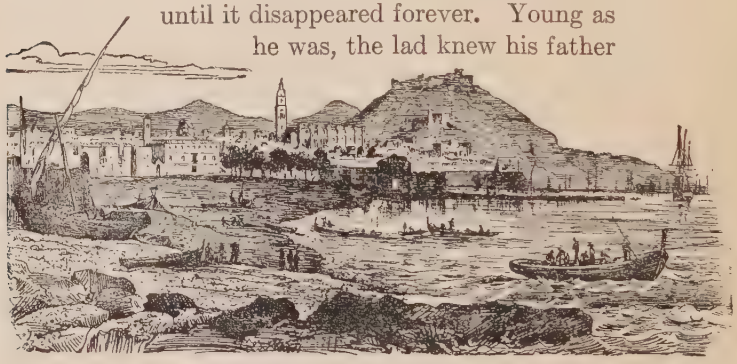
several hard-fought engagements. He was now only a poor soldier, depending on his sword for a livelihood for himself, wife, and child. Garcia, whose hatred increased with years, began to fear that his brother might regain his lost favors with the prince, and set in operation new plots and intrigues, bringing into his service an apostate Moor named Abdallah Ahmed. They represented to their sovereigns that Roderigo was offering his services to King John II., of Portugal, and was secretly plotting an invasion of Spain.

Hernando, Roderigo's little son, was but five years of age when final ruin came. His parents lived in a cottage on the coast, not far from the seaport town of Palos, and the boy loved to sit on the beach and listen to the waves breathing their mournful tale of some far-off land. The child often wondered to what vast unknown regions that great body of water extended.

One day his father came home, his face deep lined with anxiety and despair. Hernando listened in simple childish wonder to hurried words. His father's sighs and his mother's tears told him that something terrible was in store. Then came a heart-breaking farewell. His mother wept pitifully and could not be comforted. Tearing himself from her embrace the father caught Hernando in his arms, pressed a warm kiss on his cheeks, and in an agony of spirit cried:

"May God bless you both!"

Then the father hurried away down to the wild, rocky shore, where a boat was ready to carry him off to a strange ship lying at anchor. The fugitive was taken aboard the vessel, anchor was hoisted, and he sailed away upon that vast expanse of unknown water. Hernando and his mother stood on the edge of the cliff, and watched the sail grow smaller and smaller until it disappeared forever. Young as he was, the lad knew his father



The Wild Rocky Shore.

had been condemned, and was flying for his life. He had heard him tell his mother that Abdallah Ahmed, a wicked Moor, had, at the instigation of Garcia, made a false oath against him, and that the king had issued a warrant for him, dead or alive.

The boy lived alone many weary days with his mother in their cottage. No tidings came from the absent father and husband. Señora Doria, Hernando's grandmother, came to live with them and care for the unfortunate wife, who was dying of a

broken heart. Weeks, months, and years passed, and she grew more feeble as she waited and waited, patiently hoping and praying for word of her beloved husband.

She used to sit by the water, her little son at her side. Gazing away over the unknown ocean she would tell him stories from Marco Polo, about a wonderful country beyond the sea — of continents, islands, cities, and people who dwelt there; and the boy, listening to her, would exclaim:

"Surely my father must be on one of those islands, and when I grow to be a man, mother, I will go and bring him back, and then you shall weep no more."

Then she told him that, according to Marco Polo, some of those islands were inhabited by wild, savage people, who made their captives slaves. Perhaps even then his father was a slave to some cruel master, poorly fed, cruelly beaten, and longing to come home to those whom he loved. Such an impression did these stories make on the young boy's mind, and so vivid became his imagination, that he fancied he could hear his father's voice calling for deliverance from out the great expanse of water.

His mother grew weaker and weaker. At last she died; and Hernando sat alone on the beach and listened to the waves, thinking he heard his father's sighs and groans in their murmurs. And when the storm lashed them to a fury he said that his father's masters were angry and he could hear the shrieks of the slave.

Hernando had reached his thirteenth year and still lived in the humble cottage with his grandmother. They supported themselves by their garden, cow, and goats. The boy grew strong, was a brave lad, and had joined in one or two expeditions against the Moors. He had but two objects in life; one was to find his father; the other was to take vengeance on the renegade Moor, Abdallah.

One morning Hernando and the good old grandmother Doria sat at breakfast. As usual, their conversation drifted away to the subject always nearest their hearts, the lad's missing father. Old Doria was never so happy as when sounding the praises of the gallant knight, and in the proud Hernando she always found an eager listener.

"I remember my father, and a grand, noble man he was," interrupted the lad. "I see him yet hurrying down to the rocky shore, in his shining coat of mail, his great sword clanging at his side."

"Ah, it was a sad day, lad, when the good knight sailed!"

"They would have killed him, grandame, had he stayed. But mother used to tell me of an Island of Seven Cities, which had houses roofed with gold——"

"Aye, and savage men who kill people or make slaves of them," interrupted the grandmother.

Then the boy became sad and thoughtful. His porridge grew cold, and he seemed far away, a witness to his father's suffering and degradation. Suddenly recovering himself, he said:

"It won't be long. I will soon be a man; then father shall be rescued, and the cruel Moor Abdallah be put to death. Less than a year ago I saw Abdallah, and told him when I became strong enough to wield a lance or arquebus I would slay him."

"Beware of the Moors, lad; beware of the Moors. They are treacherous, heathen dogs, and may the Holy Virgin be praised when they are all driven from Christendom!"

The boy's eyes suddenly grew brighter, and he exclaimed:

"Oh, Grandame Doria, I forgot to tell you; I met him again yesterday!"

"Who, the Moor?"

"No; heaven forbid! That dog is now penned up with his scurvy countrymen, like sheep, in Granada, with the king's artillery battling down the walls."

"Whom saw you, lad?"

"The oddest of men! They call him Old Antipodes. I don't know what it means, grandame, but he is a good, brave man, a sailor, and a great explorer."

"What is he like?"

"Ah, good grandame, I never saw a face like his, so full of kindness and love! His gray eyes and snow-white hair and beard make him look like a saint. I was on the road from Palos with some boys when he passed. Some of the children cried: 'There comes the mad man of Genoa,' and they ran away; but I stood and watched him. As he passed by he paused to look at me."

"Did he speak?"

"No. He wore a breastplate, but he is more of a friar than a soldier."

"Why do they call him a mad man, and if he be mad, why does he go armed?"

"They call him mad because he says the world is round, and turns over in a day and night; and he says people live on the other side of it."

"He must be mad, indeed," the incredulous grandmother answered. "If the world was round or turned over, we would fall off when we got on the under side."

This theory had puzzled older heads than Hernando's, and wiser ones than Señora Doria. The science of geography and natural forces was in its infancy, and the laws of gravitation, now common with every schoolboy, almost wholly unknown.

"I don't understand it, grandame, but he is no mad man even if he does say such strange things. He is too good and too great to be a mad man. He has spent his life in studying maps, charts, the stars, and the earth, and he has already become a great sailor and explorer. He wants to take a fleet, I am told, and go around the world."

"Around the world?"

"Yes, grandame."

"When he reaches the under side he will fall off."

"No, grandame, I believe he is right; and if he gets our sovereigns to fit out a fleet for him, I want to go with him, for then I would find my father, and

rescue him from slavery. O grandame, good, good, grandame, I hear my father every night in my sleep, calling me to come to his deliverance, and I must go!" Unable longer to control his emotions, the boy broke down.

"Poor child! long dwelling on that subject will drive him mad too."

But buoyant childhood shakes off sorrow and care as the spaniel does the water from his sides. Hope and joy of youth will burst through the darkest despair, and break over the strongest barriers, admitting sunshine to the saddest young heart. The boy's sobbing was soon checked by the quick sound of approaching footsteps, and a playmate, thrusting his face within the door, called:

"Come, Hernando, have you forgotten the Plaza de Toros?"

The speaker was his playmate Alberto, and Hernando now remembered having promised to accompany him that morning to the bull-fight near the village. The fight was to be a grand affair, and was as great an attraction in that day to the small boy of Spain as the circus is to our own. Hernando glanced at his grandmother for her approval, and the dear, good old soul, glad of a little happiness for the child, nodded ready assent.

It was fully three miles across rugged hills and steep, thorny paths to the Plaza de Toros, which was simply a vast arena, something like the old Roman amphitheatre. But what was three miles to two

active boys full of excitement and admiration of daring deeds?

The day was hot and dusty. The palm, maguay, tumble-down walls, and distant towers, which loomed vaguely in a whitish shimmer, were the only features of the landscape. Round about stretched the eternal circle of blue hills, forming the rim of a basin in which lies the village of Palos, like a pearl in an oyster-

Typical Landscape.

shell. Half a mile from Palos, amid a crowd of soldiers, corralled horses, waiting vehicles, beggars, cripples, and thieves, arose the Plaza de Toros.

There was little pretension to architectural or artistic elevation about the Plaza de Toros. It wore the severe and almost business-like aspect which marked the unaesthetic Gotho-Spaniard, the unchanged child of hard Iberia, who looked for a sport

of blood and death and required no extraneous stimulant. That it was built for the killing of bulls and for no other purpose was plainly evident. The interior of the arena was unadorned, but admirably calculated for seeing, and a bull-fight is essentially a spectacle. In those times, as now, the bull-fight was a Saturnalia.

The moving line of the Calle de Alcala became the aorta of the village, through which wound a dense mass, solid as a glacier and bright as a kaleidoscope. There was no class unrepresented, from the grandee in his blazoned carriage to the *manola* in her calico gown. All faces were turned one way, all minds filled with one purpose. One thought stirred in every heart. One heart beat in every bosom.

Four hundred years have worked little change in the Spanish bull-fight, and the arena of to-day is said to be the arena of twenty centuries ago. Once inside, the scene burst on the beholder in all the splendor of open day; the vast space filled with the light of an unclouded heaven spread above like an azure canopy.

Having gained admission to the amphitheatre, Alberto and Hernando made their way into the arena. This was crowded with men and boys, until the hour for clearing it came, when they occupied humble places between the first and second barriers, where they would have an excellent view of the sport. At the appointed hour the trumpet sounded, and the crowd, which had been yelling itself hoarse, rose in an outburst of enthusiasm. This was before the

decay of the picturesque, and a Spanish assembly was a glorious sight. Every shade and hue of the kaleidoscopic mass that fluttered and glittered in the blazing sun and sombre shadow seemed in motion. From the president's box a signal was given. Portals opened and two alguazils, or police-officers, well mounted and elegantly dressed, entered. After these came the chief matador, with a red flag and sword; then the supernumeraries with chulos, or assistants, on foot — all arrayed in sparkling costumes of the period. Next came the picadors, mounted on veritable crowbaits for steeds, gayly dressed, with breastplates and greaves of leather. The procession ended with some gayly equipped mules, which were to remove the slain.

CROWBAIT.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the boys, as the combatants filed into the arena, bowing and smiling to the shouting spectators.

After the procession had marched entirely around the arena, a second trumpet sound signalled the combat. The alguazil rode in front of the state box to receive from the municipal authority the key to the bull-pen. Catching the key in his hat, he handed it to a chulo, and galloped off through the opposite

entrance with undignified haste, amid the jeers of the crowd. The brilliant army of combatants now separated, each taking his respective place.

The boys watched the chulo unlock the door which was to admit the bull. Out he came, a great black monster, with long, tapering horns, sharp as sword-points. Released from his dark cell, and amazed at

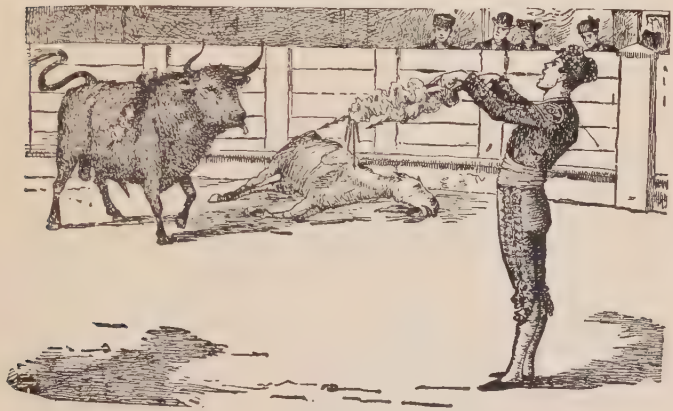
THE FIRM ARM OF THE PICADOR HELD HIM AT BAY.

the novelty of the position, he gazed an instant at the crowd in its brilliant array. After a brief interval he recovered his senses, while his splendid Achillean rage fired every limb, and with closed eyes and lowered horns he charged the foremost of the three picadors, who were drawn up at intervals close to the wooden barrier. The horseman on a blindfolded nag, with presented spear, boldly awaited the onset, speaking a few words of command to the wretched, trembling animal. Only the poorest, broken-down

hacks were sacrificed by the picadors. The steed won as little sympathy as the bull. When gored to death he was dragged out by the mules, leaving a bloody furrow in the sand. The picador thrust his blunt lance against the shoulder of the bull, and held him back. In vain he kicked up behind and tossed his sharp horns in the air; the firm arm of the picador held him at bay. Seeing that nothing was to be gained here, the bull turned aside and, charging another picador, threw horse and rider head over heels on the ground ten feet away. But the bull did not want to hurt anybody. He hugged the barrier, tried to leap it, and then to break through the gate. There seemed danger of his accomplishing it, and Hernando suggested to his young companion that they get in safer quarters. Alberto did not think so, as mounted soldiers with lances were in the space between the two barriers, to slay the bull in case he should leap the first.

The chulos now began to worry the bull. They were all picked young men, who had just commenced their bull-fighting career. The chulo's duty was that of a skirmisher, to draw off the bull when a picador was endangered. This was done with their parti-colored silken cloaks and banners. Their mercurial address and agility were marvelous; they would skim over the sand like birds of radiant plumage, seeming scarcely to touch the earth. Then, as now, the chief weapon of the chulo was the banderillo, a barbed dart or arrow, which was wrapped with bits of parti-colored cloth and ribbons. The tormentors

shouted in front of the bull, waving their cloaks until he charged straight into their midst. It seemed as if the furious beast must inevitably gore some of them, and Hernando held his breath in expectation of some dreadful tragedy. But just as the roaring monster with lowered horns dashed into their midst,



THE CHULO.

the men leaped nimbly aside, running in different directions.

This was bull-fighting four hundred years ago; and, in countries where this barbarous sport is still tolerated, it is bull-fighting of the present. Such torture is amusement to some at this day; perhaps, then, we can in a measure, excuse Hernando and his young companion for growing enthusiastic, in those earlier, less civilized times, shouting with delight,

when one feat more daring than another was performed.

Sitting in the front row, back of the second barrier, was a man apparently fifty years of age, with broad, high forehead, and hair white as snow. His plumed hat lay on his knee, while his gray eyes were turned upon Hernando with fatherly solicitude. Did his prophetic soul read something in the bright lad, which told him that the destiny of the child was henceforth to be closely linked with his own?

The boys were watching the conflict with deepest interest. The bull was goaded to madness, and the sorry mounts of the picadors were unable to escape his fury. He charged another, and no lance could hold him back; he stood under the horse and drove his sharp horns again and again into his body, until the footmen tempted him away, and the unfortunate beast, mortally wounded and dying, was half led and half dragged from the arena.

The picadors had furnished sport enough, and the first act ended as they retired. The second act was to be played by the chulos, or what in modern days are called banderilleros.

A chulo, taunting the bull with his red cloak until he provoked a charge, took a barbed dart in each hand; and as the bull dashed at him he escaped the horns by bare six inches; leaning over, as he jumped aside, to plant a dart on either side of his neck. This was repeated again and again, until the bull wore a collar of fluttering torture. This practice is almost

the same at the present day, save that the banderillo is decked with tinsel, paper flowers, and streamers, instead of ribbons.

The bull tried hard to shake off the stinging collar, and, finding it impossible, dashed right and left at everybody and everything; but in vain; the chulos were too nimble for him.

At last he halted near the barricade and refused to stir. The hated red cloak was again and again flaunted in his eyes, but the poor, dumb animal knew he was powerless; he was bleeding from a dozen wounds; white slaver tinged with blood hung from his open mouth. He panted and stood still. That bloodshot eye had lost some of its fire, and a look of despair, almost human, had taken its place. He was ready to give up the fight, but he could never leave the arena alive. A piteous bellow escaped him, as with lowering head, he refused to move.

Determined to incite him to action, a nimble chulo leaped on his back and drove a sharp banderillo in each quivering flank. A wild bellow of agony and rage, such as never before shook the arena, made the ground quake, and like a flash the bull bounded away, hurling the chulo to the earth; and with the speed of a comet he flew across the Plaza de Toros, clearing the inside barrier at a single leap.

He was now almost on the two boys, Hernando and Alberto. With cries of terror they wheeled to fly; but the enraged bull saw them, and, lowering his horns, gave vent to another earth-quaking roar,

and rushed upon them. Wildest excitement prevailed everywhere. Men screamed and women swooned, while members of the caudrilla hastened after the escaped bull.

Hernando was half-way to the second barrier when he stumbled and fell. A cry of despair escaped his lips — he seemed to feel those long, keen horns tossing his body — when there came a swift rush of feet and he was seized and hurled out of harm's way. At the same instant a mounted knight with a keen lance charged the bull and slew him.

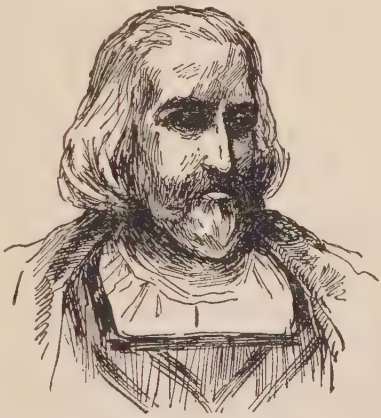
Almost fainting with dread, the lad glanced upward to get a glimpse of his rescuer. It was the same mild-faced man, with snowy hair and keen gray eyes, whom he had attempted to describe to his grandmother. Hernando looked into a countenance that showed perfect self-control. There was no sign of fear in the man; and his whole figure was clothed in a majesty that made him stand out for the moment for what he actually was — one of the greatest men of all time.

SOME ONE SEIZED THE LAD AND PLACED HIM OUT OF DANGER.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTINA OVILARES.

THROUGH the excited throng Hernando's protector half led, half carried him. The boy was trembling violently, and dividing his time between prayers of gratitude and glances at the strange, fatherly face of the man who had rescued him. The Plaza de Toros had no more attractions for him. His life, devoted to the rescue of his father from captivity among unknown barbarians, had been almost sacrificed.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The stranger conducted the lad to a small public-house and ordered a cordial for the boy, who was faint from excitement. Hernando sank down on a rude bench at the table, and his companion beside

him. An Andalusian girl brought wine, and pouring a glass half full the stranger held it to the lad's lips and said:

"Drink this."

It was the first time he had spoken, and if the boy was moved by his appearance, he was charmed by his voice. Never had he heard tones more gentle, more deep and firm, as if the speaker was one for kings and princes to obey. He drank the wine and pushed back the glass, while, with his eager eyes fixed with all a lad's inquisitiveness on the strangely sad face, he asked:

"Who are you?"

"I am Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa," was the answer.

Christopher Columbus was at that time in the full vigor of manhood, and of an engaging presence. According to the minute descriptions given by his contemporaries he was tall, well formed, muscular, and of an elevated and dignified demeanor. His face was long, and neither full nor meagre; his complexion, fair, freckled, and inclined to ruddy; his nose, aquiline; his cheek bones, rather high; his eyes, light gray, and quick to enkindle with enthusiasm; his whole countenance had an air of authority. His hair in his youth was of a light color, but at thirty care, sorrow, and disappointment had turned it white as snow. He was moderate and simple in his diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable to strangers, while his amiability and suavity in

domestic life strongly attached his household to him. His temper was naturally irritable, but he subdued it by the magnanimity of his spirit, comporting himself with a courteous and gentle gravity, and never indulging in any intemperance of language. Throughout life he was noted for his strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the Church; nor did his piety consist in mere forms, but partook of that lofty and solemn enthusiasm which characterized his life.

At this period of the world's history the name of Columbus was not generally known, and Hernando may be pardoned for never having heard it before. Yet realizing that he was in the presence of a remarkable man, he became abashed and silent. Columbus, fixing his keen, gray eyes on Hernando, said:

"You had a narrow escape, my lad."

"That I did, good señor, but for you I should have been killed." Hernando paused, then faltered simply, "I thank you for saving my life. Do you not go on a voyage soon?" he added.

"I know not how soon. I am here awaiting the arrival of a friend whom I daily expect."

"Then you are on your way to Granada to fight the Moors?"

"No, lad; we go to try to see the king and queen, who are so occupied with this Moorish conquest that they will scarcely consult with even the noblest in the land on any topic other than war. You must

go to your parents; your father will be anxious about you."

"Alas! I have no father."

"Then he is dead?"

"No, good señor, but lost. My father, wrongfully accused by my uncle and a wicked Moor, was ordered by the king to be imprisoned, and he sailed away across the sea to save his life. My mother used to tell me of lands far away across the waters where savage and cruel people dwell, who have made a slave of my father; and at times I fancy I can hear him shriek and groan in bondage. I am going to him some day."

Columbus, moved by the simple narrative, answered:

"You are too young to think of such a voyage, lad. But your mother must be a good, wise woman; go home to her and assure her of your safety."

"My mother is dead."

"She, too, is dead? Oh, how sad!"

"She died many years ago, when I was quite young. My last promise to her was that my father should be found and released from bondage. I live with grandame Señora Doria, in the little cottage beyond the hills."

Columbus felt strangely drawn toward this bright lad whose life he had saved. He conducted him to the crest of the hill and there bade him adieu. Then, drawing his cloak about his shoulders, he stood and watched Hernando as he hastened to his humble home.

"God's Out-of-Doors" in Andalusia.

Hernando found his grandmother in a wild state of excitement and grief. Alberto had preceded him, and, not knowing that his young companion had been rescued, was telling how the bull had tossed Hernando up in the air again and again, goring him to death with his sharp horns. The boy's vivid imagination, and his fondness for exaggeration, made his story highly plausible, and when Hernando entered the cottage he was received like one come back from the dead.

His grandmother caught him in her arms, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she blessed her patron saint that the boy was spared.

For several days she would hardly allow him to go from her side; but in time, as the recollection of his late adventure grew dim and blunt, the restless youth was again permitted to roam among the woods and hills where his childhood had been spent.

Spain has always been noted for her charming scenery; and with such a broad playground as Andalusia, it is small wonder that Hernando became a true lover of "God's out-of-doors," and pined when in the cottage, pleasant as the grandmother made it. In the loveliest atmosphere in the world, vast ranges of serrated, ruddy-peaked mountains rose to greet the boy every morning, while between lay beautiful valleys, sometimes opening on an azure estuary of the distant, purple-watered sea. Others were completely locked in by mountain domes that towered into the heavens nearly twelve thousand feet, piercing

the air with penetrating and perennial coolness. The rivers sent sluggish streams or silver torrents, according to the season, through a country which

"Mountain Domes that Towered into the Heavens."

expanded before his young gaze into picturesque vegas overflowing with wild olive, citron, the aloe, the cactus, the palm, lemon, orange, and evergreen oak, the silk-festooned mulberry, the snowy cotton and bending cane; now and again shooting up into cliffs of dizzy height, surmounted by dragon-like castles.

Though born and reared amid such scenery, it never lost its charm for Hernando, and, enwrapped as it was in a halo of mythical history, one cannot wonder that it blended strongly with his fine, poetic imagination. Even the wind sighing among the peaks, or rushing down the valleys, seemed to him the voice of an exiled father calling for deliverance.

It was an age as romantic as the scenery. Moor and Christian roamed alternately through hill, valley, and plain. The peaceful landscape of today might be a field of carnage on the morrow. One week the vermilion towers of the Alhambra rose enveloped in light and perfume, in aromatic gardens, in fountains and filigreed courts, in sparkling arabesques, in precious tranquillity, wherein the golden voice of Arabian verse breathed forth its plaintive, mocking whispers; the next, blood-red illumination burned over the ensanguined turrets, and the din of arms, the clangor of the sackbuts and cymbals, the flash of furious cimeters, and the blaze of the assassin and incendiary flamed and resounded through its tempest-tossed spaces.

City, village, and lonely valley were alike subject to invasion, and peasant and noble lived in constant fear.

One day, as Hernando was wending his way around a rocky cliff, the sun's rays gleamed upon a weapon. He crouched close to the earth, and peering out espied four Moors on horseback riding down the glen. Only the rugged bluff hid his little home from view, and the proximity of these brigands alarmed the lad. The village of Palos was a league away, and they might destroy the cottage before help could come. Half a mile farther around the foot-hill would bring them in plain view of it.

One of them carried some object on his horse, and Hernando, great as the distance was, saw that it was a white girl, not over ten years of age, and a prisoner, for she was tied on the horse.

"The dogs!" hissed the lad from his place of concealment. "They are carrying the poor little captive off to Granada to be a slave!" and his proud Castilian blood boiled.

The Moors came riding down the valley; they were now in plain view and now hidden by the dense foliage of the orange or evergreen oak. Their horses traveled slowly, and even from his distant point of observation the boy could see that the Moorish steeds were jaded from their long journey.

Like a slender thread of silver a stream wound its way along the valley, here appearing boldly and

there hiding from view amid the rich palms and aloes. The small cavalcade, reaching one of these graceful curves, which brought it into full view of the lad who was still watching with greatest eagerness, called a halt.

The Moors dismounted, let their horses drink at the stream, removed the saddles, and seemed preparing for an hour's rest. Curiosity, or a stronger feeling, overcame the lad's caution, and he crept along the bluff until he was within half a furlong of the Moors. His gaze riveted itself on the tall, sinewy fellow who wore a red turban and seemed leader of the small band. Forgetting precaution for the moment, he started half upright, hissing through his clenched teeth:

"It is Abdallah, the dog who sent my father into exile."

But he bethought himself in time to escape discovery, and, crouching behind a bunch of cactus, gnashed his teeth as he watched the Moor talking to the little prisoner. The child had been sobbing, and the brutal fellow was threatening her with a drawn cimeter.

"They shall not drag her away to Granada or Arabia to live a life of slavery!" gasped the brave lad, his soul rising with horror at the thought.

With mind made up and purpose formed, he crawled back from the face of the bluff until he was too far away to be seen by the Moors below, and, springing to his feet, he ran down the slope, along the

tortuous path to the cottage. His father's arquebus hung on the wall, and, as the lad knew how to load and fire it, his first thought was to secure it and shoot at the Moors from the top of the bluff, putting them to flight.

Fortunately for the success of his plan, his grandmother was not in the cottage on his arrival. Climbing up the wall, he took down the matchlock, which had grown rusty from long disuse. Then a new difficulty arose; there was neither powder nor slow-match and the gun was worthless.

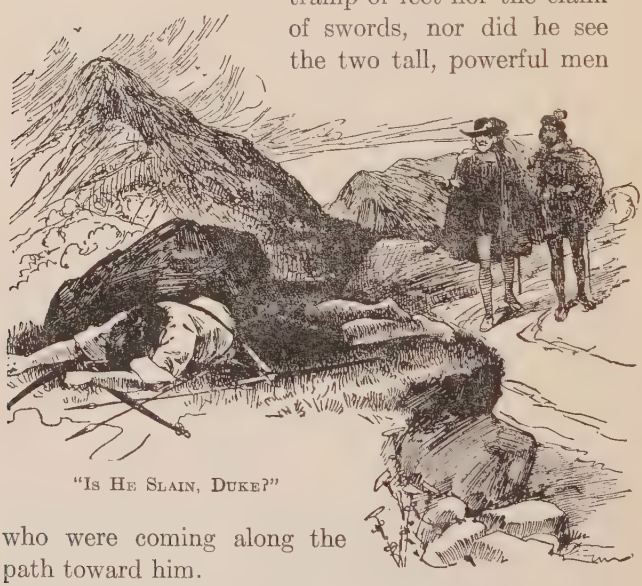
"I can't use it, but there is father's cross-bow. It will do quite as well," he thought.

Taking it down, together with several iron-pointed bolts, Hernando examined the steel bow, the crank, and the string, and decided they were fit for service. Like the arquebus, long disuse had made the cross-bow rusty. The lad had a small, sharp sword of his own, which he kept bright and in good condition; for, young as he was, he had learned to handle it quite effectively.

With sword and cross-bow he hastened back toward the bluff from which he expected to make the attack. He paused before reaching it, to wind up the bow and have it ready when he should come in sight of the Moors. Placing the muzzle on the ground, and taking the double crank in both hands, he began turning. His agitation, his anxiety, and nervousness doubtless aided to bring about disaster — the bow snapped in twain.

"Saint Anthony! What am I to do?" cried the lad. "Arquebus useless for lack of powder and cross-bow broken."

Overcome by his ill-fortune, he threw himself on the ground face downward. He did not hear the tramp of feet nor the clank of swords, nor did he see the two tall, powerful men who were coming along the path toward him.



"Is He Slain, Duke?"

A voice, so near at hand as to startle the lad, said:

"What's this before us? — a lad and a broken cross-bow."

"Is he slain, duke?"

The last voice sounded familiar, and the boy sprang to his feet, making a great effort to dry his tears before

the new-comers should discover his weakness. The last speaker was his rescuer at the Plaza de Toros, Christopher Columbus, and his companion a tall, powerful man, with dark hair and beard. They wore breastplates, and had swords at their sides.

"Have you been wounded?" asked the duke in a tone that showed deep concern.

"By the mass, it's my young acquaintance of the Plaza de Toros! What has gone amiss, my lad? Your cross-bow is broken, and you have tears in your eyes."

"Good señor, I have suffered enough mortification this day to make a Christian lad die; four infidel Moors are in the valley, beyond the spur of the mountain, with a child prisoner whom they are carrying into slavery. I brought my cross-bow to rescue her, and broke it in winding."

"Why, Columbus, this is a gallant lad," said the duke.

"Duke Medina Celi, you are brave," answered Columbus, in a voice that was effective. "Heaven forbid we should let a Christian child be dragged into infidel slavery."

"My good sword is ready," was the quick response.

"Lad, lead the way," said Columbus, as he drew his own bright blade from its scabbard.

"That I will, good señor, and I pray Heaven that I may myself get a good chance at the dog Abdallah."

The boy led the way down the path to a place in the bluff where the descent could be made without

being seen by those below. Reaching the valley, they crept through a dense growth of evergreen oaks until they were within forty paces of the Moors; then they were discovered.

"Christians, by Allah!" yelled Abdallah, leaping to his feet.

There was no time to use the bow, match-lock, or even the lance, for the Christians with drawn swords were close upon them and the Moors barely had time to get onto their feet and snatch their cimeters.

"Infidels, plunderers, thieves!" roared Medina Celi, dealing blows right and left with his strong blade. "Carry Christian children into slavery, will you?"

Columbus was at his side, and, though they were two to four, they soon had the Moors hard pressed and retreating.

"Abdallah, dog of a Moor!" cried the lad, "this for my poor wronged father." And, leaping forward, with his small, keen sword he struck the Moor a blow on the side of the head. The stroke was aimed so well, and delivered with such force, that the blade passed through the Mohammedan's bonnet and cut away the upper part of his left ear, inflicting a wound on the side of his head.

With a terrible yell, the Moor dropped his cimeter and, holding his hand on his bleeding ear, cried:

"Hernando Estevan, vengeance on your father for this! I will have both his ears!"

The boy started back at the threat and allowed

the Moor to escape. The duke was a shrewd knight, and, taking advantage of the momentary confusion of his other adversary, he beat down his guard and ran him through the body.

Seeing his companion fall, Abdallah uttered a yell of rage and fear and fled. Medina Celi sprang to the aid of Columbus, who was fighting the other two; and soon they, finding everything against them, also fled.

"My lord duke, an easy victory!" cried Columbus.

"Shall we not give chase?" asked the duke, burning with anxiety to cut down the other rascals.

"No; see, they are mounting their Arabian horses while we are on foot," returned Columbus. "Let us look after the child — see who she is, and what injury has been done her."

The prisoner was a shy little maid, her cheeks very pale and her eyes blinded with tears. Hernando was already at her side, soothing her with the assurance that there was no further danger.

"Sweet child, weep no more," said Columbus, his kind face beaming with compassion. "Your captors have fled — save him that is slain."

But she still continued to sob, with grief rather than fear; and Columbus, eager to know her story, sat on a stone, and taking her on his knee, as would a father, said:

"Little one, tell me your name."

"Christina Ovilares," she answered.

"Where is your home, Christina?"

"Alas! I have none now. I did live three leagues hence with my old grandfather; my mother being dead, and my father slain in battle."

"And where is your grandfather, child?"

"He, too, is dead; the Moors attacked our cottage this morning, slew him, burned our home, and carried me away."

Overcome by the narration of her own sad story, the child sobbed bitterly.

"Have you no relatives?" asked Columbus.

"None."

"Nor friends, nor home?"

"None, señor."

"My lord duke, here is a pitiful story. What shall we do? I have no home to offer her."

"Grandame and I have room in our cottage for her, and she shall come and live with us," said Hernando, before the duke could speak.

Columbus and the duke exchanged glances, then the former said:

"I think that is the best that can be done."

"I agree with you, señor. Let us accompany them to the cottage lest the Moors attempt another attack."

"Little fear of that," Columbus answered. "The infidel dogs have learned a lessson." Pointing to the Moor who had just fallen, he added: "We must give him decent burial."

"Let us care for the living first, and give safe conduct home to the lad and child; then will be time enough to look after the dead."

As they started up the cliff, the three Moors were discovered among the trees not a hundred paces down the valley. One of them had dismounted, and, placing the rest of his arquebus on the ground, was aiming at them when discovered. They saw him apply the slow-match; then there was a whiff of smoke, a stunning report, and a stone bullet struck the breastplate of Columbus, causing him to stagger.

"Are you hurt, señor?" asked the duke.

"No, no; my good breastplate saved me. Let us get cross-bows or hand-guns, and pursue the villains."

"We've no need, señor," cried the lad. "Behold! some knights from Navarre are coming."

Waving plumes, polished helmets, and glittering lances flashed up the valley. A score of mailed knights, no doubt in pursuit of this same predatory band, were galloping down the valley.

"Pray God they may not be too late," said the duke.

"They see them!" cried Columbus.

"Ay, the Moors know their danger," the lad gasped. "See how they mount and fly."

The knights spurred their horses at the top of their speed, and flew like the wind down the road.

From their elevated position, our friends watched the chase for miles. It was a race for life. The Moors threw away their hand-guns and lances, even their cimeters, everything in fact that would hinder their flight. Pace by pace they increased the distance between themselves and their pursuers.

"Take the child to your home, lad; you can now go in safety, for the Moors have been driven from the valley," said Columbus.

"Will not the good señors come — and — "

"No, lad; it is better we wait and meet the knights on their return; besides, the slain, infidel though he be, must have decent burial."

Strongly impressed with a strange new and great responsibility, Hernando took the child's trembling little hand in his own, and led her down the rugged path to their cottage. The humble home, half buried in evergreens, with the great blue bay beyond, was lovely in its picturesque simplicity. Pausing in sight of his cottage, Hernando said:

"I like you already."

She made no answer; but a grateful expression came into the pale face. "Grandame will love you, too, and you must weep no more."

When they reached the cottage, the señora was amazed at the story her grandson had to tell. She took the little girl in her arms, kissed away her tears, and assured her she should have a home with them as long as they lived. Christina's little heart was too full for utterance, and, throwing her small arms about the good old señora's neck, she sobbed herself to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE MADMAN OF GENOA.

HERNANDO gave his warmest sympathies to the little girl whom he had helped to save from a life of slavery and degradation. Like himself, she was an orphan, and it was only natural that his heart should go out toward her. As two buds remaining on different trees of the same kind, after the tempest has broken all their branches, produce more delicious fruit if each, separated from the maternal stem, be engrafted on the neighboring tree; so these two children, early deprived of their parents and thrown upon their nearest protector to receive them, served to grow together into an affection for one another more tender even than a brother and sister's. They soothed each other's cares and shared each other's happiness. When Hernando, low in spirit, sat by the sea-side listening to the moaning of a captive father far away across the great ocean, Christina whispered words of hope and comfort in his ear. If Hernando was hurt or in pain, a sight of Christina brought a smile of happiness to his face, and sorrow and pain were forgotten. If any accident befell Christina, the cries of Hernando gave notice of the disaster; but the dear little creature would suppress her complaints if she found he was unhappy.

After their first meeting the days were passed as in a beautiful dawn, the prelude of a bright day. They were of great assistance to the old señora in her household duties. As soon as the crowing of the cock announced the approach of dawn, Christina arose, shook out her curls, and hastened to the neighboring spring for water; then, returning to the house, prepared the breakfast. When the rising sun gilded the distant mountain-peaks, they offered up their morning prayer together, a ceremony which always preceded their first repast. They often partook of their breakfast before the door of the cottage, seated on the grass, under a canopy of palms. Plentiful and wholesome nourishment gave early growth and vigor to these children, and their countenances expressed the peace and purity of their souls.

CHRISTINA OVILARES

So early does beauty develop in Spain, that, though

only ten years of age, Christina's figure was in some degree formed. A profusion of dark hair shaded her face, to which her soft brown eyes and red lips gave the most charming delicacy. In speech her eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy; in repose there came over her features an expression of most tender melancholy.

Hernando, who was over three years her senior, had already begun to display evidences of youthful

Ivy Covered Bridge.

comeliness. He was considerably taller than she, and his skin, darker by nature, had been tanned brown by the sun and air of Andalusia. His black eyes were piercingly bright and shaded by long, silken lashes. He was a typical son of his race, noble in bearing, loyal to king and country; a youth well-warranted to prove a trusted follower of the great master he was destined to serve.

They delighted to wander alone, hand in hand, over rocks and hills, through shady glens, across

ivy covered bridges, conversing in their soft Spanish tongue; or to sit by the seaside watching the rising swells gather in force and power, until the surging, rolling wave broke in crested splendor on the cold, gray rocks beneath. It was on such occasions that the lad would fancy he heard the enchained captive shriek in agony, and imploring his son to come to his rescue. Over and over again, he told Christina the story of his father and while she could not bear the thought of giving up her new-found friend and brother, she said nothing to deter him from his mission.

One day as they sat on the sea-shore listening to the myriad voices of the ocean, Christina descried a sail in the distance. They watched the snowy speck grow larger, and at last the small craft entered the little harbor. A man disembarked, and from the course he took he was evidently bending his steps toward the village.

"I know him," the lad whispered, as the sunlight fell on his noble features and snow-white hair. "It is our good friend, Señor Columbus."

Both sprang to their feet and ran across the bit of rocky headland to intercept the stranger. Recognizing them, he paused, and with a smile on his kind face awaited their approach.

"My good children, it gives me joy to see your happiness," he said, as they came up with him.

"We have you to thank for peace and life and joy," Hernando answered. "We came to greet you, good

señor, and invite you to our cottage hard by, that our grandame may thank you, and accord you such hospitality as our means afford."

"I cannot comply, lad," Columbus answered, his face growing grave. "I am to meet the Duke Medina Celi at the castle beyond the village."

"The same grand man who fought so bravely for Christina? You have a noble friend!"

"A noble friend, yes. But ah! my dear boy, my life is full of bitter disappointment, and were my work done, how gladly would I lay it down," answered Columbus, with a sad shake of the head. "But, no," he added almost immediately, as if starting from a painful reverie, "I am called of Heaven to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. To do it, I must find the treasures described by Marco Polo beyond the seas, and raise an army for that purpose."

The boy only partially comprehended him. The great man's eye lit with pious enthusiasm, and his cheek glowed with rapture. The children gazed on him in mingled awe and admiration, regarding him as one inspired.

"Do you really mean to cross the sea?" Hernando asked.

"I do. God has commanded me, and I must obey. Reason and science tell of a land over there, where a mighty people dwell, greater and more powerful than the nations we know; and, though the wise may call me mad, I will yet find them. My hair has whitened and my frame grown old, in

cherishing this thought. For twenty years I have pleaded with kings and princes for authority and means to prosecute my voyage; yet all have denied me. But I have learned to wait, and as Heaven has spared my life I am convinced I shall yet succeed."

Columbus, in reality, never doubted his final success. Feeling assured that God had ordained him for this special work, even in the midst of his keenest despondency he never gave up in utter despair. Daily he prayed for success and strength to surmount every difficulty in the way to the discovery of a new world. He prayed that each defeat and disappointment might only strengthen him to renewed energy. What man with such determination can fail? No gate is barred to him who works with patience in the light of understanding.

The children watched him wending his way over the hills until projecting rocks shut him out from view, and then they hurried homeward.

Next day Hernando went to Palos, and on entering the village he heard shouts and cries from a crowd of idle boys. As he hastened forward to learn the cause of their merriment, his quick ear caught such cries as:

"Madman of Genoa!"

"Ho, ho! do your antipodes walk on their heads?"

"And do trees grow with tops down?"

"Pray, wise señor, how do your people stay on the earth and not fall off?"

"And won't your seas pour out?"

"PEACE, LAD; SAY NO MORE."

A rollicking crowd of vagabonds, sailors, thieves, and smugglers followed a tall, stately man, whose snow-white hair and grave demeanor demanded a higher respect than the taunts and jeers he received. Even smaller children joined the procession and pointed at their foreheads as the grand man, unmoved by their jests and sallies of wit, walked along the street. Under his arm he carried a bundle of maps and charts, for Columbus was a cosmographer, perpetually brooding over the sinuous lines of his sea drawings. By the sale of these, too, he was enabled to eke out a living for himself.

The lad, recognizing his friend and rescuer thus exposed to taunts and insults, grew furious with rage, and, leaping to his side, turned on the mob and cried:

"For shame, cowards! How dare you insult so good and great a man?" At which the troop of vagabonds roared in derision.

Laying his arm upon Hernando's shoulder, he drew the boy closely to his side and said:

"Peace, lad; say no more."

"They shall not insult you!" Hernando answered, his eyes filling with tears.

With a sweet, forgiving smile, indicating how far he stood above malice and revenge, Columbus took the boy's hand in his own, and said:

"Come with me."

As a father would lead a child, he conducted him to the same public-house to which they had

directed their steps on the day of the bull-fight; the mob, hooting and jeering, followed them almost to the door. In a room in which they would not be interrupted, Columbus sat down, Hernando at his side, and said:

"My lad, I pray you to think no more of that foolish rabble, I have grown accustomed to their sneers. You are young and impulsive: so once was I, but time and long suffering have changed me. Yet so long have men taunted me that but for my conviction that I am called of Heaven, and cannot resist the promptings of the voice within, I should have long ago believed that I was mad. If I be mad, so were the great writers whose works I have studied. In Plato's *Atlantis* we read of the country of which Marco Polo tells us. If I be mad, so too were they; but God and reason tell me they were perfectly sane and truthful."

"You find no reason for doubt?" asked the boy.

"I do not. I have seen the maps furnished by Paulo Toscanelli, made from the original maps of Marco Polo and Ptolemy, and according to those maps, a voyager sailing directly west would be sure to reach the countries described by Marco Polo in his travels. I have corresponded with the learned Toscanelli, the ablest cosmographer of his day, and he applauds my design of a western voyage."

"But those countries, if there are such countries across the sea, are probably peopled by wild, fierce creatures."

"There may be many wild and curious people beyond the sea, but we shall also find a grand country. A world lies there, far surpassing ours, and it is to bring our people into closer relation with that world, and to discover new countries for our king and queen, that I propose to risk my life on this voyage.

"The city of Kanbalu, in the province of Cathay," he continued, "is twenty-four miles square, and the manufactures and merchandise brought there are enough to supply the universe."

"Tell me all about it, please," the boy cried, his eyes beaming with enthusiasm; and Columbus, who never tired of the subject, resumed:

"Precious stones are to be seen there in abundance, the pearls, the silks, and divers perfumes of the East. Scarcely a day passes without the arrival of a thousand cars laden with silk."

"And the palace of the Grand Khan is there too. What a magnificent building that must be!" cried the boy, his dark eyes sparkling with interest.

"The Grand Khan's palace is a group of palaces four miles in circuit. The interior is resplendent with gold and silver, and in it are guarded the precious vases and jewels of the sovereign. All the appointments of the Grand Khan for war, for the chase, and for the various festivities with which he is wont to amuse himself, are too gorgeous for our description."

"How wonderful!"

"Wonderful as they are, the province of Cathay is far inferior to Mangi. It contains twelve hundred cities."

The boy was silent with amazement, and Columbus, warming up with his theme, went on:

"Quinsai, the capital, Marco Polo says, is the city of heaven. He entered the city, examined it diligently, and affirms it to be the largest in the world, for it is one hundred miles in circuit. Like Venice, it is built on little islands, and has twelve thousand stone bridges, the arches of which are so high that the largest vessels pass under them without having to lower a mast. It has three thousand baths and six hundred thousand families. It abounds with magnificent houses, and has a lake within its walls thirty miles in circumference, on the banks of which are the superb palaces of people of rank. Mangi was conquered by the Great Khan, who divided it into nine kingdoms, and appointed a tributary king over each. He draws an immense revenue from it, for the country abounds in gold and silver, sugar, spices, and perfumes."

"Why do you not go there?" asked the boy.

"No one will help me," was the answer. "My argument is unheeded, for few believe the world is round. I have brought to bear my best argument, and told them, over and over again, that by the compass we can now sail unknown seas, and with the astrolabe, by the altitude, determine our distance from the equator. I tell them there is a

world of wealth and grandeur awaiting the bold discoverer."

It was on these airy stories of kings and golden palaces that Columbus built his hopes and theories of a new, unexplored world. Many other wild tales of a land beyond the unknown sea were going the rounds. Pieces of wood, strangely carved, had been borne in by the tide; two dead bodies of an unknown race were said to have drifted to one of the Canaries. The inhabitants of these far western isles declared that islands could be seen still west of them; and so firm were they in the belief that they asked permission of the king of Portugal to discover and take possession of them.

The minds of the people were full of wild, fantastic notions of this imaginary land. Some supposed it to be the Antilla mentioned by Aristotle; others, the island of Seven Cities — so called from an ancient legend of seven bishops, who, with a multitude of followers, fled from Spain at the time of the Moorish conquest, and, guided by Heaven to some unknown island on the ocean, founded on it seven splendid cities. Others thought the island seen, the legendary island of St. Brandon, named after a Scottish priest who, tradition said, had gone away and established an empire on some unknown island, about the year A. D. 688.

Whether Columbus believed all these stories or not, he knew that bold explorers had begun to navigate the unknown ocean, and that his new world could not long remain undiscovered.

"Have you asked any one to help you?" inquired the boy, after the narrator had paused in his recital of the wonders of the new world.

"Yes, many, and I still ask. I am here to meet the Duke of Medina Celi again. Some time ago he entertained me at his house, listened with the air of conviction to my projects, and was once on the point of granting three or four caravels, when he changed his mind, thinking such important discoveries belonged to some monarch who could take possession of them."

"Have you explained your plans to any monarch?"

"I applied to King John of Portugal; he listened to all I had to say, gained all my points of information, referred my proposition to a learned junto, and, while I was kept in suspense awaiting his decision, sent a fleet on the very course I had laid down. They failed, for Heaven will never reward such treachery. I have quitted King John and have declined all his offers to renew the negotiations. My brother Bartholomew is on his way to carry proposals to the king of England, but I have little hope from that quarter."

"Have you tried to interest King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella?"

"They are too much occupied. Conquest and expulsion of the infidel fills their minds, and though I have again and again been promised an audience with them, I have again and again been disappointed. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' and I have

often been sick at heart! Did I not know that Heaven had ordained me for this work, I should have abandoned it years ago. Falsehood, perfidy, and dishonor of people in high places, disappointments and shattered hopes, turned my hair white at thirty. During all these years, I have been exposed to continual scoffs and indignities, such as you have witnessed to-day; being ridiculed by the ignorant as a dreamer, and stigmatized by the illiberal as an adventurer. The very children point to their foreheads as I pass, and call me the madman of Genoa."

"Surely you will never give up?"

"Give up! Never! Had not Heaven called me to this work, I must have died of a broken heart years ago; but being called of God, I cannot die until it is accomplished. Through my friends, the duke of Medina Celi and Alonzo de Quintilla I have been enabled to gain the countenance of Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Grand Cardinal of Spain. These have made intercession with the monarchs, and a council of the wisest men in Spain is to be held in Salamanca. Before this council I am to appear and state my theories, and they will make report to the royal princes now fighting with the Moors."

"Then why are you not hopeful? For surely they will become convinced."

"There is little reason to be hopeful. They are men wise in their own conceit, and as my theories will conflict with their own set notions, I feel that they

will be rejected as impractical. I have learned bitter lessons from men theoretically wise."

"I thought you said you would succeed."

"In the end I will, but I fear not with them. There may be years of disappointment, shattered hopes, and heart-aches yet in store for me before success crowns my efforts. But God's will cannot be balked, and He sends me on this mission."

"Señor," cried the boy, suddenly, seizing the hand of Columbus in both his own, while his eyes sparkled with a new, strange hope, "make me a promise."

"What?"

"I told you the story of my father."

"Yes."

"I want to go with you on your voyage to the new world."

"Child, you know not what you ask."

"I do, good señor. I too am called of Heaven to rescue a captive father. I must go, for I feel that this opportunity to rescue my father is sent from Heaven."

Columbus gazed on the fresh, ardent, young face and black, flashing eyes, and did not smile or say he spoke foolishly. After a moment's thought he answered:

"On one condition only may you go."

"On what condition, señor?"

"You must gain the consent of your grandmother. I have a son of your age. I would not take him with me, and I begin to love you almost as much as if you

were a son. I hesitate to expose one so young to the dangers and hardships of such a voyage."

The lad was jubilant; he felt that he could easily win permission; yet he felt a pang at thought of leaving Christina and the grandmother who had been so kind to him. On ascertaining that Columbus was soon to set out for Salamanca, he exacted a promise from him, that, should he gain his grandmother's consent, he might accompany him thither.

On his return Hernando found Señora Doria and Christina busy with their household duties. The expression of happiness on the pretty face of Christina grew to undisguised joyfulness as Hernando approached. He dared not speak to the grandmother until he had confided in Christina; so he took her aside and told her of his interview with Columbus.

"Then you will go away?" and the pretty face fell and grew so sad that he kissed her again and again, and assured her that, when his father was found, he would return and never leave her. Then together they returned to the grandmother, where Hernando again made known his plan. Through the entire recital the grandmother sat in determined silence.

"Grandame!" cried the boy, beginning to fear her unresponsiveness, "don't you know how my father calls to me from across the sea? Oh, will you not let me go to him?"

"Hush, child. You are mad to think of such a thing," said his grandmother.

He quitted the cottage, and wandered to the little glen by the sea, where he sank down upon the mossy bank of a brooklet, and burying his face in his hands, burst into a flood of tears. He had sobbed there but a short time when a pair of light feet came skipping over the rocks, a fairy-like being bent over the sad youth, and a pair of tender eyes, beaming from out a profusion of glossy curls, were full upon him. Christina, who always shared his troubles, had come to console him in his disappointment.

The old señora was ill at ease at having refused the lad's request. She imbibed all the superstitions of the age, and believed that the boy had heard the spirit of his father calling him to come to his rescue across the waters. All afternoon her mind dwelt on the subject, and when she retired at night it was the last thought of her waking moments.

In sleep it did not leave her, for she was scarcely locked in slumber before her dreaming fancy, looking out across the broad ocean to the westward, saw a mighty light flash over the sea. She seemed transported to the shores of an unknown land, where strange, gnome-like figures with hard, cruel faces met her on every hand. Amid the cries of slaves and clank of chains she beheld Hernando's father.

But, oh, how changed! Years of slavery and suffering had worn him away to a skeleton, and fixing his agonized eyes on her, he groaned:

"Why do you withhold from me my only hope of release from a living death?"

The señora awoke with a shriek. The next morning she said:

"Hernando, I saw your father last night in a vision, and I will now consent for you to go with Señor Columbus to the new world and release him from his captors."

With a cry of joy he embraced his grandmother. Christina tried hard to keep back the grief that well-nigh overpowered her.

"Who will care for you when I am gone?" he asked her sadly.

"That will be my duty," the grandmother answered.

That very day Hernando went to Palos, where he found Columbus and claimed fulfillment of his promise. Placing his hand on the boy's head, the great man said:

"Poor lad, I fear you but half realize the dangers before us; yet henceforth let our destinies be one; and surely no sacrifices are too great for so great undertakings."

CHAPTER IV.

THE WISE MEN OF SALAMANCA.

About a league from Salamanca, once the great seat of learning of Spain, the road winds about among hills, mountains, and picturesque passes, in graceful serpentine curves, disclosing constant and varied scenes of beauty.

The sun had not been an hour in the sky when a man and a boy, each mounted on a mule, came jogging slowly along the tortuous way. As the distant towers of Salamanca loomed into view, the face of the tired lad grew brighter in anticipation of reaching the end of a long, fatiguing journey.

"We'll soon be there, señor," said Hernando, pointing toward the tall spires and steeples of the old Dominican Convent of St. Stephen, where they were to be entertained during the conference. In the hall of the convent Columbus was to appear before the great body of theologians and philosophers to expound his new theroies.

"Yes, we shall soon be there," Columbus answered.

"And you will convince them, I know."

The wise man shook his white head somewhat dubiously, as he answered:

"False logic often convinces as readily as sound.

I feel that I am not understood, and justice cannot be given my plans until I have shaken the throne with them. Men with set notions cannot be moved." And Columbus bowed his head thoughtfully.

He was not of a despondent nature; grave and earnest, he was yet far from possessing a melancholy temperament. On the journey he had traveled for hours in silence, buried in thought. Feeling himself

"The Treasures of Learning were Immured in Monasteries."

called of Heaven for this special work, it is not to be wondered that his thoughts were beyond those of mortal ken. Hernando seldom disturbed his meditations. His own sad thoughts checked the natural overflow of his childish spirits. Added to the one great shadow that had fallen on his young life — the unknown fate of his father — was the regret at leaving Christina and his grandmother.

Reaching Salamanca, they proceeded at once to the old Dominican Convent of St. Stephen, where

they were to be lodged and entertained during the course of the examination.

At this period in the world's history, religion and science were closely associated in Spain. The treasures of learning were immured in monasteries, and the professors' chairs were filled from the cloister. The clergy dominated the State as well as the Church, and, with the exception of hereditary nobles, posts of honor and influence at court were almost entirely confined to the ecclesiastics.

Columbus and his young companion were met at the gate by a sleek, smiling old friar.

"Welcome to this holy convent; you have journeyed a long distance, judging by the dust on your garments, and you stand in need of rest," was the good friar's greeting.

"Our journey has been fatiguing," Columbus answered.

"And may the saints be praised that you were not assailed by the infidel Moors."

The very thought of the Moors caused the friar to pause a moment, cross himself, and pray that the marauding infidel might be driven from the land of the Christian.

"It is coming too," he added. "Our good sovereigns are gaining all the while, and ere long Granada must fall."

"I pray Heaven it may," Columbus devoutly answered.

Entering the court, servants came to take the

mules away to their stalls. The good friar, stroking the boy's head, turned to Columbus and asked:

"Is the bright lad your son?"

"He is an orphan, a noble lad whom I love almost as if he were my son."

"Ay, may he find a father in you. I will take you to your apartments, where you will find food and wine, and you must have rest, for the conference begins its session tomorrow. The junto is already assembling."

The boy carefully watched the face of Columbus to see if this intelligence produced any change, but his features expressed neither fear nor pleasure at the announcement. His face was grave, grand, and noble, as dignified and unmoved as if carved from marble. Passing beneath the portals of the grand old convent, they entered the chamber which the friar had set apart for them. When dinner was served Hernando was hungry, for the journey had given him a keen appetite; but the mind of Columbus was so full of his great subject that he paid little heed to his food.

All that day they saw no one save their attendant, and Hernando, being wearied, was urged to retire early in the evening. When the lad closed his eyes in sleep, Columbus sat at a table, poring over his charts and arranging his thoughts for the momentous discussion that was to come on the morrow. Whether or not he closed his eyes in sleep that night the world will never know, but when the lad awoke

the sun was rising, and the great cosmographer still sat poring over his books and maps.

Rising, Hernando dressed, and going to the side of his benefactor, asked:

"Have you slept at all?"

"I am ready now to present my cause," was the answer.

The Great Cosmographer.

Instinctively Columbus knew that he was that day to enter upon the greatest struggle of his life. He felt that the learned men in whose august presence he was to present his scheme would be more eager to pick flaws in his arguments than to accept them, even though he proved his plans practicable and himself worthy of the king's patronage.

"May I go with you?" asked the boy.

"Is it your wish?"

"Yes."

"The chances of success are small."

"Why do you say so?"

"I believe that the greater part of the learned junto are already prepossessed against me."

"From what cause?"

"I am neither rich nor of noble blood, and men of place and dignity are likely to be prejudiced against such an applicant. They already consider me as a kind of delinquent or impostor, whose faults are to be detected and exposed. Again, I am only an obscure navigator, a member of no learned institution, destitute of all the trappings and circumstances which are thought necessary to make one worthy of consideration. But if this day is to be one of humiliation, come and be a witness to it."

Columbus came and labored in the most inopportune age of the world's history for his great achievement, and nothing but his indomitable will coupled with the enthusiastic hallucination that he was called by Heaven to liberate the Holy Sepulchre, and this discovery his only means of acquiring the necessary funds, could have stimulated him to such prodigious efforts. The imperfect state of science at the time and the manner in which knowledge, though rapidly extending, was still impeded in its progress by monastic conservatism, were against him. All subjects were still contemplated through the obscure medium of those ages, when the lights of antiquity were trampled out and faith was left to fill the place of inquiry. Bewildered in a maze of religious contro-

versy, mankind had retraced its steps and receded from the boundary line of ancient knowledge.

The hall of the old convent presented a striking spectacle on this memorable occasion. The learning and wisdom of Spain were there assembled to listen to the theories and vagaries of an unknown man.

Upon a dais at one end of the hall sat the learned junto, very grave, serious, and wise. On entering the hall into the presence of the assembled wisdom of Spain, the unknown navigator paused a moment. He was dressed simply and his snow-white hair and beard gave him a patriarchal appearance. He held Hernando's hand in his left and under his right arm he carried a bundle of maps and charts. He gazed on the assembly to search their faces and, if possible, read their disposition toward him. In the eyes of one or two he saw marks of sympathy; in others, interest or curiosity; but he read in a majority of the junto only unyielding prejudice. Still, their appearance was so much more favorable than he had expected that Columbus stooped and whispered to the lad:

"They are kindlier than I anticipated."

Never had a more imposing scene been presented in the old convent. A simple, obscure mariner stood before an array of professors, friars, and dignitaries of the Church, to plead the cause of a new and unknown world. At first only the friars of St. Stephen seemed to show any interest in the matter; the other members of the university yawned and

Salamanca.

lolled in their chairs, and showed every indication of weariness. Columbus advanced toward the junto and bowed; then one of the friars of St. Stephen said:

"Proceed at once with your theories."

"Most holy and learned fathers—" His tones were deep and rich, as if flowing from the inmost depths of a great soul. At the sound of his voice every eye sparkled, every face expressed interest, and listless indifference gave place to eagerness. "I come, most holy fathers, called of Heaven to plead the cause of an unknown world — a world lying beyond the seas — a land where splendor, beauty, and magnificence, such as have never come to us in our fondest dreams, await the explorer."

As he became engrossed in his theme, a glow which seemed born of inspiration overspread his face, and the lad gazing on him in wonder, muttered to himself:

"Surely he is called of God!"

All save the learned friars of St. Stephen appeared to have entrenched themselves behind the dogged position that after so many profound philosophers and cosmographers had been studying the form of the world, and so many able navigators had been sailing about it for several thousand years, it was the height of presumption for an ordinary man to assert that there remained such a vast discovery to be made.

But Columbus, having resurrected the theories of

Ptolemy, Marco Polo, and Aristotle, had pinned his faith to the judgment of the ancient philosophers and astronomers, rather than navigators or intolerant churchmen and philosophers of his own age.

As he gradually unfolded his plans, producing argument after argument to establish his doctrines, one of the most unyielding members of the junto suddenly interrupted him with:

"What you say is sacrilege."

"Why say you so?" asked Columbus.

"It is in direct conflict with the Bible, the New Testament, the prophets, the epistles and gospels, as well as the expositions of various saints and commentators, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, and Lactantius Firmianus, the redoubted champion of our faith."

Being a religious enthusiast himself, Columbus was hardly prepared for this turn of the discussion. At that time, doctrinal points were bound up with philosophical discussions, and mathematical demonstration was allowed no weight if it appeared to clash with a text of Scripture or a commentary of one of the fathers.

After a moment's silence, Columbus replied:

"Holy fathers, I reverence the doctrines and Scriptures of the Holy Church, but the possibility of the antipodes in the southern hemisphere is an opinion so generally maintained by the ancients as to be pronounced by Pliny the great contest between the learned and the ignorant."

Nevertheless, the antipodes proved only a further stumbling block in the way of the sages of Salamanca.

"Your statements cannot be true," interposed the principal objector, who had surrounded himself with the works of Lactantius and St. Augustine, who in those days were considered of almost divine authority. "Listen, while I read what Lactantius says on the subject."

And the friar read:

" 'Is there any one so foolish as to believe there are antipodes with their feet opposite ours; people who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down; that there is a part of the world in which all things are topsy-turvy; where trees grow with their branches downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward? The idea of the roundness of the earth was the cause of the inventing this fable of the antipodes with their heels in the air; for the philosophers, having once erred, go on in their absurdities, defending one with another.' "

The friar paused, laid down Lactantius, and took up as his next authority, St. Augustine. Resuming the thread of his discourse, he added:

"St. Augustine pronounces the idea or existence of antipodes, with which this would-be explorer seems so thoroughly imbued, to be incompatible with the historical foundations of our faith; since to assert that there are inhabited lands on the opposite side of the globe would be to maintain that there are races not descended from Adam, it being impossible for

them to have passed the intervening ocean. This would be, therefore, to discredit the Bible, which expressly declares that all men are descended from one common parent. There are other points in the Holy Scriptures incompatible with the theory of this man. I believe he says the earth is spherical in form?"

The friar paused for a reply, and without any hesitation Columbus said:

"Holy father, it is."

"Then to his proposition I can bring the most direct proof that he is in conflict with God himself. It is observed that, in the Psalms, the heavens are said to be extended like a hide; that according to our commentators, refers to the curtain or covering of a tent, which among the pastoral people of ancient times was made of the hides of animals; and even St. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, compares the heavens to a tabernacle or tent extending over the earth, which of course must, by the very necessity of the argument, be flat."

"Holy father, I fear that the figurative is being construed literally," interposed Columbus.

"It is hardly for you to decide between the figurative and the literal in Holy Law," answered the friar, sternly. "You, professing to be a Christian, have proved yourself heterodox."

Columbus at once saw there was danger of his being wrongfully accused, and had begun to say something in his own defense when another friar, more versed in science, rose and said:

"Admitting that the earth is spherical in form, and that there is a bare possibility of an opposite side that is habitable, we all know from scientific researches that it is impossible for one to arrive there, in consequence of the insupportable heat of the torrid zone. Again, even granting that this point could be passed, the earth's circumference must be so great as to require at least three years to make the voyage, and as it would be impossible to take sufficient provisions, in my opinion, all would perish of hunger and thirst." And having delivered this remarkable opinion, the august personage seated himself, believing that he had settled the entire matter.

Another argued, on the authority of Epicurus, that, admitting that the earth was spherical, it could only be inhabited at the northern hemisphere, and that section only was canopied by the heavens; that the opposite side was chaos, a gulf, or a mere waste of water. If a ship could reach the extremity of India, she could never get back again, for the rotundity of the globe would present a mountain up which it would be impossible to sail, even with the most favorable wind.

Other objections, more weighty in nature, and more worthy of the distinguished university, were then advanced, and Hernando began to tremble for their cause; but its advocate stood unabashed and unmoved by the arguments of the friars.

When all the objections had been made, Colum-

bus proceeded to reply with cogent reasoning, logical conclusions, and a depth of religion and knowledge which swept away the dark clouds of objection. He showed how the inspired writers were not speaking technically as cosmographers, but figuratively, in language addressed to all comprehensions. The ignorant bigot of the past was as ready to misquote and misinterpret the Scriptures as the scoffing infidel of the present.

The commentaries of the fathers Columbus treated with deference as pious homilies, but not as philosophical propositions which it was necessary either to admit or refute. But the objections drawn from ancient philosophers he met boldly and ably, upon equal terms, for he was well prepared on all points of cosmography. He proved conclusively that the most illustrious of those sages believed both hemispheres to be habitable, though they imagined that the torrid zone precluded communication.

Columbus never spoke in doubt or hesitation, but, with as much certainty as if his eyes had beheld the promised land. Continuing, he said:

"I can conclusively obviate that difficulty. I have myself voyaged to St. George la Mina in Guinea, almost under the equinoctial line, and found the region not only traversable, but abounding in population, fruits, and pasturage."

And now, as the simple, unknown navigator waxed eloquent, he elicited still closer attention from all. His convictions gave him confidence in

the execution of what he conceived to be his great mission, and his ardent temperament was fed by its own generous fires. His commanding person, his elevated demeanor, his air of authority, his kindling eye, and the persuasive intonations of his voice, gave majesty and force to his words, as, casting aside his maps and charts, and discarding for a time his practical and scientific lore, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and met them on their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of Scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which in his enthusiastic moments he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discoveries which he proposed.

The first sitting closed with one true friend gained. Influenced alike by reason and eloquence, Diego de Deza became convinced of the sanity of Columbus's views. Diego de Deza was a learned friar of the Order of St. Dominic and at that time professor of theology in the Convent of St. Stephen. Later he became Archbishop of Seville, the second ecclesiastical dignitary of Spain. This able divine could appreciate all forms of wisdom. Thoroughly impressed with the worth of the cause, he exercised almost superhuman powers to curb the blind zeal of his more intolerant brethren and to obtain for the unknown mariner a dispassionate if not an unprejudiced hearing.

Day after day Columbus pleaded before the junto,

but notwithstanding his every exertion there was a preponderating mass of inert bigotry and learned pride in this erudite body, which refused to yield to the demonstrations of an obscure foreigner, without fortune or connections or any academic honors. The most serious objection to his contentions was raised late in the discussion; being that his theory

Moorish Ruins.

could not be reconciled with the cosmography of Ptolemy, which stationed the earth in the center of the universe and to which all scholars yielded implicit faith. How would the most enlightened of those sages have been astonished, had any one apprised them that the man Copernicus, whose solar system should reverse the grand theory of Ptolemy, was then in existence. It was requisite, before Columbus could

make his solutions and reasonings understood, that he should remove from the minds of his auditors those erroneous principles on which their objections were founded — a task more difficult than teaching a new doctrine.

As time wore on, many began to lose interest in the conference, and the decision was delayed again and again. As days passed and news of battles won and campaigns planned came from the front, the junto seemed to prefer discussing the practical question of expelling the Moors to the impractical theory of discovering a new world. A voyage to one of the planets would today be regarded with as much incredulity, a thing as wild and visionary, as was this plan of Columbus. Fernando de Talavera, to whom the matter was especially entrusted, had too little esteem for it, and was too much occupied with the stir and bustle of public concerns, to press it to a conclusion; and thus the inquiry suffered from continual procrastination and neglect.

Columbus waited day after day, week after week, and month after month for a decision, but none came. Early in the spring of 1487 the Castilian court had departed from Salamanca, and repaired to Cordova, preparing for the memorable campaign against Malaga. Instead of waiting in idleness the decision of the junto, Columbus took an active part in the campaign. He tried to persuade Hernando to return to his home, but the youth said:

"No, no; I will go with you. You are my

father's only hope, and I will not be parted from you."

"We may not have a decision for months yet," said Columbus. "When we do receive it, the chances are that it will be against us."

"I must be with you whatever the decision," the lad answered.

The summer of 1490 passed, and still Columbus was kept in tantalizing suspense.

Both he and Hernando fought for Ferdinand and Isabella in many battles, and doubtless their perilous adventures and the many stirring scenes of the war made the days spent in waiting less irksome.

Columbus and the boy still lingered at Cordova in a state of irritating anxiety, when they learned that the sovereigns were preparing to depart on a campaign in the Vega of Granada, determined never to raise their camp from before the city until their victorious banners should float upon its towers.

Columbus knew that when once the campaign was opened and the sovereigns were in the field, it would be in vain to expect his suit to receive their attention. He was wearied, if not incensed, at the repeated postponements he had experienced, and now pressed for a decisive reply with an eagerness that would not admit of evasion.

"I must have a decision of the junto at once," was the word sent to the king; and Ferdinand, suspecting that Columbus was thinking of applying elsewhere for patronage, ordered Fernando de

Talavera to hold a definite conference of the scientific men to whom the project had been referred and make a report. The bishop tardily complied, and at length announced to their majesties, as the general opinion of the junto, that the proposed scheme was vain and impossible and that it did not become such great princes to engage in an enterprise which might prove a mere chimera.

But Columbus still retained, in the person of Friar Diego de Deza, one enlightened friend and one enthusiastic soul, and he so tempered matters that the plan was not rejected. Fernando de Talavera repaired to Cordova, where Columbus still lingered. With hope brightening his face, Columbus hastened to meet him, and asked:

"Have you a decision?"

"Yes."

"Do they reject it?"

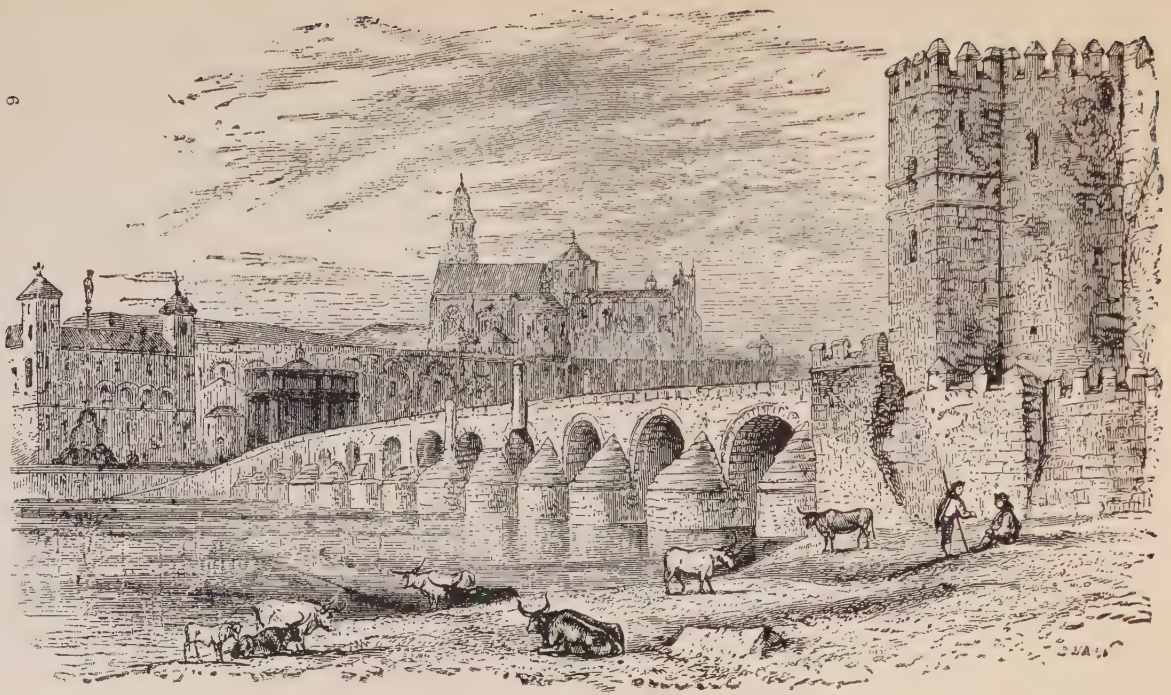
"No. I am authorized to say that the great cares and expenses of the wars have rendered it impossible for the sovereigns to engage in any new enterprise; but, when the war is over, they will have both time and inclination to treat with you on the subject."

Columbus' countenance fell, and, leaning against the wall, he said:

"I was almost foolish enough to hope."

"Does not this promise give you hope?" asked the royal messenger.

"It is but a starving promise, at best, after so many days of weary attendance and deferred hope."



CORDOVA.

But he gained strength and courage to repair to the court at Seville, and receive his answer from the lips of his sovereigns. It was virtually the same, declining to engage in the enterprise at present, but promising, when the war was over, to give him their aid in the affair.

"What shall we do now? Shall we wait?" Hernando asked when they left the court.

"It is of no use," Columbus answered. "This indefinite postponement is only a court mode of evading importunity. We will leave Spain."

"Surely they will reconsider."

"I have no confidence in vague promises which have so often led to disappointment. I have already been beguiled out of too many precious years, and tomorrow I will turn my back on Seville and depart for France."

CHAPTER V.

FALL OF THE CRESCENT.

About half a league from the little seaport town of Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia, there still stands an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. One day, according to the multifarious writings of the Plieto, which are still preserved at Seville, a stranger on foot, in humble guise but of lofty air, accompanied by a bright-faced boy, stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked the porter for a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck by the appearance of the stranger, and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him and learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus.

The prior was a man of extensive information who, from his close proximity to Palos, had given considerable attention to geography and nautical science. The inhabitants of Palos were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, having made frequent voyages and discoveries on the African coast. The prior was greatly interested by the

conversation of Columbus, and much impressed with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence, in the monotonous life of the cloister, to have a man of such a singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, applying for bread and water at the gate of his convent.

When the prior learned that the voyager was on the point of abandoning Spain to seek patronage in the court of France, and that so important an enterprise was about to be lost forever to the country, his patriotism took alarm. Being diffident of his own judgment, he detained Columbus as his guest, and sent for a friend — Garcia Fernandez — a physician, resident in Palos. Fernandez was equally impressed with the appearance and conversation of the stranger.

"It can yet be arranged, señor," asserted the good doctor, "and you must remain a while longer."

"Alas! my friends, I have almost abandoned hope. The king and queen are too much absorbed in the conquest of Granada to listen to my theories. They have no faith in me."

"You must stay and meet some friends from Palos. You have heard of the Pinzons?"

"I have, though I never have seen them."

"You shall soon meet them, and they shall hear your story."

The next day brought together those famous navigators who were destined to bring to each other eternal renown and ruin. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was in the port of Palos at the time.

At this time, the fame of the Pinzons was far greater than that of Columbus, and Hernando, who had often seen them when in port at Palos, had never cherished any higher ambition than to sail in one of their ships.

MARTIN ALONZO PINZON.

The prior brought with him from Palos a tall, powerful man, with broad, high brow and dark beard. He wore a sword and breastplate, and as the lad studied the face of the great sailor, he kept asking himself the question:

"Can he help us?"

Columbus seemed to feel that at last he had found aid. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was an experienced navigator, a man of good family and great wealth, and was not so likely to be prejudiced by false logic and theories distorted from truth as were the learned men of the realm.

In the great sea-captain, the future discoverer found an interested and intelligent listener, and they were friends from their first meeting.

"I do not doubt your theory, Señor Columbus," the sailor answered, when Columbus had explained his plans. "I have, myself, when at sea, picked up many relics drifting in from that unknown sea. In

addition to bodies of a strange race which have floated to our shores, I have taken up wood of a species unknown to us, as well as strange and wonderful carvings."

Hernando, who had been listening with breathless interest and utter silence up to his point, now allowed his anxiety to overcome his years, and asked boldly:

"Would you undertake such a voyage, señor?"

Almost immediately he remembered that he was a boy — that it was not his place to speak — and he hung his head in confusion. Pinzon was as kind-hearted as he was intelligent and brave, and with an encouraging smile he answered:

"Yes, I am so favorably impressed with the plan that I am willing to engage in it with my purse and person. By all means, renew your application at court, señor."

"Alas! I have no money," was the answer.

"I will bear the expenses myself. Give up, I pray you, all idea of a journey to France."

"Wait, and by all means make one more effort," said Friar Juan Perez, who, confirmed in his faith by the concurrence of these learned and practical councillors, now became one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the new enterprise. "I was once confessor to the queen, and one of our calling always has access to her. If you will remain, I will write to her immediately on the subject."

Columbus was easily persuaded, for he felt that

in leaving Spain he was abandoning home; and he was also reluctant to renew in another court the vexations and disappointments experienced in Spain and Portugal.

"I will stay," he said at last.

"And I will send Sebastian Rodriguez as ambassador to the queen. Her majesty is in the new military city of Santa Fé, which has been built in the Vega, before Granada."

VINCENT YANEZ PINZON.

In two days the ambassador set out with the friar's letter, and in due time returned with an answer from the queen to Juan Perez, requesting him to repair immediately to the court, leaving Christopher Columbus in confident hope until he should further hear from her. The royal letter spread joy throughout the convent. No sooner did the enthusiastic friar receive it, than he saddled his mule, and, though it was nearly midnight, set out through the country of the conquered Moors, by roads which were by no means safe, to Granada.

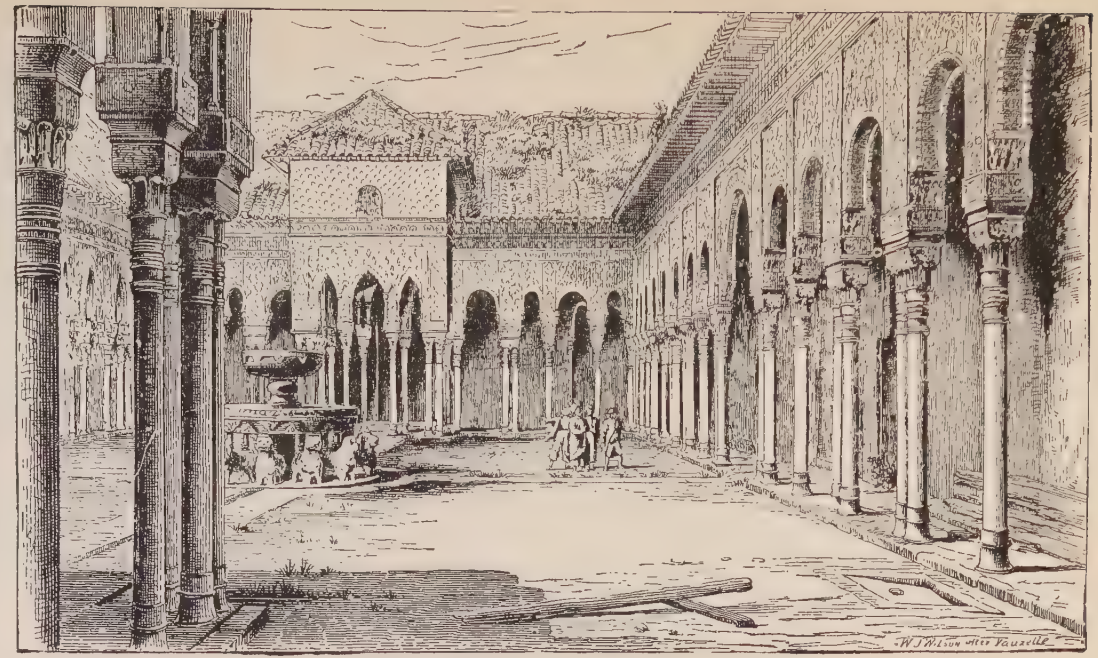
"Another long period of unrest and anxiety is before me," remarked Columbus, when he was again alone with Hernando. "But there is much ground for hope. The sacred office of Juan Perez will gain him a ready entrance to the court, and when once I can get the ear of the queen I am certain of success."

As history has proven, Columbus was correct in all his surmises. Juan Perez gained admission to the queen and laid the explorer's plans before her. Though she had in a general way heard something of Columbus as a wild, visionary enthusiast or adventurer, his claims had never before been presented to her in their true light. Juan Perez found an able coadjutor in the Marchioness of Moya, who entered into the affair with all of a woman's disinterested enthusiasm, having formed the acquaintance of Columbus on a former occasion. She already knew something of his plans, and how he had spent his life in trying to give to Spain a greater honor than any nation had ever attained.

Isabella was moved by his unselfish devotion. "This man Columbus must be of great mind, after all," she said enthusiastically, at the conclusion of the joint appeal of the marchioness and the friar. "Send him to me; and, as he may doubtless have suffered by long privations, I will order that twenty thousand maravedis in florins be forwarded to him, that he may be fitted suitably for our presence and travel hither marked by our royal favor."

Again there was joy at the convent and the town of Palos, when Garcia Fernandez delivered the order, and the money with it, to Columbus.

The intervening time Hernando had spent at home with his grandmother and Christina, returning only the day before Garcia Fernandez arrived with the message and money.



In the Alhambra: Seat of Moorish Power.

"May I accompany you?" he asked.

For a moment Columbus hesitated, and then said:

"Yes, our destinies are linked together, and you may go."

They at once exchanged their threadbare garments for those more suited to a court, and set out again for the camp before Granada.

But disappointments were not yet at an end. In fact, from the beginning to the end of his life, Columbus met with continuous disappointments. It was a most inopportune period for the transaction of any business with the court. Yet he met with a favorable reception, and was given in hospitable charge to his constant friend, Alonzo de Quintilla, the accountant general.

"The moment is too eventful for your business to receive immediate attention," said Quintilla. "You must wait."

"I have long since learned to wait," the great man answered calmly.

"It will not be long," Quintilla assured him. "Boabdil was captured while on a plundering expedition a few days since, and now the Moorish king is about to sally forth from the Alhambra, and surrender the keys of the seat of Moorish power. After almost eight hundred years, the Moors will be expelled from Spain. Ah, that will be a grand day!".

Great crowds of people were already assembled

to witness the gorgeous scene. Knights with glittering lances, gleaming helmets, swords, and bucklers appeared everywhere. The hills and valleys were alive and swarming with horsemen and foot-soldiers. Ladies of rank and the wives of the soldiers mingled with the military. The blast of trumpets and soft notes of distant bugle-horns filled the air with melodious sounds.

"Oh, oh!" cried Hernando. "See how the armor glitters. See how the banners rise and fall!"

"Beware, Hernando, or you will be trampled on," said Columbus. "These trooper are careless."

"Give way to the heralds of the sovereigns!" shouted a trooper. "Stand back! Away! You block the path."

The horsemen passed on, shouting loudly for clear space. A long retinue of nobles, princes, knights, and ladies, all on horseback, leading the procession of Ferdinand and Isabella, came riding down through the throngs of people.

Heading the procession, mounted on a prancing horse, a short arquebus in his hand, was a tall, finely formed man, with flashing eye and haughty demeanor. He was one of the newly-made knights, for his armor was snow-white, and he was attached to the staff of the king.

"Look," whispered the lad, seizing Columbus by the arm. "He is my uncle Garcia, who, aided by the Moor, procured my father's banishment. I have told you of him."

Columbus watched the knight with intense interest. Once Sir Garcia's eye fell on the boy whom he had so greatly wronged, and, recognizing Hernando amid the throng, he started slightly and averted his face. But he turned his head as he rode away, and

"LOOK," WHISPERED THE LAD, SEIZING COLUMBUS BY THE ARM, "HE IS MY UNCLE GARCIA."

looked long and searchingly at the lad's white-haired companion.

All eyes were turned eagerly upon the procession. The kingly courtiers, lords, ladies, in all the pomp and grandeur of the age, passed by; then came Ferdinand and Isabella, most exalted of all this sublime procession.

How melancholy the state of Columbus amid these scenes of splendor! We can do no better than give

the following faithful picture of him as drawn at the time and handed down by Clemencin: "A man obscure and but little known at this time followed the court. Confounded in the crowd of importunate applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of antechambers with the pompous project of discovering a world, melancholy and dejected in the midst of general rejoicing, he beheld with indifference, almost amounting to contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled the bosoms of all with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire."

The sunlight flashed on the bewildering scene of burnished arms, glittering helmets, waving plumes, and streaming banners. This was the most brilliant triumph in Spanish history. After eight hundred years the crescent had fallen, the cross was reared in its place, and the standard of Spain floated from the highest tower of the Alhambra. The whole court and army celebrated the glorious victory. The air resounded with shouts of joy, songs of triumph, and hymns of thanksgiving. The king and queen in great magnificence, seemed in every eye as more than mortal, as if sent by Heaven for the salvation and upbuilding of Spain. Hernando stood on tiptoe, craned his neck, and mounted blocks of wood and stone, in order to catch a glimpse of his sovereigns.

The court was thronged by the most illustrious of that war like country and stirring era, and the flower of the nobility was in attendance. The dignity of its prelacy, the bards and minstrels, and all the retinue

of a romantic and picturesque age, made it a scene that has never been excelled in history. The whole day was one of kaleidoscopic splendor, the glittering of arms, sounds of music and rejoicing.

The joy of the Spaniards was the grief of the Moors. After almost eight hundred years they must give up the land they had come to regard their own.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the Moorish army, trailing the crescent, issued forth to render submission. The stipulations of the surrender had already been agreed upon, and nothing but the formalities remained.

The Spaniards filled the air with shouts and cries of joy; the Moors groaned and sobbed with bitterness. It was then that the Moorish bard from the depths of his soul sang thus:

"Beautiful Granada, how is thy glory faded! The flower of thy chivalry lies low in the land of the stranger. No longer does the Vivarrambla echo to the tramp of steed and sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, gloriously arrayed for the tilt and tourney. Beautiful Granada! The soft note of the lute no longer floats through the moonlit streets. The serenade is no more heard beneath thy balconies. The lively castanet is silent upon thy hills. The graceful dance of the zambra is no more to be seen beneath thy bowers. Beautiful Granada! Why is the Alhambra so lorn and desolate? The orange and myrtle still breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; the nightingale still

A most Beautiful and Noble Specimen of Gothic Architecture, in which are to be found Chains suspended from the Walls hung there by the Christian Prisoners released at the Conquest of Granada.

sings within its groves; its marble halls are still refreshed with the flash of fountains and gush of limpid rills. Alas, alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within those walls. The light of the Alhambra is forever set."

So deep grief and so great lamentations moved Hernando to compassion. But suddenly his eyes grew bright, glistening with hate, and starting from the side of Columbus, he ran across the intervening space between the people and ranks of the Moors, and approaching a tall, dark-skinned fellow who had lost the upper half of his left ear, he cried:

"Abdallah Ahmed, are you here?"

"Christian dog, have you come to rejoice over the fallen?" the Moor answered.

"No."

"Then away!"

"No, no. I would ask you questions."

"How know you that the Mussulman will give truthful answers?"

"You must swear by your prophet to give me a truthful answer. Where is my father?"

"Think you that I know?"

"None better than you!"

"I know nothing to tell."

"Dog of a Mohammedan, you deserve to have your other ear cut from your head."

The infuriated Moor raised his hand, and would have struck the lad had not a fellow Moor seized his arm.

"Are you mad, Abdallah? Know you not that we dare not touch the child of a Christian?"

"I'll bide my time; but, Hernando Estevan, my hate goes ever with you: you stole from me the fair child Christina. I will be revenged; and when we again invade Andalusia, Christina shall depart thence with Abdallah."

The wrath of Hernando had now almost burst all bounds. At the thought of Christina's name being polluted by the breath of the villain, he sprang forward with clenched fist to strike his enemy, when suddenly a gayly caparisoned horseman spurred his steed between them.

Turning his flashing eyes on Hernando, he cried:

"Away, youngster — away!"

"Uncle Garcia, there stands the man whose lying tongue ruined my father," cried the excited youth.

"I know you not — away!"

"You are my uncle Garcia Estevan."

"Lying brat, away."

"In the name of my wronged father —" the lad began; but Garcia Estevan flew into a rage, and with the flat side of his sword, he struck at the youth.

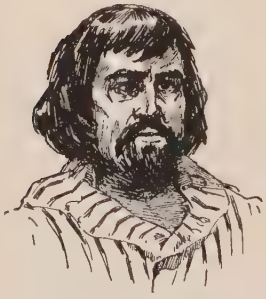
But the blow fell harmlessly, and the moving throng carried the boy far out of reach and hid him effectually in the dense crowd.

"Shame! Shame!" cried many voices, as the knight rode angrily away.

CHAPTER VI.

AGAIN DENIED.

During the remainder of the imposing ceremony Garcia was ill at ease, and the Moor Abdallah kept from sight. The face of the boy haunted the wicked uncle, and when he reached his chamber that night he determined to know more of the lad and to discover what was his object in Granada. He summoned his esquire, and asked him if he knew the boy Hernando or the old man with him.



Miguel the Mutineer.

"I do not, Sir Garcia," the esquire answered.

"Can you learn anything of them, Sancho?"

"I know a man who can easily do so."

"Find him and send him to me."

Sancho went away, and an hour later reappeared with a low-browed, surly, villainous-looking fellow who by his attire and manner was evidently a sailor.

"What is your name?" asked the knight.

"I am Miguel, a sailor from Palos."

"I desire to engage your services."

"In what, sir knight?"

"There is an old, white-haired man here with a boy. I saw them today following the parade."

"And they are in your way, sir knight?" asked Miguel with perfect coolness.

The knight smiled grimly at the fellow's readiness. "I merely want to know who he is, and what brings him here," he said.

"The lad?"

"I know him. He is the son of my brother, who fled Spain a few years ago to escape the wrath of an injured king. I want to know of the lad's white-haired companion, and what motive finds him in Granada."

"I will learn, sir knight. Unless I mistake, they are the same who were at Palos a few weeks since. I will learn all."

Sir Garcia slept but little that night, and when he did, he dreamed of the pale-faced lad, whose eyes were so strikingly like the wronged brother's.

"What cursed fate comes now to snatch from me the rewards I have won by years of toil and danger and scheming?" he asked himself, as he tossed upon his bed. "Are the golden spurs to be stripped from me by a brat and an infernal old camp-follower?"

When he found the morning sunlight streaming into his chamber, he called his servant and asked for the sailor Miguel.

"He is in waiting, Sir Garcia."

The knight rose, dressed and breakfasted hur-

riedly; then sent for the spy. Miguel entered with shifting eyes, as if conscious of ever-present guilt.

"Have you learned anything?" asked Sir Garcia.

"I have, señor."

"Well?"

"The lad's companion is a Genoese navigator named Christopher Columbus."

"Why is he here?"

"He came to have an audience with the queen and her councilors."

"*For what purpose?*" asked Garcia, trembling visibly.

The sailor, who was slow of speech, hesitated a moment and answered:

"Christopher Columbus has determined to go to the antipodes."

"Where is that?"

"I know not, sir knight, but it is some place in which he expects to discover a new world."

"Is he an explorer?"

"Yes, señor, he is."

"I have heard of him. Now, tell me for what purpose he has asked an audience with the queen."

"To fit out a fleet to go to the antipodes and discover this new world."

Sir Garcia was obviously relieved. Placing some gold in the fellow's hand, he said:

"That will do for the present, Miguel. Go, but be near at hand when I call for you."

The sailor rose, bowed and hurried away, elated

at his good fortune. Left alone, the cunning Garcia began to consider what was to be done.

"Why does this man want to explore the unknown sea on which my brother disappeared years ago?" he asked himself; "and why is he so attached to my brother's son? I must look still further into this."

Calling his esquire into his presence, Sir Garcia said:

"The man Columbus is here to hold an audience with the queen and her councilors, and Fernando de Talavera is one of them. I would see him."

"Yes, my lord." And with a bow the esquire quitted the room. In due time, Fernando de Talavera arrived, and Garcia at once plunged into the subject.

"Have you met this man Columbus?"

"I have, sir knight."

"Are you one to deliberate with him on this wild scheme of exploring the antipodes?"

"I shall probably be one of that body."

"Do you not think it folly for the government to send out such an expedition?"

"I do."

"Will you oppose it?"

"I have always opposed it, but my voice does not outweigh the other advisers of the queen. She has determined to give him an audience, and I greatly fear she will consent to his schemes."

The cunning Garcia had seen Columbus but once; but that one view of the noble, resolute face had

convinced him that the man would make great demands on his sovereigns. Garcia's plan for defeating the purpose of Columbus was to deal so niggardly with him that he would refuse to accept the terms

Moorish Tower.

offered. When the plan was suggested to Fernando de Talavera, he, being personally hostile to the project of Columbus, at once fell in with Sir Garcia's idea.

The moment had now arrived when the monarchs stood pledged to give Columbus their attention. The war with the Moors was over, Spain was delivered

from the intruders, and the sovereigns might securely turn their thoughts to foreign enterprises. Isabella kept her word with Columbus, and, as soon as matters could be arranged, prepared to receive him at her own court.

"May I accompany you?" Hernando asked. It was the morning on which Columbus was preparing to deliver a final appeal, a plea that was destined to go thundering down the ages.

With a kindly smile, the great navigator answered:

"We have stood side by side; I cannot refuse your request now."

Columbus appeared in the royal presence of the good queen, as self-possessed as usual, neither dazzled nor daunted by the splendor of the court or the majesty of the throne.

Seated on the throne, surrounded by lords, nobles, courtiers, ladies of rank, and high Church dignitaries, was one of the purest and most beautiful characters of history — Queen Isabella.

Contemporary writers have been most enthusiastic in their descriptions of this noble queen. Though strongly attached to her husband and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied princess. She exceeded him in personality, in personal dignity, in acuteness of genius, and in grandeur of soul. Combining the active and resolute qualities of man with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, engaged personally in his

enterprises, and, in some instances, surpassed him in the firmness and intrepidity of her measures; while, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, she infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws and heal the ills engendered by a long course of internal wars. She loved her people, and while diligently seeking their good, she mitigated, as much as possible, the harsh measures of her husband, directed to the same end but inflamed by a mistaken zeal.

She was always an advocate for clemency to the Moors, although she was the soul of the war against Granada. In the intervals of state business, she assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and was directed by their counsels in promoting letters and arts. Through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that height which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. She promoted the distribution of honors and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge; she fostered the art of printing, but recently invented, and encouraged the establishment of presses in every part of the kingdom. Books were admitted free of duty, and more, we are told, were printed in Spain at that early period of the art than in the present literary age.

It is wonderful how much the destinies of countries depend at times upon the virtues of individuals, and how it is given to great spirits, by combining, exciting, and directing the latent powers of a nation, to stamp it, as it were, with their own greatness. Such beings realize the idea of guardian angels appointed by Heaven to watch over the destinies of empires. Such was now for Spain the illustrious Isabella.

Hernando gazed on her in wonder and admiration. Her splendid court costume and glittering crown were overshadowed by the majesty and beauty of her face. She was well formed, of medium size, of great dignity and gracefulness of deportment, and a mingled gravity and sweetness of manner. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to red; her eyes were of a clear blue, with a benign expression — a singular modesty of countenance, gracing, as it did, a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit.

Approaching quite to the throne, Columbus knelt before the queen, who gave him her hand to kiss. Then he rose and waited her royal pleasure. As on the occasion of his visit to Salamanca, the great navigator had an abundance of maps and charts, which Hernando carried for him.

About the queen Columbus saw several friendly faces, among them Friar Juan Perez and that noble woman, the Marchioness of Moya.

"Señor Columbus, proceed," said the queen, whose voice rang with all the music of silver chimes.

Unfolding a chart which he held in his hand, Columbus began:

"Greatest and best queen, most beloved of all sovereigns, ruler of a powerful nation, I beseech you to pardon my persistent requests for an audience. Did I not know that I am led by the hand of Heaven, chosen from among men for the accomplishment of its high purpose, I should not dare come before you and plead the cause of an unknown world. But I have in Holy Writ read of the discoveries I contemplate making, which are darkly shadowed forth in the mystic revelations of the prophets. The ends of the earth I would see brought together, and all nations, tongues, and languages united under the banner of the Holy Church. The triumphant consummation of my enterprise, great queen, is to bring the remote and unknown regions of the earth into communion with Christian Europe; carrying the light of the true faith into benighted and pagan lands, and gathering their countless nations under the holy dominion of the Church."

A better preface to his argument could not have been chosen. The sympathies of the queen and her ecclesiastics could not have been more quickly gained than by this avowed intention. The closest attention was henceforth given him.

Only Fernando de Talavera seemed unmoved by the powerful words; and as Columbus warmed to his mighty project, advancing reason after reason, and holding throne and attendants spellbound, Talavera became alarmed.

Columbus placed his argument under three heads, and considered each in its turn.

First, he asserted as a fundamental principle that the earth is a terraqueous sphere, which may be traveled around from east to west, and that when on opposite points men stand foot to foot. According to Ptolemy, he divided the circumference from east to west at the equator into twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each, making in all three hundred and sixty degrees. Comparing the globe of Ptolemy with the earlier map of Marinus of Tyre, he supposed that fifteen hours had been known to the ancients, extending from the Canary Islands to the city of Thinæ in Asia, a place set down as at the eastern limits of the known world.

"The Portuguese," continued Columbus, "have advanced the western frontier one hour more by the discovery of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands. There then remain eight hours, or one-third the circumference of the earth, unknown and unexplored. This space may in a great measure be filled up by the eastern regions of Asia, which may extend so far as to nearly surround the globe, and even to approach the western shores of Europe and Africa. The tract of ocean between these countries is no doubt less than has been supposed."

Under the second head of his argument, Columbus submitted to the queen authors whose writings had weight in convincing him that the intervening ocean could be but of moderate expanse and easily

traversed. Among these he cited the opinion of Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny that one might pass from Cadiz to the Indies in a few days. From the wonderful narratives of Marco Polo and John Mandeville, with which he was thoroughly acquainted, he quoted page after page. He read the letter of Fernando Martinez, a learned canon of Lisbon, who maintained that India could be reached by a western course, asserting that the distance could not be greater than four thousand miles in a direct line from Lisbon to the province of Mangi, near Cathay.

Lastly, he enumerated the various indications of land in the west; objects which had floated to the known world — the dead bodies of a strange race of men, branches of trees bearing an unknown fruit, and pieces of wood strangely carved and evidently of a workmanship unknown to the inhabitants of Europe. Reeds of an immense size, grown no doubt in an unknown land, had floated from the west to the island of Porto Santo, where pieces of wood, strangely carved by other than iron instruments had also been cast up on the shore.

Having concluded his eloquent appeal, he stood with his head bowed awaiting an answer.

At last the queen said, "I have listened with care and great interest to all you have said, and I am strongly impressed with the force and logic of your conclusions. I shall gladly co-operate with you, and tomorrow those in whom I have confidence will be appointed to meet you and arrange all plans."

Then she rose and extended her hand to Columbus. With a reverence and gratitude well becoming his great soul, Columbus made his obeisance; and with Hernando by his side was permitted to precede the court from the audience-room.

"It is settled now that we may go, is it not?" asked the lad eagerly, as they returned to their apartments.

"We have a hope."

"A hope! Is it not sure?"

"No; we may not be able to make terms. If the queen should choose certain parties to negotiate with me, it might even yet fail. I will make this voyage on my own terms — or never make it."

When Columbus met the queen's representatives, his fears were realized. Foremost among them appeared Fernando de Talavera, and behind him the cruel, sinister face of Sir Garcia Estevan, both of them pledged to balk the enterprise. Talavera had risen by the recent conquests to be Archbishop of Granada. How Sir Garcia had ever contrived to become one of the queen's agents, Columbus was never able to learn.

Talavera was the first to speak:

"Our royal princess and queen of Castile, Isabella, has sent us to consult with you. She is favorably impressed with your proposed voyage, and wishes to know on what terms you will undertake it."

This was what Columbus desired. So fully im-

bued was he with the grandeur of his enterprise that he would listen to nothing but princely conditions. He answered:

"My principal stipulations are that I shall be invested with the titles and privileges of admiral and viceroy over the countries I may discover, with one-tenth of all the gains, either by trade or conquest."

"You demand too much," cried Talavera, who was nettled to see one whom he had considered a needy adventurer aspiring to a rank and dignity superior to his own.

"It is certainly a shrewd request, Señor Columbus," put in the sneering Sir Garcia. "You propose to secure, at all events, the honor of a command, and have nothing to lose in case of a failure."

To this charge Columbus replied:

"I will furnish one-eighth of the cost, on condition of enjoying one-eighth of the profits."

"Where will you get the means?" asked Sir Garcia, with another sneer.

"Friends in Palos will furnish money for the enterprise."

"Your demands are unreasonable," said Fernando de Talavera.

"Your terms are quite beyond consideration," added Sir Garcia, who was glad of any opportunity to thwart the man who had befriended his brother's child.

One of the others, more favorable to Columbus, asked:

"Would you not be satisfied with terms a little less favorable to yourself?"

"No; nothing less than I have stated," was the answer.

"It seems that this lofty solicitor will not be suited with less than dignities that approach the grandeur of the throne," put in the sneering Sir Garcia.

"My uncle hates us, and he will defeat us yet," Hernando whispered to Columbus.

The wise man thought he understood the cause of Sir Garcia's animosity. He gave the lad a hopeful smile, but would not yield a point to the queen's ambassadors. At last they left him to make report to her majesty.

"We are as far away as ever," cried Hernando, when he and Columbus were alone.

Columbus was silent.

"It's all on account of my uncle. I only impede you, señor."

"Nay, lad, do not blame yourself. Your uncle may hate me on your account, but it is not your fault. Heaven always rewards the just in the end."

"Yes, señor, but sometimes it is a long distance to the end."

Isabella was always attentive to the opinions of her ecclesiastical advisers, and the archbishop, being her confessor, had peculiar influence over her. As we have seen, he had been unduly prejudiced by Sir

Garcia, and in acquainting her with the demands of Columbus, he concluded with the following words:

"Your gracious highness will see that this unknown man is making princely demands — demands which the dignity of the throne of Castile cannot consider. With a treasury depleted by long wars with the Moors, I can not advise your highness to accept such exorbitant terms."

The queen bowed her head in thought, and then said:

"The proposed advantages might be bought at too great a price. Offer more moderate conditions, but such as are highly honorable and advantageous."

The archbishop and his followers bowed, and quitted her royal presence.

Columbus was found awaiting the report from her majesty. He was cool, determined, and unmoved.

"You have her majesty's answer?" he asked, as the archbishop and Sir Garcia entered his chamber.

"She sends us to say that your demands are too great, but that we are authorized to make more moderate terms, yet such as are stricly honorable ——"

"Say no more," interrupted Columbus, impatiently. "I have made my demands, and I will listen to nothing else."

"You are determined to abide by your decision?"

"Tell the gracious queen that, notwithstanding my love and loyalty toward her majesty, I will not in this matter cede one point of my demand."

"Is that your final answer?"

"It is."

"Shall we bear it to her majesty?"

"You may."

As they departed there was a look of mounting triumph on the villainous face of Sir Garcia Estevan. The more he saw of the attachment of Columbus for his nephew, the more he feared him and determined to defeat him.

"The lad will share his honors, no doubt," thought Sir Garcia, "and, if they should succeed in the great discovery which he proposes, he might even supersede me in my title and estates. I must see that he does not suceed."

The matter was reported as unfavorably as possible to the queen. She, still reluctant to see the enterprise fail, was about to ask one more interview, when Fernando de Talavera said:

"It is useless, your majesty. This common sailor will not listen to reason. He is a dreamer, a speculator, and an adventurer, determined at all hazards to elevate himself to the nobility with succession forever."

"What is your advice, then, in the matter?" asked the queen.

"To break off all negotiations at once," interposed Sir Garcia, eagerly.

"I advise the same, your majesty," answered the archbishop. "I regard his plans as delusions, and himself as one gone mad over long speculation on vague and impossible theories."

But the queen still delayed giving up the plan.

That patient, earnest face, those speaking eyes, and the deep intonations of the ringing voice, which had carried conviction to her heart, haunted her and caused her to stand forth at last, his steadfast friend and patron. But her advisers overruled her for the time being, and she said:

"You may inform him that negotiations are at an end."

Columbus had been expecting such a report, and when it came he received the blow with humility and courage.

Hernando, in fact, showed the greater evidence of disappointment. He believed that he was, in a measure, the cause of the failure.

"Will you abandon the plan now?" he asked.

"My life is consecrated to this enterprise," Columbus answered. "I will accept no paltry offer for my compensation."

Then in a tone that denoted still greater determination, he continued:

"It is my one opportunity to raise the necessary funds to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. If I fail in this, it means failure in a still greater enterprise." And as if to justify his persistence in holding out for his terms, he concluded, "Perhaps Bartholomew will have better success in England."

Nothing could shake his determination or make him descend to terms beneath the dignity of his cause. For this "great constancy and loftiness of soul," Las Casas highly commends his friend Columbus.

The truth is, Columbus entertained a greater ambition than the discovery of a new world, one which would require vast resources, and it was to this enterprise that his income from Cipango, with its gold-roofed temples, was to be consecrated.

The commerce of his native Genoa had been destroyed by the Turks and in his youth he had more than once crossed swords with them in the conflict. Now he came to look upon himself as a second Godfrey de Bouillon, called of Heaven to deliver Jerusalem from the grasp of Mohammed.

Fiske says, "Long brooding over his cherished projects, in which mere chimeras were interwoven with anticipations of scientific truths, had imparted to his character a tinge of religious fanaticism. He had come to regard himself as a man with a mission to fulfill, as God's chosen instrument for enlarging the bounds of Christendom and achieving triumphs of untold magnitude for its banners."

In this mood he conducted his negotiations, with no thought of his present obscurity and indigence. His ardent imagination enabled him to realize the magnitude of his enterprise, and he felt that in his hand he held the destiny of future empires.

Though so large a portion of his life had been worn away in fruitless importunings, though there was no certainty that the same weary career was not to be entered upon at any other court, yet so indignant was he at the repeated disappointments he had experienced in Spain that he determined to abandon

the country forever, rather than compromise his demands. Hope long deferred had depressed his spirits sadly, and he felt it would be a relief to be beyond the borders of Spain.

When he informed the lad that he had determined to leave him at the cottage near Palos, and seek in a foreign land the aid which had just been denied, Hernando was greatly distressed.

"I have encumbered you, I know," he said, "and but for me, you might have succeeded."

"You are unjust to blame yourself," answered Columbus. "I have no regrets that I have befriended you. Oftentimes in distress you have given me courage. Have no fears of the final result, for each disappointment and failure only increases my determination; and I shall yet succeed."

The friends of Columbus gathered about him, and tried to dissuade him from departure. Among them were Luis de St. Angel and Alonzo de Quintilla.

"Surely after so nearly succeeding, you will not now abandon the cause?" said the accountant-general.

"Abandon the cause — no, I shall never abandon the cause," Columbus answered, in his lofty manner. "But I am about to abandon Spain. I would have given to my adopted country the glory and honor of discovering a new world; but they have declined the proffer, and I must now seek in a foreign land what is denied me at home."

The mules were saddled, and, sad and dejected,

but by no means despairing, Columbus and the lad mounted and rode away. The two friends stood and watched them wend their way down the long road and disappear around a spur of the mountain.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE BRIDGE OF PINOS.

"Do NOT despair, Señor Columbus," said Hernando, as they journeyed along on their mules.

"I cannot despair," was the answer.

"Have you never doubted, after so many failures, that you were really called of Heaven to perform this great task?"

To this Columbus slowly and solemnly made answer:

"The ways of God are mysterious to us. He chasteneth those whom he loveth. We are not permitted to lift the veil and gaze into the future, and perhaps it is best that we are not. I have no doubt of Heaven's having called me to this task, else why should I struggle on from year to year? It is useless to think of abandoning the work. I could not give it up, try as I might. I am powerless to resist the promptings of Heaven, and each failure only makes me the more determined to succeed. Had I not been called of God, I should have long since despaired, and left my work to another and wiser age."

"If God has really called you, why does He place so many obstacles in the way of success?"

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable and beyond our understanding. We know not why the wicked seem to prosper while the good are oppressed with calamity and affliction; yet the eye of faith can pierce through it all, and see even the golden prize beyond a world of sorrow and darkness. I know God has called me, and this introductory school of disappointments may be necessary to fit me for the great work which is laid out before me."

They journeyed on, and the boy, with his troubled eyes bent on the ground, was buried in painful thought. His wild fancy went out across land and sea, until from that far-off unknown region he again heard the groans of the captive long bound in chains, and waiting — waiting for freedom.

"Oh, come, come, come!" every hoof-beat seemed to say. Every zephyr that stirred the leaves of the Andalusian forest seemed whispering, "Come." From the mountain-top, from the valley, the winding steep, or the deep gorge at their side, there came to his ear the ever pathetic wail, "Come!" His lively imagination, stirred by long dwelling on the painful subject, seemed ever to go out and converse with his captive father.

Columbus, lost in thought, forgot the boy, until Hernando said:

"Grant me one request, señor?"

"What is it, my lad?"

"When you do go, that I may go with you."

"That I have promised."

"From whatever port your fleet of discovery may sail, I may go, too?"

"You shall go."

A sigh escaped Hernando's lips, as if he had not full faith in the promise of Columbus. During the many months he had journeyed with the great man from town to town, he had never known him to fail in good faith; but there were so many plans and sorrows in that troubled mind that he doubted if he would be remembered. Then there was danger of years being spent in fruitless application. The white head was bent lower, and the frame seemed to have grown older, since his trust in the queen had been shattered.

"Heaven grant that help may come," silently prayed the lad, as they rode on together.

Columbus was asking himself how much longer he could endure such disappointments. From the utmost depths of his being he felt the promptings of a mighty ambition inspired by the noblest motives — a great soul rising up within itself and demanding recognition of the world. Had he all along been wrong, and was he to die unhonored and unknown? Were those great impulses within his breast to perish before they could be given forth to the world? And, after all, was he to have inscribed on his tomb the word "*Failure*"?

"It is darkest just before dawn," says a wise old saw, and not infrequently this proves true. Never had Columbus more cause to yield to despair than the day he rode forth from Santa Fé, believing he

had turned his back forever on Spain. Man proposes and God disposes, and Columbus little dreamed what course events would take before he had finished his career.

His enemies, meantime, had watched his departure with great satisfaction; and Garcia Estevan and Fernando de Talavera, feeling confident they had driven the troublesome applicant away forever, quitted the side of the queen to engage in other matters, leaving Isabella free to be approached by the friends of Columbus.

A man who has been almost lost to history stood watching Columbus as he rode away from Santa Fé on that February day in the year of 1492. His name was Luis de St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues in Aragon. When the form of Columbus disappeared in the distance, he turned to Alonzo de Quintilla, and said:

"For shame! that Spain should lose so glorious a prize."

"You speak truly; but what is to be done?"

"We must seek the queen, Quintilla. Now that Sir Garcia and the archbishop have left her, we must plead with her to accede to his terms. He demands nothing if he fails, and no more than is just if he succeeds."

Then and there was formed in the mind of this noble friend of Columbus the decision to intercede for him; and the eloquent plea which Luis de St. Angel made for the cause of Columbus proved to be

the turning-point which gave to Spain the glory of discovering the New World, and to Isabella the honor forever of being the patroness of its discoverer. Columbus had failed utterly, and, sad of heart, was leaving Spain forever, but this man, whose name has seldom been mentioned in connection with the great event, succeeded after Columbus had failed.

"You are right," answered the great-hearted Quintilla. "His demands are only just."

"Let us hasten to the queen."

The friends of Columbus hurried to the palace and begged for an immediate audience. Fortunately, they found the Marchioness of Moya and several other friends at the court. Luis de St. Angel was spokesman, and the exigency of the moment gave him courage and eloquence.

Isabella was a little surprised at her officers almost thrusting themselves into her presence; but she was slow to anger, and listened patiently to the impassioned entreaty of St. Angel, in which was even mingled reproaches:

"Your majesty's subjects are both grieved and astonished that the good queen, who has evinced the spirit to undertake so many perilous enterprises, should hesitate at one where the loss will be so trifling while the gain may be incalculable. If Columbus succeeds, he will win the honors he asks. Many a common soldier has been knighted for valor on the field of battle, and spurs thus won are of higher

consideration than any hereditary title or honor. If the navigator succeeds, and your majesty has great faith that he will, then is he not worthy of his demands? Again, noble queen, I would remind you how much might be done for the glory of God, the exaltation of the Church, and the extension of your own dominion. Think what cause of regret to yourself, of triumph to your enemies, and of sorrow to your friends, should the enterprise you have rejected be accomplished by some other power; and it will be, if you refuse the offer made by Columbus. Remember, great and noble queen, what fame other princes have acquired by their discoveries, and here is an opportunity which surpasses them all. I entreat your majesty not to be misled by the assertion of learned men that the project is the dream of a visionary. The judgment of Columbus is sound and his plans practical. Even his failure would not reflect disgrace upon the crown. It is worth the trouble and expense to clear up even a matter of doubt upon a subject of such great importance, for it belongs to enlightened and magnanimous princes to investigate questions of the kind, and to explore the wonders and secrets of the universe. Columbus has liberally offered to bear one-eighth of the expense, and I can assure you that all the requisites for this great enterprise will consist of but two vessels and about three thousand crowns. I beseech your majesty, do not let escape this golden opportunity of placing new laurels on your brow.

While there is yet time, send a messenger after this man Columbus, and bring him back."

The argument was made with that persuasive power which honest zeal imparts, and the Queen of Castile was greatly moved by the force of it.

The Marchioness of Moya also exerted her eloquence to persuade the queen, in language and manner so earnest that Isabella could no longer resist. Her generous spirit was enkindled. It seemed as if for the first time, the enterprise opened to her mind in all its real grandeur, and at the conclusion of the marchioness's appeal she declared:

"I am resolved; I will undertake it."

She glanced at Ferdinand, as if seeking his approval, but the king only shook his head.

"What says my liege, will he not join me in this great cause?" asked the beautiful queen.

"I cannot," was the answer.

"Why say you so?"

Ferdinand had all along looked coldly on this scheme, and in the height of the discussion had remained silent. It was only when directly addressed that he spoke at all.

"Our royal finances have been absolutely drained by the war, and some time must be given to replenishing them."

"Were the treasury full, would you consent?"

"But the treasury is empty!" the king answered.

The queen had declared that her resolution was

formed and she would undertake the enterprise, but how could she draw from a thoroughly exhausted treasury for a measure to which the king was averse?

There was a moment of hesitation, and all watched this suspense with trembling anxiety. Then, with enthusiasm most worthy of herself and the cause, Isabella exclaimed:

"I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the means."

St. Angel, eager to secure this noble impulse, cried:

"I assure your majesty it is not necessary to pledge your jewels, as I am ready to advance the funds."

"Can you?" cried the queen.

"I can, and with your leave I will. All we ask is your sanction."

"I give it."

"Then we will send for Columbus, and enter at once into the contract."

"Where is he?"

"He left the city for the port of Palos, doubtless to take his departure from Spain forever."

"Let a courier be despatched at once. Instruct him to make no halt until he has overtaken the navigator. Send for a courier at once."

The king did not try to dissuade the queen. Seeing she was determined in the matter, he quitted the council chamber.

We may as well state in this connection that St.

Angel really secured the funds for this expedition from the coffers of Aragon; seventeen thousand florins being advanced by the accountant out of the treasury of King Ferdinand. That prudent monarch, however, took care to have his kingdom indemnified some few years later; for in remuneration of this loan, a part of the first gold brought from the New World was employed in gilding the vaults and ceiling of the royal salon in the grand palace of Saragoza, in Aragon, anciently the Aljaferia, or abode of the Moorish kings.

In certain quarters it is quite commonly maintained that Columbus encountered from the Church nothing but opposition; but even a free thinker, with proper regard for facts, cannot fail to perceive that the men who were instrumental in bringing about a favorable turn in the affairs of Columbus — after he himself had utterly failed — were all of the clergy. When we consider that Columbus was inspired by his ambition to enlarge the dominions of the Church and deliver Jerusalem from the infidel, and that his patroness, Queen Isabella, was influenced through her religious faith to aid him, we cannot fail to give to the influence of the Church a large share of the credit for the discovery of America.

While the page was seeking a courier, the queen was all impatience, lest Columbus should be gone so far that she could not bring him back.

"We must not lose this opportunity," she cried, in her great anxiety. "I never realized the splendor

of the undertaking before. Had I done so, it would have received much more careful consideration."

"Your majesty must not blame yourself," said St. Angel. "It will not be too late."

"Why does the courier not come? A moment seems an hour lost. Every second of precious time Columbus is getting farther and farther away, and may be beyond recall ere our courier can overtake him."

At this moment a courier entered breathless, for he knew that some matter of great moment was about to be intrusted to him.

"Mount the swiftest horse in the stables, and ride for life, until you overtake Christopher Columbus, now on his way to Palos," commanded the queen rapidly. "Tell him the queen accedes to his proposal, and asks his immediate return."

"Who is this Columbus?" asked the courier, for at this time Columbus was not generally known among the court attachés. "May I beg your majesty to describe him?"

"With your majesty's permission, I will," said St. Angel.

"Proceed," the queen answered.

Then St. Angel spoke tersely:

"He is tall and erect, with hair and beard of snowy whiteness, though but fifty-six years old. His face is heavily furrowed with sorrow, disappointment, and care, rather than with age. He rides a mule, is accompanied by a boy fifteen or sixteen years of

age, similarly mounted, and is now on his way across the Vega to the bridge of Pinos."

"Go! hasten!" cried the queen. "The future glory and renown of Spain depend on your speed."

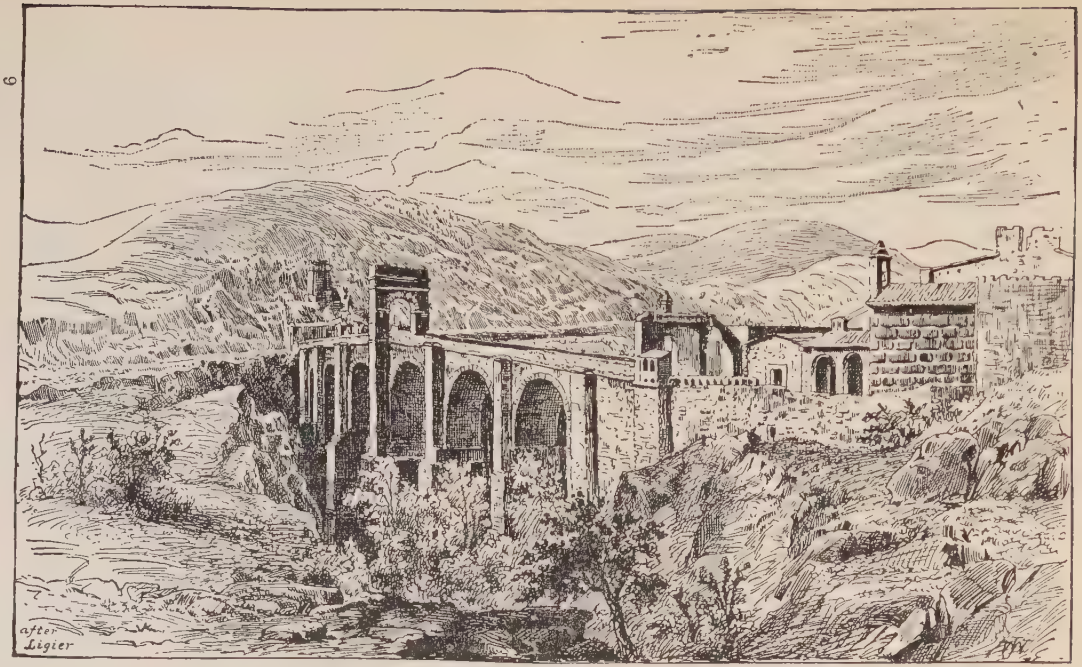
"Your majesty, I go."

The courier bowed, and quickly retired. A powerful black Arabian horse, noted for speed and endurance, was saddled, and leaping on his back the courier sped away like the wind in pursuit of the man who but a few hours before had been rejected.

The day was mild despite the month of February. In this delightful semi-tropical clime the rigors of winter are scarcely ever known. The morning was almost as mild as a May day in New England, and tropical plants were blooming along the roadside. Feathered warblers were caroling their sweetest songs, and all nature seemed to rejoice.

But Columbus and his young companion paid little heed to the beauties of luxuriant growth all about their pathway. Their minds were filled with vexatious thoughts and disappointments. The sun had long since crossed the meridian and was descending low in the horizon, and yet the two journeyed on, forgetful that they had passed over the noonday hour without halting for rest or refreshments.

Youth is joyous. It is the exception for gloom and despair to settle over a young mind, and Hernando, despite the recent disappointments, felt his spirits rise with the songs of the birds.



On the Way to Palos.

They had pursued their lonely journey across the Vega and reached the pass approaching the bridge of Pinos, about two leagues from Granada, at the foot of the mountain Elvira — a pass famous in the Moorish wars for many a desperate encounter between the Christian and the infidel. The shadows were lengthening, and the eyes of the lad were wandering away to westward, when suddenly on the air there came the sound of a horse's hoofs.

Deeply buried in thought, Columbus heeded them not, but the ear of his young companion was quicker, and turning in his saddle he saw a man mounted on a black charger coming after them at full speed. His splendid attire and glittering trappings indicated that he was a servant of the royal household, and for a moment the youth was speechless in wonder. The pursuer took off his gorgeously plumed hat, swung it in the air, and in a loud voice called to them to halt. They had just reached the bridge of Pinos when the shout reached their ears.

"We are pursued, Señor Columbus," said the lad.

Turning in his saddle, Columbus gave the approaching man a hasty glance, and remarked:

"It's the queen's courier; he comes to bring us news." A glow of revived hope gleamed in his face.

"Halt, halt, halt!" cried the courier, waving his hat above his head.

Columbus and Hernando stopped almost on the bridge, and awaited the rider's approach.

"Are you Christopher Columbus?" asked the courier, reining in his panting steed.

"I am he," was the answer.

"The queen has sent me to summon you back to Santa Fé."

Columbus's eyes lighted again; but he hesitated. Was it, after all, worth while to return and subject himself to the further equivocations of the court?

"I doubt whether it is better to delay my departure," he said at last. "I gave her majesty, the queen, my terms and she rejected them, and I can do no more."

"Señor, try once more," began the boy.

"Her majesty accedes to your terms," cried the courier.

"Go, señor, go!" cried Hernando, who was all hope and excitement. "We shall yet succeed!"

The youth's enthusiasm was contagious. Columbus turned his mule about and hastened back to Santa Fé, confiding in the noble generosity of the queen.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

Let those disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any laudable undertaking, remember that eighteen years elapsed from the time Columbus conceived his enterprise until he was enabled to carry it into effect; that the greater part of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation amid penury, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle, and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success he was in his fifty-sixth year. His example should inspire the enterprising of all generations never to despair.

It was nightfall before Columbus reached Santa Fé, but the queen had made provision for him and Hernando to be lodged in a wing of the castle. The next morning she called him before her and assured him that his terms would be agreed upon.

"The king has not granted his favor," the queen continued, "and I undertake the project for my crown of Castile; yet I feel confident that he can at least be persuaded to give a nominal consent."

"His majesty's co-operation in my plans would add great weight to my authority," Columbus answered.

"I shall seek to obtain it. By the bye, Señor Columbus, is this little boy whom I always see with you your son?"

"No, your majesty. He is a lad with whom I was accidentally thrown, and who wishes to go with me on the voyage. But I have a son, for whom I have a favor to ask."

"What favor?"

"When I sail I leave him practically an orphan among strangers. He will be unprovided for, as all my means, as well as the substance of friends, are hazarded in this enterprise. He is a bright, honest, earnest lad, and would serve you well. Can you not care for him?"

The generous-hearted queen was moved, and after a few moments' reflection answered:

"I will make him a page to our young Prince Juan, the heir apparent, with an allowance for his support."

Columbus was deeply grateful to the good queen. It was more than he had dared hope for, for this was an honor granted only to persons of distinguished rank.

Diego was at once sent for, and as Hernando still lingered at Santa Fé, he met the son of his benefactor. They were soon fast friends, and were seldom separated until Diego's appointment was confirmed and he had entered on his duties.

In their rambles about the court and city the boys related their personal histories.

"I go with your father to seek my father," said Hernando.

"And I remain, perhaps to lose a father," Diego answered.

"Be of good cheer, for he will succeed in his great enterprise, and place your name among the brightest in history."

"I have read of great men, and their lives have always had more sorrow than joy in them. To be great involves much misery, and I sometimes wonder if honors gained by conquest or discovery are worth the inevitable pain."

They had wandered beyond the walls of the city and were sitting under the wide-spreading branches of a giant old oak. Suddenly a cavalier was discovered galloping down the road toward them.

He wore no helmet or visor, and his features were in plain view. Hernando started to his feet, crying:

"*It is my Uncle Garcia!*"

Diego Columbus, having heard the dark story of Hernando's wrongs, felt his heart swell with indignation, and was strongly inclined, boy as he was, to denounce the villain to his face.

Sir Garcia drew rein in front of the boys, and, fixing his eyes on Hernando, asked:

"Were you with Columbus?"

"Yes, señor."

"Are you his son?"

"No; there is his son."

"Was he made page to Prince Juan?"

"He was."

"Are you going with Columbus on this voyage?"

"Yes."

"Is your name Hernando Estevan?"

"Yes."

The knight nodded and rode away. For a long time the boys stood gazing after him, and at last Diego asked:

"What does he mean?"

"I cannot say," Hernando answered.

"Whatever his meaning may be, it bodes you no good, Hernando."

"Perhaps not. He aided the wicked Moor to work my father's ruin, and I have no doubt he would do me an injury if he dared."

Sir Garcia Estevan meantime was ill at ease, and when he had reached his own chamber he sat down to determine what course to pursue.

"Columbus has succeeded at the moment we thought defeat assured," he reflected. "He takes Roderigo's son with him on this voyage of discovery. If I were assured that Roderigo was dead, there would be less to fear; but, if living, and the expedition of Columbus proves successful, then I have cause to tremble. Even if Roderigo be dead, and the son comes to share the glories of Columbus, he may yet displace me; for the lad evidently has his ambition, and no love for me. I must defeat the voyage."

He pondered long over the curious case, and finally called his esquire.

"Do you know where the sailor Miguel can be found?" he asked.

"I do, Sir Garcia."

"Bring him to me at once."

"Yes, Sir Garcia."

The esquire bowed and retired. The knight took off his greaves and breastplate, and hung them by his sword upon the rack. An hour later the sailor was ushered into his presence. Miguel bowed and stood humbly before the knight.

"I am very much interested in you, Miguel," remarked the knight, with a smile; "I have become so interested in you that I have taken the pains to examine into your past history."

Miguel grew uneasy and shifted his gaze.

"You have been engaged in many doubtful enterprises; among them, smuggling."

"Oh, sir knight——"

"Peace! I have not declared that it was my intention to expose you. I have sent for you to learn if you are willing to serve me.'

"With my life, my lord."

"Swear it!"

"I swear — on the holy cross."

"If you prove false, you shall pay dear!"

"Yes, my lord. What would you have me do?"

"Columbus has secured the aid of the crown in a prospective voyage, and the rumor has already spread that he will sail from the port of Palos. He takes with him on that voyage a boy named Hernando, a partially insane lad, filled with an hallucination that his father is a captive on some island far

off in the western seas. You must see to it that the voyage fails."

"How shall I bring it about?"

"Hasten to Palos and ship as one of the crew on board the admiral's vessel; there you will find many ways. Incite a mutiny."

"Ay, I see."

"Scuttle the ship."

"And lose my own life."

"Do it while so near land that you may escape. But if that be too difficult, see that neither the lad nor Christopher Columbus comes back alive."

"I understand you, my lord."

"If necessary, use the dagger; you know how. Make way with both before you let them return to triumph over me."

"I understand——"

"Your reward shall be two thousand florins, but do not slay unless success promises to crown their efforts."

"Why not slay them in any event?"

"I do not seek to have unnecessary blood on my hands. If they fail, they return humiliated, and I do not care to take their lives. Only in case of success are they dangerous. You can easily incite the crew to mutiny. The ships are richly laden; seize them and sail to some foreign port, where you can dispose of vessels and cargo to an advantage."

Meanwhile Columbus was closing negotiations with the king and queen. A perfect understanding

having been effected with the sovereigns, articles of agreement were ordered to be drawn up by Juan de Coloma, the royal secretary. They were to the following effect:

"*First*, That Christopher Columbus should have for himself, during his life, and his heirs and successors forever, the office of admiral in all the lands and continents which he might discover or acquire in the ocean, with similar honors and prerogatives to those enjoyed by the high admiral of Castile in his district.

"*Second*, That he should be viceroy and governor-general over all of said lands and continents; with the privilege of nominating three candidates for the government or province, one of whom should be selected by the sovereigns.

"*Third*, That he should be entitled to reserve for himself one-tenth of all pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, spices, and all other articles of merchandise, in whatever manner found, brought, bartered, or gained within his admiralty, the costs being first deducted.

"*Fourth*, That he or his lieutenant should be the sole judge in all causes and disputes arising out of traffic between those countries and Spain, provided the high admiral of Castile had similar jurisdiction in his district.

"*Fifth*, That he might then, and at all times thereafter, contribute an eighth part of the expense in fitting out vessels to sail on this enterprise, and receive an eighth part of the profits."

The last stipulation admitting Columbus to bear an eighth of the enterprise, was made in consequence of his indignant proffer on being reproached by Sir Garcia Estevan with demanding ample emoluments, while incurring no part of the expense. Through the aid of the Pinzons of Palos he fulfilled the engagement, and added a third vessel to the armament. Thus one-eighth of the expense attendant on this grand expedition, undertaken by a powerful nation, was actually borne by the man who conceived it, and who staked his life on its success.

So slow were the papers in preparation that the capitulations were not signed by Ferdinand and Isabella until the seventeenth day of April, 1492, when they were duly executed at the city of Santa Fé, in the Vega or plain of Granada.

A commission was drawn out in form and issued by the sovereigns to Columbus, in the city of Granada, on the thirtieth of the same month, in which the dignities and prerogatives of viceroy and governor were made hereditary in his family; and he and his heirs were authorized to prefix the title of Don to their names, a distinction in those days accorded only to persons of rank and estate.

The chief aim of Columbus, as we have shown, was the propagation and extension of the Christian religion and the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidel. The latter was the dream of his life, and the great aim for which he labored. Believing he would reach the western shore of Asia,

letters to the Grand Khan of Tartary were issued to him by the king and queen of Spain.

While these negotiations were pending at court, Hernando Estevan left Granada and hastened to his home to acquaint his family of Columbus' success, and spend a few days with them before he took his departure on that voyage to seek an unknown world.

He had been away almost three years, returning only at long intervals. Señora Doria had grown older, and her hair was grayer. The furrows on her face had deepened, but she was still strong and active.

The greatest change was in Christina. She was now thirteen years of age, and had developed a rare and wonderful beauty.

When he came to greet her with a brotherly kiss as of old, she shrank from him, and her cheek flushed hot with a crimson richer than the cactus flower. The lad checked himself. What did it mean? Had she grown afraid of him, or had his long absence made her careless about him? Hernando was grieved by her treatment, until, on the next day after his arrival he accidentally caught her kissing a small present he had brought her from Granada. He could not at first comprehend the world of tenderness she evinced for this bauble. None can say how dear to the heart is the veriest trifle touched by the hand of one we love, and this simple gift was to Christina an object of youthful adoration.

"Why is Christina so changed?" Hernando asked himself again and again.

From the moment of his return the coy little maiden had experienced strange sensations and unaccountable impulses. Those soft eyes had lost their wonted lustre, the rose tint had left her cheek, and she grew bashful and retiring. Fitful moods of joy mingled with sighs and frequent tears, in her tender heart. The simple amusements of her childhood were abandoned, and she shunned the society of those whom she loved so well. Their presence seemed only to increase her bewilderment, and she sought, in the solitude of the deep-shaded forests and rocky glens, to find relief for her strangely throbbing heart.

One day, while wandering about the rocky steeps, she suddenly came on Hernando, who was seeking her. She advanced sportively to meet him, but was suddenly overcome by confusion; her pale cheeks were covered with blushes and her eyes no longer dared meet his.

"Christina," cried Hernando, as she turned away, "why do you always fly from me?"

His voice, so gentle and tender, reached her ear, and arrested her almost fleeing steps. She paused, her eyes still on the ground, and stood trembling, from what cause she could not tell.

Slowly and carefully, as a child tiptoes toward a hare which it fears will take fright, the boy advanced to the bashful maiden.

"Christina, why are you so unhappy? Why do you shun me in this way? Our happiest moments have been spent wandering, hand in hand, along this very beach. Our days together now are few indeed, for soon I shall depart on an unknown sea to seek a lost father. Can you not greet me as the dear little sister you once were? I may never, never return from the great unknown water. Many have sailed away upon it; few have ever come back."

He was interrupted by a sob, and saw tears trickling down her pretty cheeks. Blaming himself for causing her needless pain, Hernando sprang to her side, and clasping the maiden in his arms, pressed a kiss upon her tear-stained cheek.

"Forgive me, Christina," he said, "I have wounded you."

"Hernando, brother, you are all I have to love, for the cruel infidel left me without kindred on earth. And now you must go too."

Abashed at her own voice, the maiden was again seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to fly. Hernando placed an arm about her. She started, but he held her fast, and, overcome with an emotion as sudden as it was overpowering, she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed bitterly. Her soul found rest, but only momentarily. When he sought to soothe her by his embraces, she turned away her head, and fled toward the ocean. His caresses excited too much emotion in her heart, and she sought the seashore.

Hernando vexed himself in vain, endeavoring to comprehend the meaning of these new and strange caprices. But to no end. Shy, coy, and distant as she was, her eyes were always on him, and her heart was his. He went to the cottage, where he told the old grandmother of her changed demeanor, and Dame Doria, shaking her head, answered sadly:

"Christina and yourself will soon be children no longer."

The lad's face was mournful, and gaining no consolation from his grandmother, who would say no more, he sought out the solitude of the seaside. There he sat listening to the sobbing waves beating gently against the pebble-strewn shore, or to the far-off splash of the porpoise in the water. Unconsciously his thoughts traveled far seaward. Was his father soon to be found and rescued from a life of slavery, he asked himself, or had he been all these years deluding himself? Might not his father be sleeping beneath the sea, and his search be quite in vain?

A gentle footstep on the sands behind him startled the lad from his painful reverie ,and, turning quickly, he beheld Christina, her face flushed with shy confusion. Again she would have run away; but a glance at his sad, pale face won her to his side.

"Are you ill?" she asked.

"I am sad, Christina. I feel as if my heart would break."

"Why are you sad?"

"My sister is so changed."

"How am I changed?"

"She flies from me as if she either despised or feared me. Which is it?"

"Neither." And her head hung and her radiant eyes dropped beneath his gaze. He had been watching the sweet unfolding of the beautiful girl's life, all these years — the blooming of a flower that was to exceed in beauty and fragance the rarest exotic of all flowery Spain.

"Have I grown hateful to your sight, that you should seek to avoid me? Am I a thing to be despised, that you should shun me? What has caused this great change?"

Smiling, she answered: "My dear brother, you wrong me. You have grown far dearer to me, now that I am about to lose you, than ever before. Forgive me, and remember that we both have changed; you have grown so big and strong, and I — I will soon cease to be a child. I cannot understand myself, but believe me when I say I love you more dearly than ever."

Again he embraced her, and for a long while they sat side by side clasped in each other's arms, while the sea waves beat upon the beach at their feet.

Far away beyond the blue sea roamed the thoughts of the lad. Cowardly Doubt, who ever attacks us in our weakest moments, plied him with a multitude of questions. Was the coming voyage, after all, but the freak of a madman? Was Columbus himself

only a clever lunatic who had deceived the crown, and, like the siren in the fable, was destined to lure ships and crews to ruin? But even at the thought, Hernando's faith cast out all distrust; and he knew that Columbus was what he professed — a learned and experienced navigator, called of Heaven to perform a great work.

After a long silence the beautiful girl at his side asked:

"When does the fleet sail?"

"It may not be for two or three months."

"Why not fill the few days left to us with joy and cheer rather than with gloom and sadness?"

"Our lives have been such a perpetual sorrow that a burst of sunshine is almost dazzling: so let us welcome it. This is a transition from gloom to sunlight, for Columbus, after so many years, has triumphed over prejudice and ignorance. And I shall find my father and return, Christina, never again to leave you."

Christina leaned toward him and placed her cheek to his; and they rose and returned to the cottage in silent happiness.

CHAPTER IX.

SEEKING AN UNKNOWN WORLD.

In selecting Palos as the place where the fleet was to be made ready, Columbus doubtless counted on the co-operation of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, resident there, and on the assistance of his zealous friend, the prior of the convent of La Rabida. No doubt the government was willing to give him his preference in the matter, inasmuch as the port of Palos, for some misdemeanor, had been condemned to serve the crown for a year with two armed caravels, both of which became a part of the armament of Columbus.

Columbus reached Palos on the 22d of May, and on his arrival went at once to the neighboring convent of La Rabida, where he was gladly received by the worthy prior Fray Juan Perez, who in the excess of his joy said:

"You have at last received your long and well-merited reward, my son."

In due time Hernando was summoned to join the waiting fleet at Palos. Christina and the grandmother bore the parting bravely, promising to follow on slowly and be present at the sailing of the fleet.

On the 23d of May, Columbus, accompanied by Fray Juan Perez, proceeded to the Church of St.

George in Palos, where the alcalde, the regidors, and many of the inhabitants had been ordered to attend. A notary public, standing on the porch of the church, read the royal order, commanding the authorities of Palos to have two armed caravels ready for sea within ten days and to place them at the disposal of Columbus, who was empowered to fit out a third vessel. The crews of all three were to receive the ordinary wages of seamen employed in armed vessels, and to have four months' pay in advance. They were to sail in such direction as Columbus under royal authority should command, and were in all things to obey him. They were forbidden to go to St. George La Mina, on the coast of Guinea, or any other port of the lately discovered possessions of Portugal.

The public authorities and the people of all ranks and conditions in the maritime borders of Andalusia were commanded to furnish supplies and assistance of all kinds, at fair prices, for the fitting out of the vessels; and penalties were denounced on such as should cause any impediment.

Among those gathered about the church listening to the orders was Miguel, who was among the first to volunteer. No sooner had he done so, than he went to a young, timid recruit, and said:

"Do you know where we are to sail?"

"No," was the answer.

"We go to seek an unknown world."

The youth's cheek paled.

"That man is Columbus, the madman of Genoa, who is going to sail around the world, through a sea of liquid fire, to islands inhabited by winged beasts and dragons, where giants fifty cubits high live on the flesh of shipwrecked mariners; a land whence no one ever returns."

The wild story spread rapidly; and so shrewdly did Miguel manage it, that Columbus never dreamed that he had betrayed the expedition. The owners of vessels refused to furnish them. The boldest seamen shrank from such a wild, chimerical cruise in the wilderness of the ocean. All kinds of frightful tales and fables were conjured up concerning the unknown regions of the deep; and nothing can be stronger evidence of the boldness of this undertaking, than the extreme dread in which some of the most adventurous navigators held it.

Weeks elapsed. Further mandates were issued by the sovereigns, ordering the magistrates of the coast of Andalusia to press into service any vessels they might think proper. Juan de Penalosa, an officer of the royal household, was sent to see that these commands were properly obeyed. The order was acted upon by Columbus in Palos and the neighboring town of Moguer, but with as little success as before.

The communities of those places were thrown into confusion. Tumults ensued, and on several occasions they were on the eve of riot.

"I thought our troubles over," said Hernando to

Columbus, a few days after joining him, "but they seem only to have commenced."

"I will see Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brother tomorrow," Columbus answered. "We need their services again; we cannot succeed without them."

"I thought, having the aid of the crown, none other was needed."

"Just now Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers may be more effective than the king and queen. They are navigators of great courage and ability, owning numerous vessels and keeping many seamen in their employ. They have many relatives among the seafaring inhabitants of Palos and Moguer, and great influence throughout the neighborhood. If they decide to go with us, it will inspire courage and confidence in all the others."

Next day Columbus sent for Martin Alonzo and his brother, Vincent Yanez Pinzon, and after making them acquainted with the true situation, said:

"You see the strait to which I am reduced. Although aided by the crown, I want still more. I need men who will inspire the sailors with confidence. You have both, my friend. You believe in my theory. Will you still further aid me?"

Alonzo Pinzon asked for time to confer with his brother, and, Columbus assenting, they retired to a separate apartment. Hernando remained in the outside hall with Columbus, who, with head bowed and hands clasped behind his back, paced up and down before the room in which the Pinzons were

in consultation. After two hours, the door opened and the brothers came out. Columbus paused and fixed his eyes on them with an eager, inquiring look.

"We have decided to go," said Martin Pinzon. "We will furnish one of the vessels, and will accompany you."

"My friends, you have saved the expedition and will win eternal honor for your names and country."

Two other vessels, with owners and crews, were pressed into service by the arbitrary mandate of the sovereigns. It is a striking instance of the despotic authority exercised over commerce in those times, that respectable individuals should thus be compelled to engage in what appeared to be a mad and desperate enterprise.

But all difficulties had not yet been removed. Sir Garcia Estevan, the most malignant enemy of Columbus, came to Palos to hinder and delay the equipment. He did nothing openly; but, aided by Miguel, his hireling, he covertly caused difficulties to arise among the seamen who had been compelled to embark. Gomez Rascon and Christoval Quintero, owners of the *Pinta*, one of the ships pressed into service, were made to believe it a mad, desperate enterprise, and exerted all their influence to defeat the voyage. The calkers employed on the vessel did their work in a careless and imperfect manner, and, on being required to do it over again, refused and departed. Many seamen, who in the first wave of enthusiasm had enlisted, repented their hardihood

and sought to retract; others deserted and concealed themselves in the interior; and thus, from the time of Sir Garcia's appearance, difficulty after difficulty arose. None, of course, could be traced to him.

The influence and example of the Pinzons had a great effect in allaying this opposition and inducing many of their friends and relatives to embark. They represented that the enterprise was one which would shed glory throughout all time, and that every man who engaged in it would immortalize his name. It is quite certain that the assistance of the Pinzons was very important, if not indispensable, in fitting out and launching the expedition; and despite Garcia Estevan and his hirelings, the preparations went steadily on.

The ships in which Columbus was to embark were vessels to which no mariner of the present day would think of entrusting his life for such a voyage. The largest, a ship of no considerable burden, was commanded by Columbus as admiral, who gave it the name of *Santa Maria*, out of respect for the Blessed Virgin, whom he honored with singular devotion. Of the second, called the *Pinta*, Martin Alonzo Pinzon was captain, and his brother Francis, pilot. The third, named the *Niña*, had lateen sails and an open deck, and was under command of Vincent Yanez Pinzon. These two were light vessels, hardly superior in burden or force to large boats.

There were three other pilots — Sancho Ruiz, Alonzo Nino, and Bartolomeo Roldan. Roderigo

Sanchez, of Segovia, was inspector-general of the armament, and Diego de Arana, a native of Cordova, chief alquazil. Roderigo de Escobar went as royal notary — an officer always sent in the armaments of the crown — to take official notes of all occurrences. These, with a physician and a surgeon, together with various private adventurers, several servants, and ninety mariners — making, in all, one hundred and twenty persons, including Columbus and Hernando — constituted the members engaged in the expedition.

By the beginning of August every difficulty had been overcome, and the vessels were ready for sea. It had been a busy day in the little town of Palos. All was bustle, confusion, and excitement. At dusk Miguel stole away from the village to the ruins of an ancient castle, half a league distant. He found a knight in armor awaiting him. It was Sir Garcia — standing by his steed, one arm impatiently thrown across the animal's neck.

"What news, Miguel?" he asked, as the sailor came up.

"The expedition is ready to sail."

"Can we prevent it?"

"No, Sir Garcia,"

"In which ship goes the lad?"

"With the admiral."

"Miguel, you must be in the same ship."

"Trust me to do your bidding, Sir Garcia."

The knight then proceeded to give his hireling final orders; and history has recorded, in letters

that will never fade, how faithfully those instructions were carried out.

It was Thursday, August 2, 1492. The sun was high in the sky, though it had not passed the meridian. On the morrow the fleet was to sail, and Señora Doria and Christina had not come. All day Hernando watched the gray, dust-strewn road, winding about among the hills beyond the convent; but it was evening before he saw two females, mounted on donkeys, coming toward Palos. Recognizing them as his grandmother and Christina, he flew to meet them.

"Come with me," he cried, "we have a house prepared for you, where you may rest until the departure of the vessels."

Late that night Columbus found the boy and the girl standing on the beach, gazing off at the three vessels lying in the harbor. He was about to speak to them, but finding both in tears, regarded their mournful silence as too sacred to be broken.

The squadron being ready to put to sea, Columbus made confession to the friar Juan Perez and partook of the sacrament of the communion. His example was followed by his officers and most of the crew; and they entered upon their enterprise full of awe, and with the most devout and affecting ceremonial, committing themselves to the special guidance and protection of Heaven.

Friday, the third day of August, A. D. 1492, was the day set for sailing. The morning dawned bright

and clear. The ocean which our adventurers were to explore was calm and mild as the summer sky. Long before dawn of day the town had been awake, and everybody was now astir. The old, the sick, the lame, and the blind, those who but seldom crept from their houses, were early risen. A deep gloom overspread the village, for almost everyone had some relative or friend aboard the squadron.

The sailors had been taken aboard the day before, but Hernando, Columbus, and a few others remained to bid a last farewell. Many an eye grew dim and many a breast heaved with sobs, as the morning dawned. Christina and the grandmother embraced Hernando and bade him farewell, perhaps forever. The lad smiled bravely, and uttered words of encouragement which grown men and battle-scarred veterans could not speak.

Columbus took his place in the bow of the boat which was to convey them to the vessel; Hernando stood in the stern, smiling bravely and waving his cap at the loved ones on shore.

"Farewell, Christina! Grandame, farewell! Weep not for me, for I will soon return and bring back my father."

"So the fool has really set out to find his father," sneered a dark knight on the shore.

The boat reached the *Santa Maria* and was hoisted on board. Then anchors were raised, sails unfurled, and deep-throated cannon boomed forth the news that the squadron had departed to discover an unknown world.

THE DEPARTURE FROM PALOS.

"Oh, he is gone, he is gone!" cried Christina, and fell into the arms of the weeping grandmother.

When she recovered self-possession, the squadron was out of sight, and she wrung her hands and sobbed in wild despair, for hours refusing to be comforted.

Columbus set sail from the bar of Saltes, a small island formed by the arms of the Odiel, in front of the town of Huelva, steering in a southwesterly direction for the Canary Islands, whence it was his intention to strike due west. As a guide to his course, he had made a map that was an improvement over the one sent him by Paulo Toscanelli.

The exultation of Columbus never exhibited itself above the calm, dignified demeanor of the admiral until the little fleet was under way and the shore began to fade from view. After eighteen years of hard labor, after enduring disappointment and scoffs and indignation, beyond the lot of ordinary mortals, it is no wonder that he should now exhibit some signs of triumph. He paced the quarter-deck as the *Santa Maria* bounded over the waters, and his face, usually so grave and solemn, was lighted with smiles. Hernando had borne up well until the little seaport town faded from sight, and then, covering his face with his hands, he gave way to tears.

"Cheer up, my lad, be brave. We have triumphed. Our expedition cannot now fail."

"It is not dread of danger before, but regret for those behind, that causes my tears," he answered.

His was not the only damp cheek on that deck

Many a hardy sailor's eye grew dim, and many bearded faces were wet with tears, as the coast of Spain faded from view.

"Oh, land of our fathers, beautiful home of our wives and children, shall we never see thee more?" they cried, pressing to the ship's stern, and stretching their hands toward the fast-fading shore. This was only the beginning of a period of dread and discontent, fomented always by the spy Miguel, who never lost an opportunity to breed discord among his fellow-sailors.

The exultation of Columbus was soon checked by his want of confidence in the resolution and perseverance of his crews. As long as he remained within reach of Europe, there was no certainty that in a moment of repentance and alarm, they might not renounce the prosecution of the voyage and insist on a return.

Symptoms soon appeared to warrant his apprehensions. Miguel was constantly whispering with the men, and the ominous shaking of heads and nervous anxiety, betrayed in the features of each, bore evidence that trouble was brewing.

But Columbus was equal to the emergency. Reassuming his calm and dignified demeanor, he seemed to have no apprehension, and continued giving orders as if there was nothing to fear. At night he studied the stars, and the day he spent with his log-book and astrolabe, making calculations and estimates.

On the third day out Columbus was in his cabin thus engaged, when the door opened and Hernando, entering unannounced, cried:

"Lord admiral, the *Pinta* is making signs of distress."

His face expressing anxiety, Columbus hastened on deck and, seizing a glass, glanced at the vessel.

"She is indeed in trouble," he said. "Her rudder is broken and unhung. This, I fear, has been done through the contrivance of Gomez Rascon and Christoval Quintero to disable their vessel and cause her to be left behind."

One man on whose ears those words fell could easily have solved the mystery. His evil black eyes sparkled with devilish satisfaction, and he mumbled to himself:

"The admiral guesses but too well. Sir Garcia and the owners of the *Pinta* pay me liberally, and I never fail to do my work satisfactorily."

Columbus was much disturbed at this occurrence. The wind was blowing strongly at the time, so that he could not render assistance without endangering his own vessel. But the captain of the *Pinta* secured the rudder by cords, so as to gain a temporary control over it. The control was only temporary, however, for next day the fastenings gave way, and the other ships were forced to shorten sail until the rudder could be secured.

Not only was the rudder broken, but the *Pinta*

had sprung a leak, and the admiral determined to put into the Canary Islands and seek some vessel to replace the damaged one. On the morning of the 9th of August, six days after leaving the port of Palos, they reached the Canaries.

As no suitable vessel could be found to take the place of the *Pinta*, a new rudder was made for her, and she was otherwise repaired to make her seaworthy for so long and mysterious a voyage. The lateen sails of the *Niña* were altered into square sails, that she might work more steadily and securely, and be able to keep company with the other vessels. All this required three weeks' time. One day as they lay off the coast of one of the Canaries, Hernando was amazed and alarmed at beholding the lofty peak of Teneriffe sending forth volumes of flame and smoke.

"Look, look!" cried Miguel to a party of sailors on deck. "Behold, the very bowels of the earth are aflame. We will find the fires grow more frequent as we advance, until we shall be consumed in a sea of flame. That is an omen sent by Heaven to warn us not to proceed." Being ready to take alarm at any extraordinary phenomenon and construe it into a disastrous portent, the sailors were willing to believe him and were already on the eve of a panic, when Hernando hastened to the admiral with the alarming intelligence. Columbus took great pains to dispel their apprehensions, explaining the natural causes of those volcanic fires and verifying his ex-

planations by citing Mount Etna and other well-known volcanoes.

One day while they were lying off the island of Gomera, taking in wood and provisions, a vessel arrived from Ferro. The captain was a distant relative of the Pinzons, and, learning the object of the expedition, he hastened to Martin Alonzo Pinzon's vessel. After a short consultation they went together on board the admiral's ship.

"We have news, admiral, that may be alarming," said Captain Pinzon.

"What is the news?"

"The captain, whose word may be taken as true, reports three armed Portuguese caravels hovering off the island of Ferro, evidently with the intention of capturing you."

"I have suspected some such hostile strategy on the part of the king of Portugal, in revenge for having engaged in the service of Spain," Columbus answered.

"What will you do?" asked Pinzon.

"Is the *Pinta* seaworthy?"

"She is, admiral."

"Get ready to sail at once."

"I will be ready in an hour."

"Can you convey your order to your brother?"

"I can."

"Do so; we will sail at daylight."

At dawn Columbus had a signal-light hoisted at the mast-head of the *Santa Maria*, and the vessels

weighed anchor. They were scarcely clear of the harbor, and the gray twilight still overspread the waters, when a vessel, suddenly rounding a point, came within bow-shot of the *Santa Maria*.

"Admiral! the Portuguese!" cried Hernando, who stood on the poop-deck.

The quick eye of Columbus soon discovered the boy's mistake. "It is a Moorish caravel," he answered. The Moor came along until she was near enough for the Spaniards to see her deck, and, as it grew lighter every moment, they even made out the features of the dark-skinned sailors.

"Hernando Estevan," cried a voice from the approaching vessel. "Son of the Christian slave, whither are you bound? Be where it may, take the curse of the Moor with you."

The speaker was a tall, powerful fellow, whose left ear had been cut away close to his head. It was the lad's old enemy, Abdallah Ahmed.

Before Hernando could reply, the Moorish caravel swept by, and the little fleet went bounding away before a stiff breeze. Land faded from sight, and they were far, far out on an unknown sea, seeking an unknown world.

CHAPTER X.

THE MUTINY.

Columbus felt relieved when land finally disappeared, and they were speeding farther and farther away into the unknown wilderness of water. "They cannot desert now; we must go on."

The wind was fair and the vessels made good speed. The *Niña*, now that her sails were squared, managed to keep pace with the others. Most of the crew had borne up well until now, but on losing sight of the last trace of land and knowing that they were entering upon an unexplored ocean, their hearts failed them. On the second day out Columbus found a strong sailor in tears.

"How is this, a man weeping? Shame! It is for women and children to shed tears," he said, halting at the sailor's side.

"Never before have men been separated from the world as we are," answered the sailor. "Behind us is everything that the heart holds dear — country, family, friends, life itself; before us are mystery, chaos, and death."

"Oh, no, my brave man! Do not despair! We have far different things before us," said Columbus, in a cheerful tone. "You will live to return home

and tell those friends of adventures of which they never dreamed."

"No, no, we shall never see our homes again," said another.

It became necessary for the admiral to inspire them with hope and confidence, in order to avert serious results. A number of the despairing ones had gathered about, and he addressed them thus:

"Why give way to fears and cowardice when so much lies in store for you? A lofty ambition should fill you with joy at our glorious anticipations. I am taking you to magnificent countries; to islands in the Indian seas teeming with gold and precious stones; to the regions of Mangi and Cathay, with their cities of universal wealth and splendor. Be of good cheer, and I will give you lands and gold in abundance. Riches in gold, jewels, and fine raiment, such as kings might envy, shall be yours. Why will you despair?"

Columbus made these promises, believing confidently that they would all be realized.

He issued orders to the other vessels that in case they should become separated, they should keep on due westward; but that, after sailing seven hundred leagues, they should lay by from midnight until daylight. At about that distance he expected to find land.

It seems remarkable that Columbus should have taken into his confidence one so young as Hernando, but the lad had been with him so long and he had

found the boy's judgment so good, that in some things he trusted him even before the Pinzons. Hernando was quick of perception and seemed to read the thoughts of the sailors. On discovering that their fears increased with the distance from Spain, he communicated with the admiral.

"If there were only some way to deceive them," said Hernando. "If we could only make them believe that we were not going so far nor so fast as we are, it might allay their apprehensions."

With a smile Columbus answered:

"Many years since, I learned a lesson that may be of great advantage to me now."

"What was it, admiral?"

"It happened once, that King Reiner — whom God hath taken to himself — sent me to Tunis to capture the galley *Fernandina*. When I arrived off the island of St. Pedro in Sardinia I was informed there were two ships and a carrack with the galley; by which intelligence my crew were so troubled that they determined to proceed no farther, but to return to Marseilles for another vessel and more men. As I could not by any means compel them, I assented, apparently, to their wishes, altering the point of the compass and spreading all sail. It was then evening, and next morning we were within the Cape of Carthagenia, while all were firmly of opinion that they were sailing toward Marseilles."

"How can that lesson help us now, admiral?"

"It is never wise for the commander of a ship to let the crew know all, and sometimes it may be necessary to deceive them."

"Are you now deceiving them?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"I knew their anxiety and terror were increasing in proportion to their distance from their native land, and I keep two reckonings."

"Two?"

"Yes, two; one correct, which no one but myself sees, in which the true course of the ship is noted; in the other, which is open to general inspection, a number of leagues is daily subtracted from the sailing of the ship, so they are in ignorance of our real distance."

On the eleventh day of September, when about one hundred and fifty leagues west of Ferro, the look-out called the attention of Columbus to something floating on the water.

"What is it?" asked the admiral.

"A mast," Hernando answered. The boy was in the forecastle and was one of the first to make the discovery.

Columbus signaled the other vessels to lay to. Lowering a boat, Hernando with six others pulled to the piece of floating mast and brought it on shipboard. From its size, it evidently had belonged to a vessel of about one hundred and twenty tons burden, and it had lain in the water until it was almost rotted.

The crews of the exploring ships, alive to everything that could excite hopes or fears, looked with rueful eyes upon this wreck of some unfortunate voyager, drifting ominously at the entrance of those unknown seas.

"Do not allow this to alarm you," said Columbus to the crews, when he saw that a panic was likely to spread among them. "This broken mast has no doubt been in the water for years, and probably has floated from one of our own ports." By alternately encouraging and threatening them, he allayed to a slight degree their dread of the unknown sea.

Hernando, boy as he was, studied the admiral. He was continually in his confidence, knew many of his secrets, and soon became aware of the fact that the admiral was becoming more perplexed and puzzled as they advanced farther into this unknown region. The very heavens were changing. The constellations of the east were disappearing and strangers taking their places.

On the evening of September the 13th, Hernando chanced to go to the admiral's cabin. They had advanced fifty leagues farther into the unknown world, and even Hernando had almost begun to doubt that the admiral was correct in his calculations. He found the navigator seated at a table with a chart and compass before him.

Hernando was privileged to enter the admiral's cabin at all hours. He spoke on entering but, receiving no answer, gently closed the door, and took

a step toward the admiral, so as to get a glimpse of his face. Never had he seen anything more terrifying. A deathlike pallor had overspread it, the lips were parted as if gasping for breath, and he almost fancied he could hear throbbing heart-beats. What was the meaning of all this? Hernando knew that some crisis was at hand.

"Admiral, admiral, what has happened?" he cried.

"See, it varies!" cried Columbus, starting to his feet; and clutching the lad's arm he pointed to the compass. "It varies; it no longer points to the north."

For a moment the boy stood in speechless amazement. But he was ignorant of the art of navigation, and the face of this man on whose knowledge and judgment he had staked his life inspired far greater fear in him than did the shifting instrument before them.

"What made it wrong?" Hernando asked.

For a moment Columbus did not answer. At last he said:

"It seems as if the very laws of nature are being reversed as we advance, and that we are entering another world, subject to unknown influences."

"Perhaps the compass is broken."

"No, they are all the same. I have thought for several days they were varying. As we advance, they no longer point to the north, but to the northwest. Day by day for three days I have studied this wonderful phenomenon, something the world has never known."

The boy grew frightened, and, turning to Columbus, asked:

"What are you going to do? Must we go back and leave my poor father in this unknown world?"

"Would you go back?"

"No; not if every law of nature were reversed."

"Noble lad, neither would I. The change of the compass is only a new discovery in science, and can be harmonized with navigation, though it will cause us no little trouble when our pilots discover it. I must find some excuse for the variation of the needle."

"Can it be kept secret?"

"Impossible. They have the sailing of the ship, and will soon know it."

At this moment, a form was crouching at the door of the cabin, a pair of dark, piercing eyes were glittering with fiendish satisfaction. Under his breath Miguel the spy hissed:

"Something has gone wrong. What is it? I wish I could catch the words."

Then hearing footsteps he sped away into the darkness.

Columbus was not mistaken in regard to the pilots. They were quick to perceive the variation, and a little later three of them came to the admiral. Sancho Ruiz was spokesman.

"Lord admiral," he said, "we have made a very wonderful, if not alarming, discovery."

"What is it?" asked Columbus.

"The laws of nature are changing as we enter

another world, and come under unknown influences."

"Make your meaning more plain, Ruiz."

"The compass is about to lose its power, and without it we have no guide in the vast, trackless ocean. It no longer points directly north, but is varying northwest."

Columbus taxed his ingenuity to the utmost for explanations to allay their terror. He allowed no outward demonstration to indicate that he was not master of the situation. With entire composure, he answered:

"What you say is true, Señor Ruiz, but if you will examine the matter closely it becomes very simple. The direction of the needle is not to the polar star, but to some fixed and invisible point. These variations which we have discovered are not caused by any fallacy in the compass, but by the movement of the north star itself, which, like other heavenly bodies, has changed its revolutions, and every day describes a circle round the pole."

The pilots beheld in Columbus a profound astronomer, and his theory was accepted as correct. On the next day, the 14th of September, Hernando was standing on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, when he suddenly saw two large birds, and running aft to Columbus, he called:

"Admiral, here is a good omen — birds flying!"

"Birds! a harbinger of land! Where are they?" cried Columbus, going forward.

"There!" answered several sailors, pointing to the birds within bow-shot of the vessel's prow.

"A heron and a Rabo de Junco," cried Columbus. "These are fowls which never venture far from land. Our voyage will soon be over."

All the afternoon the two birds hovered about the ships, but disappeared at sundown. Those tropical nights were delightfully cool, but dark. The sky was a stranger to the voyagers, and they seemed gliding on into a vast unknown world of water.

"Santa Maria! Look!" cried a sailor.

"Saints preserve us!" groaned scores of voices.

The whole sky was lit with a lurid glare. A great flame of fire seemed to fall from the dark heavens into the sea, about four or five leagues distant.

It was a meteor, a common phenomenon in warm climates, and especially in the tropics. They are always observed in the serene blue sky, falling as it were from the heavens, but never beneath a cloud. In the transparent atmosphere of one of those beautiful nights, when every star shines with the purest lustre, they often leave a luminous train behind, lasting twelve or fifteen seconds, and might easily be mistaken for a flame. The boldest sailors were on their knees, believing they were entering a sea of fire and that the ships would soon be consumed. Again Columbus was put to his best to explain all he knew of meteors, and it took some time to restore even partial confidence to his men.

With favorable winds and occasional showers,

they had made considerable progress, though, according to the secret plan of Columbus, he managed to suppress several leagues in the daily reckoning, to which the crew had access.

Coming within the influence of the trade winds, they were wafted speedily over a tranquil sea and for several days they did not shift a sail. All were amazed and delighted with the bland and temperate weather, so soft and cool and soothing. The entire day was like an Andalusian April morn, and wanted but the song of the nightingale to complete the illusion.

They now came to a part of the sea where large patches of herbs were found drifting from the west, and these increased in abundance as they advanced. Some were of the kinds that grow about rocks; others such as are produced in fresh water streams. While some were yellow and withered, many were green and fresh as if they had just been washed from land. One day, a white tropical bird, such as never sleeps on the sea, was discovered; tunny fish, also, were seen playing about the vessels.

Filled with joy and hope, Columbus gathered the crew of his vessel in the forecastle, and thus addressed them

"My brave men, you need no longer despair, for we are, without doubt, nearing land. There is an account given by Aristotle of certain ships of Cadiz, which, coasting the shores outside the straits of Gibraltar, were driven westward by an impetuous

east wind, until they reached a part of the ocean covered with weeds, resembling sunken islands, and in the waters they found many tunny fish, as we see them. All these things indicate that we are certainly not far from land."

Next day two boobies, birds which seldom fly more than twenty leagues from land, were sighted. This further added to their hopes and encouragement.

The weeds continued to increase, and Miguel, ever watchful for an opportunity to breed discontent among the sailors, suggested that the weeds might continue to grow thicker on the surface of the water, until it would be impossible for the ships to force their way through. The wind was gentle at all times, and for hours there would be absolute calm.

"You have all heard how ships have been frozen up in the northern seas, unable to move," argued Miguel to a party of willing listeners. "That will be our fate. The wind is constantly falling off, and we shall soon be unable to stir."

Hernando, who had become a self-constituted spy upon Miguel, hastened to Columbus. The admiral listened with an attentive ear, and, when the lad had finished, said, in his grave, solemn manner:

"The fellow is mischievous, Hernando; watch him, and I will go at once and pacify the crew."

When Columbus reached the deck, he found terror and desperation about to seize the sailors.

"Why are you alarmed?" he asked. "These

weeds and this calm are, beyond a doubt, caused by our near approach to land."

Notwithstanding the assurances of the admiral, the crews were not satisfied, and the mischievous Miguel was constantly fomenting discontent. The more Columbus argued, the more boisterous became the murmurs of his crew, until, on Sunday, the 25th of September, there came a heavy swell of the sea, unaccompanied by wind — a phenomenon which often occurs in the broad ocean — being either the expiring undulations of some past gale or the movements given the sea by some distant current of wind. It was nevertheless regarded with astonishment by the mariners, and for a short time dispelled their imaginary terrors, occasioned by the calm.

From this time on, the situation became daily more critical. The favorable signs, which increased the admiral's confidence in the belief that they were nearing land, were derided by Miguel and those craven spirits whom he had gathered about him, so that Columbus began to fear they would yet compel him to turn back.

It was night — one of those strange, still nights, such as no one aboard the squadron had ever seen before. The sky was full of strangers; the sea, of weeds and grass. The admiral was alone in his cabin, filled with anxiety, when Hernando entered.

"I am glad you have come, Hernando, for we have reached a crisis," said Columbus.

"What do you mean, admiral?"

"All day long I have watched them, gathered about in little knots and groups; they have fed each other's discontents, until now the storm is ready to break."

The admiral was in armor, and his sword lay on the table at his side. The boy regarded these signs as ominous, and asked:

"What would you have me do?"

"You are a brave lad, and I can trust you. Go, arm yourself, and be ready for any emergency. Then, putting on your cloak so as to conceal your armor, go forth on deck, learn what they are doing, get their plans, and return."

"I will."

The lad bowed and retired.

"If my brother, and a handful more that I could trust as I do that boy, were on board, I should feel safe. Though some of the crew seem faithful, at times I mistrust all."

While the admiral was thus moodily and almost despairingly meditating on his present perilous condition and the mutinous disposition of the crew, there came a sharp rap on the door of his cabin.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened, and Ruiz the pilot, followed by half a dozen, entered.

"Lord admiral," said Ruiz, "the crew are about to mutiny, being determined to make us turn back."

"Never!" said Columbus. "No, though these

decks swim with blood, we will prosecute our voyage to the end."

In the meanwhile the little spy was cautiously creeping along the dark deck to where the crew were gathered in a knot at the forecastle, with Miguel haranguing them. Slowly and cautiously, on bended knees, without noise, and with the motions of a creeping cat, Hernando glided nearer to the mutineers. Reaching a gun-carriage unobserved, he crouched down in the darkness behind it and listened.

Unaware of his presence, Miguel continued. With zeal and eloquence he was saying:

"This man is a desperado, bent in his mad fantasy upon doing something extravagantly notorious. What are our sufferings and dangers to one content to lose his own life for the chance of fame and distinction? What obligations bind us to continue with him? And when, pray, will the terms of our contract be fulfilled? We have already penetrated unknown seas untraversed by a ship, far beyond man's usual sailing. You have already won names for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it, and how much farther are we to go in quest of merely conjectured land? Are we to sail until we perish, or until return becomes impossible? If we do, we shall be the authors of our own destruction. If we consult our safety and turn back before it is too late, who can blame us? Complaints made by Columbus will have no weight, for he is a foreigner, without friends or influence, and his schemes have

been condemned by the most learned men in Spain. He has no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents who would rejoice at his failure. If you fear his complaints, we might seize him and cast him into the sea, giving out that he had accidentally fallen overboard."

"Seize him," interrupted one.

"Yes, seize the admiral and cast him overboard," cried another.

"Let us strike at once."

"At once, at once," and a dozen daggers and swords flashed in the starlight. The mutineers rose and moved toward the cabin.

Swift as a flash the lad glided along the deck of the vessel and darted through the cabin door.

There stood the admiral, sword in hand, the pilot, and five others, all with weapons drawn.

"Lord admiral, they are coming — the mutineers are coming!" cried the lad, his eyes flashing with excitement.

"Come, we will meet them on deck!" cried Columbus, and with drawn sword he led out his handful of faithful followers.

CHAPTER XI.

LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

Instead of finding Columbus unprepared, as they had confidently anticipated, the mutineers were themselves surprised. They had expected to find the admiral alone in the cabin; instead, he met them, sword in hand, on the quarter-deck, with a half-dozen brave men, well armed, close behind him. The ship's lanterns were deceitful and did not reveal the real number of Columbus's followers.

"There they are, admiral," cried the lad, pointing out the mutineers with his sword.

"Knaves! villains!" cried the admiral. "Would you disobey the good queen's commands, leave wonderful discoveries to others, and bring certain destruction upon yourselves?" and he advanced threateningly toward them.

The mutineers, dismayed at having their secret plans discovered, made scarcely any resistance; and throwing down their weapons, all, save Miguel, fled to the forward part of the ship, where they dropped on their knees, implored mercy, and swore future obedience to all orders. Miguel would have followed their inglorious example had not the admiral disarmed him and held him fast.

"Oh, pray, my lord, spare me!" he cried, struggling desperately to break away.

"Cease, villain; cease your struggling, or I will run you through," cried Columbus.

But the trembling wretch continued to implore the admiral to spare his life.

"Have mercy — oh, have mercy!" he groaned.

"Know you not the fate of traitors and mutineers?"

"Oh, pray, have mercy!"

"Do you deserve it?"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"The law put your life in my power, and you have forfeited all claims to mercy."

"Spare me, spare me!"

Hernando was too kind-hearted not to be moved by those pleadings and tears.

"Spare him, I pray you, my lord," he began.

"Do you ask that he be spared?"

"Surely he can do us no harm if he be kept confined in the hold and in chains."

The admiral had a tender heart, but sound judgment told him that in this case it was best to assume harshness. Fear is the iron hand with which to control such incorrigible characters as Miguel. Dragging the mutineer to his feet, he gave him over to the officers and said:

"Take him below, load him down with irons, and see that he communicates with no one. His fate shall be determined hereafter."

A groan went up from the prisoner. He knew full well that by maritime law, he had forfeited his life.

Ruiz and one or two more seized the culprit and dragged him from the deck. He begged and implored for life, but was unceremoniously taken down into the hold of the ship and there made fast. Columbus put up his sword and walked boldly forward, where the remainder of his crew were gathered in the forecastle, trembling with dread apprehension at the admiral's dire wrath.

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" the most timid began.

Having witnessed the treatment of their ringleader, they entertained little hope of escaping punishment.

"Mercy!" said the admiral, sternly. "Do you deserve mercy?"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"Down on your knees, all of you, and swear never again to attempt mutiny."

All fell on their knees, and swore anew allegiance to the admiral. Columbus then ordered them to return to their duties.

"Bear in mind," he added sternly, as the sailors began to disperse, "the first man who makes another attempt at mutiny dies."

Harshness was not natural with Columbus and it was only toward the most desperate that he continued to exercise it. He meted out to each such inducements as were necessary to create loyalty in him, or strengthen it. Maintaining a serene and steady

THE MUTINY.

countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride and avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment should they do more to impede the voyage, he again became master of the ship.

Hernando, who had ever been faithful to the admiral, even at the imminent risk of losing his life, was now even more than ever in his confidence.

He begged that Miguel be spared.

"By law he has forfeited his life," Columbus answered.

"Is not mercy due even where life is forfeited?"

"Not when it jeopardizes other lives," said the admiral. "If I spare this man, as you would have me do, what assurance have I that he will not again incite the crew to mutiny?"

"His oath, my lord."

"His oath is of no more strength than a rope of sand."

"Will you not try him?"

"Try him? It would be criminal now to give that man his liberty. The morality and lives of the crew, as well as the success of our enterprise, depend on his being kept in chains."

"But you will not put him to death?"

"Neither he nor his late companions in the mutiny must think otherwise. You need rest; go to your bunk and take what sleep you can get."

"Admiral, you are in need of rest yourself. You have scarcely slept for weeks."

"Nor will I sleep, save enough to preserve life and reason, until we have sighted the shores of this new world. Get to your berth, and do not disturb your mind with thoughts of the wicked. They bring their own misery on themselves."

Next day the wind again became favorable, and they were enabled to resume their course directly westward. The breezes being light and the sea calm, the vessels sailed so near to each other that Columbus and Martin Alonzo Pinzon stood on their own decks, and conversed with each other for hours.

"Have you quelled the mutiny?" asked Pinzon.

"Effectually."

"I don't see the chief hanging at your yard-arms."

"I am menacing others with his fate. If the crews continue faithful, I may even give them their liberties on reaching land."

The idea of mercy to the mutineers was repugnant to Pinzon, who believed in dealing out only the sternest justice.

"Have you examined the chart I sent you three days ago?" asked Columbus.

"I have."

"Where do you think we are?"

"According to the indications, we must be in the neighborhood of the island of Cipango, and the other islands which you have marked on the map."

"I believe so, too, but it is possible that the ships have been borne out of their track by the prevail-

ing currents, or we may not have come so far as the pilots have reckoned."

Columbus was shrewd enough to provide against possible disappointment. It might be fatal to his plans to set a time or distance too accurately for reaching the mystic shore, the whereabouts of which he was shrewdly guessing.

"There may be a mistake," said Martin Alonzo Pinzon, "and yet I feel confident we are nearing land."

"Everything goes to prove it. Have you finished with the chart?"

"Yes, for the present."

"Please toss it to the deck of my ship."

They were sailing so close together that Martin Pinzon tied a cord to the chart and flung it on board the *Santa Maria*. It fell at the feet of Columbus, who picked it up and spread it out before him. Ruiz and Hernando were at the side of the admiral, and several sailors were near, all eager to know something of their locality.

Suddenly a wild shout rang out from the deck of the *Pinta*.

"What is that?" cried Columbus.

"See, see!" shouted Hernando, pointing to Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who was standing on the high poop-deck at the stern of his vessel, looking off to the southwest.

"Land, land!" cried Pinzon, at the top of his voice.

The keen eyes of Columbus followed the direction indicated by Pinzon's finger, and he saw, about twenty-five leagues away, what indeed had the appearance of land. The admiral threw himself on his knees and returned thanks to God, all his crew following his example, and the wildest rejoicing followed. On board the *Pinta*, a scene of equal excitement and a ceremony fully as impressive had begun. Martin Alonzo Pinzon repeated the *Gloria in excelsis*, in which he was joined by the crews of all three vessels.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction of land in that quarter became so general, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, which vanished during the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied but in compliance with the clamorous wishes of his crew.

"I will change no more," he said. "For several hours we have followed a chimera; henceforth we shall steer by our original course."

For several days they continued, with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, soothing weather. The water was so calm that the sailors

amused themselves by swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews and insensibly lured them onward.

A reckoning was made on October 1st, which, according to figures furnished the pilots, was five hundred and eight-four leagues from the Canary Islands, but the true reckoning was seven hundred and seven. On the 2d of October, discouraging signs appeared, the weeds were seen floating from the east to the west, and on the third day no birds were sighted.

At noonday Martin Pinzon hailed the admiral's ship, and desired to come on board for consultation.

"Come!" Columbus answered, though he seemed to know what the proposed consultation portended.

When Pinzon was aboard the admiral's vessel he said:

"I fear, my lord admiral, we have passed between islands, from one to the other of which the birds have been flying."

"Such are the indications." Columbus answered.

"Would it not be well to change our course, and steer farther south?"

"No; our charts and maps all indicate that Cipango, Maguay, and St. Borodon lie westward."

"The crews are beginning to murmur again."

"I am sorry, as it will compel me to resort to a stricter discipline than I had intended. I have one

of their number now in irons, and it may be necessary to place others there, or even resort to hanging the leaders, rather than ruin the expedition."

Next day there was a decided change, and the hopes of all rose once more. They were visited by such flights of birds and the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed into one of confident expectation. The sailors, eager to obtain the promised prize, were continually giving the cry of land on the least appearance of anything resembling an island.

Realizing the demoralizing effects of raising false hopes, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterward, he should henceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the morning of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon again came on board, and notified Columbus that he was losing confidence in their present course. He urged the admiral to change it, but Columbus refused and issued an order, that should the ships become separated, each was to stand due west and endeavor as soon as possible to join the company again. He also directed that the vessels should keep near him at sunrise and sunset, since at those periods the atmosphere was most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the 7th of October, several of the admiral's crew thought they saw land to westward, but none ventured to proclaim it for fear of losing the reward.

"The *Niña* sees it," Hernando whispered to the admiral. "Look how she presses forward. Santa Maria, what a sailor she is!"

The boy and the admiral stood side by side, the former in breathless excitement, the latter calm and unmoved, watching the ship.

"See, see!" cried Hernando, clapping his hands with joy. "She hoists a flag at her masthead, and there goes a gun."

The boom of one of the ship's cannon at this moment rang out over the sea. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

Again dejection settled on the crew, and it required all the skill of Columbus to rouse them.

"Look at the great flights of birds going southwest," he said. "They must be certain of some neighboring land, where they will find food and a resting-place. The Portuguese attach great importance to the flight of birds; for by following them they have made most of their discoveries."

Columbus had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had expected to find the island of Cipango; but as there was no appearance of it, he concluded he must have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. On the 7th of October, he hailed the *Pinta*, and asked her captain

to come aboard the *Santa Maria*. When he came Columbus said:

"I have been thinking, Pinzon, that we might have passed the island of Cipango, and, as all the birds seem flying west-southwest, we had better alter our course to that point, for two or three days at least."*

"I am in accord with you, admiral; it will not be much of a deviation, in any event," returned Martin Alonzo Pinzon.

"I shall give immediate orders for the whole squadron to sail for three days in the new course which I have laid down."

During the three days in which the squadron stood in the new course, the flights of birds increased as they advanced.

But, as land was not reached, the crew came to regard all this as a mere delusion, beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they saw the sun go down on a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into a turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy, as they termed it, in continuing a voyage into a boundless ocean, and insisted on abandoning it as hopeless and foolish. The seeds of dissension sown by Miguel had taken firm root, and though the chief mutineer was in chains below, his plans flourished after him.

* This determination to change his course to west-southwest, a course always favored by the Pinzons, doubtless gave rise to the absurdly untrue story, that Columbus had promised the mutineers, if no land were discovered in three days, he would return to Spain.

Columbus tried to pacify them by gentle words and promise of large rewards, but finding their discontent increasing, he once more assumed a decided tone. Calling Hernando, Roderigo de Escobar, Diego de Arana, Roderigo Sanchez, and all the officers and gentry of the king's household about him, he bade them again don their swords and bucklers; and once more he faced the mutineers.

Stern determination marked every line of the admiral's features, and advancing on the mob, which, sullen and almost defiant, had fallen back to the forecastle, he cried:

"I have come to crush out this mutiny forever. It is useless for you to resist. The expedition has been sent out by your sovereigns to seek the Indies; and happen what may, I am determined to persevere, until by the blessing of God I shall accomplish the enterprise."

For the time being Columbus and the officers over-awed the mutineers, but from day to day they continued to murmur, and gradually grew more bold. Fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day no longer admitted of doubt. At early morn Hernando was in the forecastle, and called the admiral's attention to the increased quantity of seaweeds.

"I observed them, but we have had floating weeds for days."

"There's something we've not had," cried the boy, pointing to an object in the water near the prow of the vessel.

"What, my lad?"

"There is a green fish — such as keeps about the rocks."

"True, true — you are quite right; I see it now myself. That is certainly a good omen."

"And there — look, what is that?" the boy shouted in a burst of joy.

"What — where?"

"A bush — a floating bush!"

"I see it," cried the admiral, almost as much elated as the lad. "*Lower a boat.*"

"Let me go and get it?" cried Hernando.

"You shall."

Consequently, when the boat was lowered, Hernando took his place in the bow. Six sturdy sailors seized the oars and the boat glided through the waters to the green object, which was a branch of thorn-bush bearing some red berries. Hernando seized it with a shout of joy. As the boat rowed back to the ship, he plucked off one of the berries, saying:

"I will be first to eat the fruit of the new world."

The berry was tart, but palatable, and of a species unknown to Columbus. The admiral next tasted of the berries, and sent a few to the Pinzons. The same day they picked up a reed, a small board, and a staff artificially carved. All rebellious gloom now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in the hope of being first to discover the long-sought land.

At sunset a sailor, approaching Columbus, saluted him meekly and said:

"My lord admiral, I come from the prisoner Miguel, who has grown sick with confinement and implores his liberty."

With a stern countenance, Columbus answered:

"No. Miguel has proven himself our enemy. He has stirred up all the discontent and been the author of much of the misery we have suffered, and such mischief-makers cannot be granted liberty before the promised land is reached."

"Will he be given freedom then?"

"Perhaps."

"He prays that he may be with the great and good admiral when he lands."

Columbus was unable to refuse so small a request and he granted it.

That evening when, according to the invariable custom on board the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina,* or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus addressed the crew solemnly.

"Consider how, by his grace, God has conducted us with soft and favorable breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering our hopes with increasing signs, as our fears augmented, leading and guiding us to the promised land. Remember the orders I gave on leaving the Canaries, that after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, we make no sail after midnight. Present appearances authorize such a precaution. It is probable that we shall make land

this very night, so keep a vigilant lookout from the forecastle, and whoever shall make the discovery will receive in addition to the reward, a doublet of velvet from the sovereigns."

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and progress had been considerable. At sunset they again stood westward and ploughed the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta*, owing to her superior sailing, keeping ahead. Great animation prevailed throughout the ships, and not an eye was closed for sleep that night.

As Columbus took his station on the top of the castle (at this day called cabin), on the high poop of his vessel, Hernando, who followed him, asked:

"May I stay at your side tonight?"

"You may, brave lad. We shall see the fruition of all our hopes before the dawn of day."

"Will my father be there? Will I find him?"

"I hope to find him and many other brave sailors who may have been cast away."

About ten o'clock at night Columbus thought he beheld a light glimmering in the distance.

"Hernando, do you see anything?" he asked.

"Where?"

"Look straight ahead."

After a few moments' staring into the intense darkness, the boy answered:

"I believe I see a light."

"Are you quite sure?"

"I — I am not. Yet it glimmers."

At this moment Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, chanced to pass by and Columbus hailed him.

"Ay, ay," he answered.

"Do you see a light ahead?"

"By the mass, I believe I do!"

Columbus was now trembling with excitement, but determined to be certain before he announced land. He called to Roderigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry.

"Come up to the round-house and be quite certain of your answer," said the admiral; but before he could ascend the lights had disappeared. They saw them once or twice afterward, in sudden and passing gleams, as if they were torches in the barks of fishermen, rising and sinking on the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house.

So certain were they that they were approaching land, and so eager to sight it during the night, that despite former orders the vessels continued under easy sail until two o'clock in the morning.

Roderigo de Triana, a sailor on board the *Pinta*, was at the masthead, piercing the darkness with eyes long accustomed to the sea. Suddenly his convictions became a certainty, and he gave the joyful shout of discovery. There was no mistake now, and from a heart overburdened with joy he shouted:

"Land, land, land!"*

*The reward was afterward adjudged to the admiral, he having first seen the light along the shore.

The joyful cry was taken up by all the squadron, and cannon boomed forth the glad tidings: "Land, land, land!"

There was no sleep that night: all was given up to joy and thanksgiving. Not two leagues away land was to be seen plainly. Columbus ordered the vessels to lay to and wait for morning; and, as the admiral paced the deck, his cheeks wet with tears of joy, Hernando pressed his hand, and asked:

"Shall I see my father on the morrow?"

"God grant you may, brave lad and faithful son."

CHAPTER XII.

SEARCH FOR THE GRAND KHAN.

"God in heaven be glorified!"

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus from the discovery of land to the dawn of day were tumultuous and intense. At last, despite every difficulty and danger, the great object of his life seemed within his grasp. The mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established, and he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of so great a man in this moment of triumph, or the conjectures which thronged his mind as to the land before him, enshrouded in darkness. That it was fruitful had been evinced by the vegetation floating from the shores. Even as he paced the deck of his vessel he thought he perceived a strange aromatic fragrance from the shores of that mystic land. Up and down, up and down the deck, all night long the admiral walked, planning and dreaming dreams for the future. Would the rising sun throw its burning rays on a thousand gilded towers and blazing minarets of some strange city, or would he find merely a desert island, populated by a

few shipwrecked mariners? With eager impatience he waited the dawn of day.

Hernando moved restlessly about the ship, praying that the morrow might prove auspicious to his dearest wish.

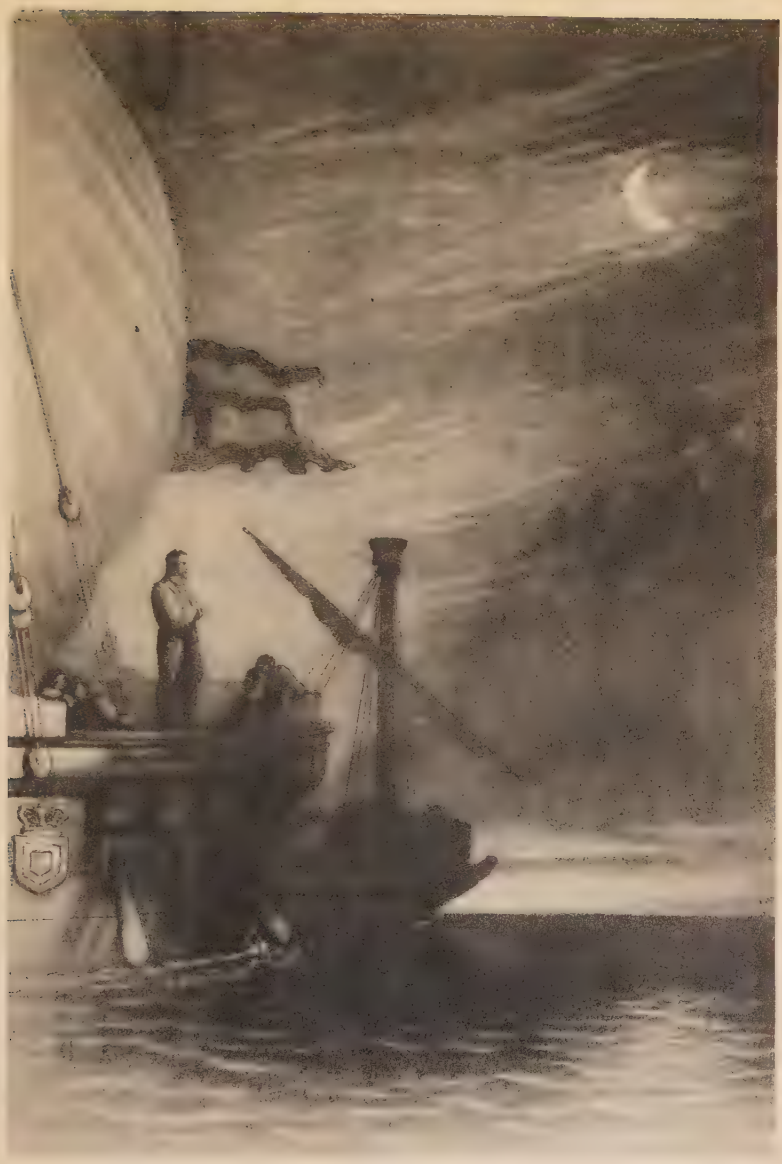
"Father in heaven and the saints be praised! Oh, grant that I may find him in this strange, new world! Seas, cease your murmurs; the captive shall be free."

The waves laving the sides of the vessel seemed to laugh with bubbling joy.

Would the night never wear away? Every man on board the ships was eager for the dawn. Oh, for one flash of sunlight to reveal to them that strange, mysterious shore! Never did crew so long to see the daylight come. The moving lights which had first discovered the strange land to them were convincing evidence that it was the residence of man. But who were its inhabitants? Were they like those of other parts of the globe, or were they some strange, monstrous race, such as those whom the people of that day were prone to imagine as peopling all remote and unknown regions? Was the land before them some wild island of the far Indian sea, or the far-famed Cipango, the object of bright golden fancies?

The night grew darker before dawn, and there were those among the sailors who thought, after all, that this was only another vision that would pass away with the morning light.

The first faint streaks appearing in the eastern horizon brought the sailors of every ship to the sides



of the vessels, and all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of that unknown land.

"It's there; it's no cloud that the sunlight will dispel," whispered a dozen.

A sailor touched the admiral's arm, and, gaining his attention, bowed and meekly said:

"I hope the admiral has not forgotten the unfortunate Miguel, who lies a prisoner below."

"Go and liberate him," was the answer.

"The admiral is very kind."

Brighter and brighter grew the morning until the sable cloak of night faded to the sober gray of twilight, which, chameleon-like, was turning to a rosy light. The chill of early morn was unnoticed by Columbus or his shivering, sleepless crew.

The liberated Miguel climbed to the deck, and, gazing out over the waters, saw the land for which the white-haired man and his boy companion had dared so much. Then and there, had he possessed a spark of manhood in his dark soul, he would have repented. But his small, cunning eyes gleamed with a new thought, and he muttered to himself:

"Neither Columbus nor the lad shall be first to return with the glad news of this discovery. The laurels they would win shall be snatched from them."

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first saw the New World. As day dawned, his eager eyes beheld before him a level island, several leagues in extent and covered with trees, like a far-stretching orchard. No signs of cul-

tivation or civilization were observable, and but for the dark heads peeping out at them from the dense foliage, he would have believed it uninhabited. At last a strange, wild people, entirely naked, could be seen running from all parts of the woods down to the seashore.

"Do you see my father among them?" the lad asked, as Columbus turned his glass on the men of this strange, new land.

"No, my lad; but a slave would probably be left in the interior."

Columbus brushed a tear from his eye as he spoke. He knew how fond the delusion had grown to Hernando and how bitter would be his disappointment.

The admiral made signal for the ships to cast anchor and the boats to be manned and armed. It was a solemn and impressive ceremony: the man who had suffered and dared so much was now about to take possession of the new-found world in the name of Spain. Columbus, accompanied by several royal officers, including the notary public, Hernando Estevan, the liberated Miguel, who stealthily slipped into the boat just as it was pushing off, and a number of armed sailors, set out for shore. Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brother, Vincent Yanez, put off in their separate boats to accompany him, each with a banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters "F" and "Y," the initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Ysabel (Isabella), surmounted by crowns.

For this imposing ceremony Columbus was richly attired in scarlet, and carried the royal standard.

As he approached the shore, the explorers were delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. Unknown fruits grew in rich abundance, overhanging the shore.

Columbus stood in the bow of the boat, watching the naked inhabitants retreating among the trees as he advanced toward the shore.

On landing, Columbus threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy — an example followed by nearly all the others, whose hearts overflowed with gratitude. Then rising, the admiral drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling around him the two great captains, with Roderigo de Escobar, notary of the armament, Roderigo Sanchez and others, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called on all present to take oath of obedience to himself as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

Then Columbus offered the following prayer:

"*Domine Deus, æterne et omnipotens, sacro tuo verbo Cælum, et terram, et mare creasti; benedicatur et glorificetur nomen tuum, laudetur tua majestas, quæ dignita est per humilem servum tuum, ut ejus sacrum nomen agnoscatur, et prædicetur in hoc altera mundi parte.*"

The crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports of joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal; some embraced him, others even kissed his hands. Those who had been most mutinous during the voyage, with the exception of Miguel, who held himself aloof, were now most enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he already had wealth and honors at his disposal. Even those who had outraged him by their insolence now kneeled at his feet, promising the blindest obedience for the future.

Hernando was still kneeling when a voice just above him muttered in a hard, harsh whisper:

"He has triumphed at last."

On glancing upward the lad saw the evil face of Miguel the mutineer bending over him.

There was a devilish, malignant expression in the villain's face. Hernando, however, was too much preoccupied with the imposing ceremony of discovery and conquest, to give much heed to the mutineer. But he did not fail to note that some of the more avaricious of the sailors were down on the sands searching for particles of gold, pearls, and shells.

Since early dawn the natives had watched the three great monsters on the deep, believing them to be enormous sea-birds; and when they sent out boats filled with strange beings clad in glittering steel, and variously colored raiment, they became frightened and fled to the woods. Hernando was anxious to speak with the natives, and as soon as the imposing ceremony

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was over he rose and went to the nearest grove of trees, where a few of the bolder remained.

The natives finding they were not pursued, six of them, among whom was one female, young, beautiful, and well formed, advanced toward the Spaniards. After prostrating themselves several times, they came to the admiral, whom they recognized by his splendid raiment and noble demeanor to be chief in authority. A few moments later, when they had somewhat overcome their astonishment and fear, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness.

Hernando went boldly to one of the oldest of the natives, one who seemed to be in authority, and asked:

"Can you tell me where my father is?"

The savage gazed at him in wonder, but made no answer.

"Do you know where the white prisoner is?" asked the lad, still answered only by a stare of stupefied amazement.

"Come, come, lad," said Columbus.

"Where shall we find him? He must be somewhere on the island."

"Be patient," returned the admiral. "All things come to those who wait. We are on one of the extreme islands of the Indies, and may find your father further inland."

The hope and expectancy which had buoyed up

Hernando all through the long voyage now began to give place to doubt, and he was almost ready to despair. But there was excitement and interest enough to keep his mind constantly engaged. The Spaniards were disappointed in not finding gold more abundant, but the admiral assured them that they would find large quantities farther inland, or on some other island.

The admiral distributed among the natives colored caps, glass beads, hawks-bells, and other such trifles as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa.

In every manner possible the anxious lad tried to make his wishes known to the natives. The young woman, who seemed possessed of a higher degree of intelligence than the others, listened attentively to his words, studied his pantomime with care, yet comprehended nothing. She knew the lad was in distress, and her simple heart went out to him; she tried to console him, but he was as ignorant of her intent as she was of his language.

Next morning the shore was thronged with natives, some even swimming off to the ships or paddling about in their canoes. They were all eager to procure more toys and trinkets, believing that they came from beings from another world.

The island where Columbus had thus first set foot in the New World was called by the natives

Guanahane. It still retains the name of San Salvador, but it is sometimes called by the English, Cat Island.

"This is not the island of Cipango!" said Columbus to the Pinzons, as they explored San Salvador.

"Hardly Cipango, I fear," answered Martin Alonzo Pinzon, with a smile.

"Yet Cipango is not far away, and we will continue our voyage westward until it is found."

"If we could understand the language of the natives, admiral, they might tell us many things," said Hernando.

"Yes, my lad, and I have determined to take seven of these natives with us, to teach them the Spanish language. We will leave San Salvador tomorrow, and keep them constantly with us as our guides in the New World."

The admiral carried out his plans, taking seven of the natives, among whom was the Indian girl who had displayed so remarkable a degree of intelligence. They proved apt pupils and in a few days began to pick up various words in Spanish, though they conversed more by signs.

They found a vast number of green islands, level and fertile, all about them. The Indians on board indicated that they were innumerable, well peopled, and at war with each other. Columbus spent much of his time teaching the Indians and asking them questions. They gave him the names

of over a hundred islands, and he turned to Martin Pinzon, who was at his side, and said:

"There can no longer be a doubt that we are among those islands described by Marco Polo as studding the sea of China and lying a great distance from the mainland."

At the various points at which they touched they found the Indians peaceable, and, as soon as they had overcome their timidity, perfectly willing to come on board. They told Columbus of a warlike tribe called the Caribs.

"Perhaps the Caribs have my father a captive," said the lad.

One day Hernando asked the girl again about his father, and she gave him some signs of encouragement which led him to believe that his father was among the Caribs.

From island to island the explorers went, filled with new wonder, as the islands grew larger and the mountains higher and more imposing.

But the mischief-breeder was ever busy. Miguel was a shrewd knave and a keen pryer into human frailty. He had noted how Martin Alonzo Pinzon seemed to chafe under the admiral's command.

One day while on board the *Pinta* he asked to talk with the captain. Martin Alonzo was an austere man, but Miguel contrived to approach him on some pretense. When they were alone he said:

"Señor Captain Pinzon, why do you allow this foreigner to win all the honors of this expedition?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Pinzon.
"Do you not understand me?"
"I do not."

"WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY MAY COST ME MY LIFE."

"I was asking myself, señor captain, if I dared make myself plain."

"Why not?"

"What I am about to say may cost me my life, and you can understand that I am a little wary of my speech."

Pinzon answered:

"You and I are alone. You may speak freely."

"You will not be offended at my boldness?"

"No."

"I was about to ask why you should allow this foreigner, Christopher Columbus, to bear off all the honors and emoluments of an expedition for which you deserve more credit than he."

"I don't see that I can help it, even if I would."

"There is a way, captain."

"Yes?"

"There is no need that this Genoese beggar should come, and by your help, your money, ships, and sailors, make discoveries that will place him next to the throne. What would he have been but for you?"

"Nothing."

"Only a beggar," added the shrewd Miguel. "For him you paid an eighth, while he paid nothing. He had nothing to risk. You risked life and fortune. Now, why should he reap all the reward?"

An argument more suited to its purpose could not have been offered, and Pinzon was moved, but he was careful not to let the villain know it. After a few moments' hesitation, he answered:

"I don't see how I can prevent it."

With a crafty smile Miguel answered:

"If the captain will allow me, I will suggest. Let him put about some dark night, sail at once for Spain, and make report of this great discovery to

the king and queen; by so doing he will be first to gain their favor."

Martin Alonzo Pinzon started and fixed his piercing black eyes on the mutineer's face. It was an evil face, full of cunning and malignance, and the eyes shone with the fiendish light of a serpent. Martin Alonzo did not decide at once to follow the base suggestion; in fact, he rejected it at first as dishonorable. But the matter kept weighing on his mind from day to day, until the scheme, disgraceful as it was, had taken complete possession of him.

A few days after leaving San Salvador, Columbus discovered Fernandina, a beautiful island, which he left on the 19th of October. The natives spoke frequently of a large island where gold and diamonds were in abundance, pointing off to the southwest as the locality where these riches were to be found. Columbus understood them to speak of some powerful monarch, whom he supposed to be the Grand Khan. They next discovered an island, which they named Isabella in honor of the queen.

Here there were large lakes of fresh water, with marvelous groves about them, and everything as green as Andalusia in April. The music of birds filled the forests with sweetest melodies, and fruits and flowers abounded in profusion. But Columbus was disappointed. He did not find the drugs and spices which he had hoped to carry away in great quantities.

From island to island they wandered, seeing naked Indians enough and mute dogs, but little gold. Yet ever in the hope of reaching the Grand Khan and delivering to him the letters from his sovereigns, Columbus continued his westward voyage, until, on the 28th of October, they came in sight of a great land. The Spaniards were long in doubt

NEUVITAS.

whether this was the island of Cipango or a continent. They were struck with awe as they approached its lofty mountains, its grand harbors, and sweeping rivers.

Columbus's heart was full to overflowing, for he was enjoying in some measure the fulfillment of his hopes, and the hard-earned but glorious reward of his toils and perils.

"This is the most beautiful land that eyes ever beheld," exclaimed the enraptured explorer. He found the place full of excellent ports and deep rivers. The natives, timid at first, afterward became bolder, and, when they found the strangers were kind, became very friendly. Many expeditions were made into the interior, up the rivers, and through the forests. The island — for such it proved to be — was later to be known as Cuba, and the present town of Neuvitas marks the place where Columbus disembarked.

The natives whom Columbus had undertaken to instruct in Spanish were but little proficient in the language by this time, and the misinterpretation of their words caused many serious mistakes. Understanding from them that a powerful king lived in the interior, and believing him to be the Grand Khan, Columbus determined to send two envoys, in company with Indian guides, across the country in search for him. For this mission he chose two Spaniards, Roderigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres, the latter a converted Jew, who knew Hebrew and Chaldaic, and even something of Arabic, one or more of which languages Columbus supposed might be understood by this Oriental prince.

"May I go with them?" asked Hernando, when the embassy was ready to start on its march through the wilderness. "They go to the interior and may discover my father."

The admiral consented, and, shouldering his cross-bow, the lad accompanied the envoys.

The expedition failed, for the Grand Khan could not be found, and the ambassadors were compelled to return with the report of only a wilderness which seemed unending. On their return Hernando saw the Indians going about with fire-brands in their hands and a certain dried herb which they rolled up in a leaf. Lighting one end, they put the other in their mouths and exhaled and puffed smoke.

He asked an Indian what it was and was answered by the one word:

"Tobacco."

Filled with boyish curiosity, Hernando asked one of the Indians for a roll and on being given one lighted it. A few whiffs at it and he became deathly sick. His white companions grew very uneasy, but the Indians evinced no concern. Roderigo de Jerez and Luis de Torres supposed that the lad was poisoned, and threatened to kill the Indians; but Hernando shortly recovered. Never again would he touch tobacco, although he lived to see the use of it growing popular.

The islands of Babeque and Bohio were so often mentioned by the natives that Columbus determined on the return of his ambassadors, to go in search of them.

Accordingly, on the 12th of November Columbus turned his course to the east-southeast, to follow back along the coast; and on the 19th again the squadron put to sea, and for two days made ineffectual attempts against head-winds to reach an island directly east,

about sixty miles distant, which he supposed to be Babeque.

The words breathed into the ears of Martin Alonzo Pinzon by the mutineer, like all other evil, began to grow and take possession of his soul, and he who, in the darkest hours, was the truest, trustiest friend of Columbus, became now a cool, calculating, treacherous enemy. The wind continuing obstinately adverse and the sea rough, Columbus put about his ship toward evening of the 20th, making signals for the others to follow him.

The *Pinta*, which was considerably to eastward, paid no attention to his signals. Columbus repeated them, but they were still disregarded. Night coming on, he shortened sail and hoisted signal lights to the masthead, thinking Pinzon would yet join him. This he could easily do, having the wind astern; but when morning dawned the *Pinta* was no longer to be seen.

"What does it mean?" asked the amazed admiral.

Miguel heard the question and walked forward to conceal a smile of triumph

CHAPTER XIII.

FORT NATIVITY.

Columbus was greatly troubled by the conduct of Martin Alonzo Pinzon. He tried to believe the *Pinta* would yet join them, but all the while he suffered no little uneasiness. Some sudden swell of the sea might have hurled her upon the breakers, and at that very moment she might be a wreck among the rocks of some of the islands. In order to find the *Pinta*, he put back to Cuba, and hugged its coast as closely as he dared on account of rocky reefs and dangerous sandbars. He explored many rivers and harbors which today bear the names he gave them.

But, at last, under the belief that he was going to the golden island of Bohio, where, according to the imperfect account of the savages, gold was to be found in abundance, he set sail from the coast of Cuba. Baracoa, the first town founded on the island, marks the point where he left the coast of Cuba for the island of Hayti, which the admiral named Hispaniola, because of its fancied resemblance to Spain.

In the transparent atmosphere of the tropics objects are descried at a great distance; and the purity of the air and serenity of the deep blue sky give a magical effect to the scenery. Under these

advantages, the beautiful island of Hayti revealed itself to their eyes. Its mountains were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands, and the stone cropped out from among the densest and richest forests. The mountains swept down into luxuriant plains and green savannas; while the appearance of

BARACOA.

cultivated fields, of numerous fires at night, and columns of smoke by day, proved it to be populous.

It was evening on the 6th of December when Columbus entered a fine harbor which he called St. Nicholas. On the next day they coasted along the island and entered a harbor which they called Port Conception, now known as the Bay of Moustique.

"We must find some means of communicating with the natives," said Columbus. "As they fly at our approach, I will send six armed men into the interior."

Hernando, with faint hope of finding his father, begged to be one of the number and was granted the privilege. They found several cultivated fields and traces of roads and fires, but the inhabitants had fled in terror to the mountains.

On the 12th Hernando and a sailor captured an Indian girl, who wore an ornament of gold in her nose. This roused their hopes of finding more of the precious metal. She was clothed and loaded with presents, and sent with some Indian interpreters and sailors to assure her people that the white strangers were friends.

Confident of the favorable impression which the report of the woman must produce, the admiral pressed his attentions on the natives and was finally conducted by them to their homes, where the Spaniards were hospitably entertained. They returned to their ships, enraptured with the beauty of the country, which surpassed, as they said, even that of the luxuriant plains of Cordova.

It is impossible to refrain from dwelling on the picture given by the first discoverer, of the state of manners found among these natives before the arrival of the white men. According to his accounts, the people of Hayti existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity which some philosophers have

fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth; surrounded by natural blessings, without even a knowledge of artificial wants.

One of the most pleasing descriptions of the inhabitants of this island is given by old Peter Martyr, who gathered it, as he says, from the conversations of the admiral himself. "It is certain," says he, "that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water; and that 'mine and thine,' the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little, that in so large a country they have rather superfluity than scarceness; so that they seem to live in the golden world, without toil, dwelling in open gardens; not intrenched with dikes, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books, and without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another."

Hernando made inquiry of the natives of Hayti for his father, but, as before, was not understood. He could not believe that his father would be held in captivity by these hospitable people, and concluded that he must be at Babeque or a captive among the warlike Caribs, of whom he heard such frequent mention.

On the 14th of December Columbus made another attempt to find the island of Babeque, but was again baffled by adverse winds. He landed at an island which, from the abundance of turtles, he called

THE OPEN GARDENS.

Tortugas. This island in after years became the headquarters of the famous buccaneers of the West Indies.

For several days the admiral continued beating about the island of Hayti, unable, by reason of contrary winds and adverse tides, to make much headway. On the 24th of December he set sail from Port St. Thomas, and steered to eastward with the intention of anchoring at the harbor of the cacique (or ruler), Guacanagari. The wind was from the land, but was so light as to scarcely fill the sails.

Since Miguel's release from imprisonment, Columbus had had no reason to doubt his honor or sincerity. The fellow was an expert seaman, and, though he had been constantly setting traps to encompass the ruin of Columbus, the over-trusting admiral supposed that his enmity would end with the discovery of land. It was night, and Columbus, worn out by long watching, placed the helm in the hands of Miguel as the most skilful mariner, and, ordering him to remain at his post, went to his cabin to seek a little much-needed sleep.

Hernando was still on deck, and no sooner had Columbus retired than the steersman called to him.

"Well?" the lad answered.

"Come and take the helm."

"It is against orders," interposed Hernando. "You are instructed never to intrust the helm to one of the ship's boys."

"Come and take it, but for a moment."

"I must not."

But Miguel had not practiced subtle craft to poor purpose: in short space he prevailed and Hernando consented to take the helm for a moment. The other sailors took advantage of the absence of Columbus, and in a little while the entire watch was buried in slumber. In the meantime, the treacherous currents which run swiftly along this coast were carrying the vessel dangerously in-shore. The boy did not hear the roar of breakers ahead. Suddenly there came a grating sound and a sickening jar. The boy shouted loudly:

"Help! quick, Miguel, or we'll be wrecked!"

Columbus, whose cares never permitted him to sleep deeply, was first on deck. The master of the ship, whose duty it was to have been on watch, made his appearance next, followed by others of the crew only half-awake and thoroughly frightened.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Columbus.

"We are grounded, admiral," answered Hernando.

"Where is the helmsman?"

"I was at the helm."

"You!"

"Yes, admiral."

"Where is the sailor? Where is the watch?"

"All here," cried several voices about him, for the deck was now covered with men. Columbus knew it was time for action rather than reproof. He ordered the sailors to take the boat, carry the anchor astern, and work the vessel off. The master and

sailors, among whom was Miguel, sprang into the boat; but confused, as men are likely to be when suddenly awakened by an alarm, instead of obeying the commands of Columbus they rowed off to the *Niña*, about half a league to windward.

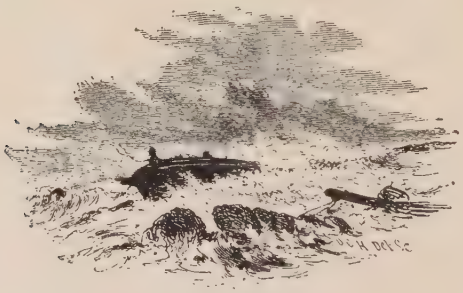
Vincent Yanez Pinzon no sooner learned of this apparent desertion of the admiral than he manned his own boat and hastened to the relief of Columbus. But by that time, nothing could be done for the *Santa Maria*, though Columbus had her masts cut away. She was deeply imbedded in the sand, and her stern swinging around broadside to the breakers, she was forced by each succeeding wave farther and farther upon the shore, until she fell over on her side. Fortunately, the weather continued calm, otherwise the ship must have gone to pieces and the entire crew have perished amid the currents and breakers.

Columbus and his crew took refuge on board the *Niña*. Diego de Arana, chief judge of the armament, and Pedro Gutierrez, the king's butler, were immediately sent on shore as envoys to the cacique Guacanagari, to inform him of the intended visit and disastrous shipwreck.

The cacique lived about a league away, and when he heard of the disastrous shipwreck of his visitors he shed tears. All his people, with all their canoes, were placed at the service of the admiral and the stranded vessel was soon unloaded. The utmost kindness and hospitality were shown to the white men and every-

thing in the power of the natives was done to make them comfortable.

The day after Christmas the cacique Guacanagari came on board the *Niña* to see Columbus. He was deeply moved by the dejected bearing of the admiral and offered every consolation in his power. Hernando, meantime, saw some Indians coming in



The Shipwreck.

canoes to the ship, holding up bits of gold of no inconsiderable quantity, which they offered for hawks-bells and trinkets. He hastened to the admiral with the joyful news that gold abounded on the island.

"Then we are repaid for all our suffering," answered the admiral.

Guacanagari, observing the changed demeanor of the admiral, asked his interpreter the cause.

"It is because gold is being brought to the admiral," was the answer.

"Is the great admiral so fond of gold?" the cacique asked.

"He seems so," answered the interpreter.

"Not far off, among the mountains, gold is as plentiful as stone."

"Where is it?"

"Cibao."

"Cibao," repeated Columbus, who had been listening to the interpreter. "Ay, he means the island of Cipango."

The cacique dined with the admiral on that day, and his manner was princely yet modest. His whole deportment, to the enthusiastic eyes of Columbus, betokened the inborn grace and dignity of lofty lineage.

In fact, the sovereignty among the people of this island was hereditary. The form of government was completely despotic; the caciques had entire control over the lives, the property, and even the religion of their subjects. They had few laws and ruled according to their judgment and their will; but they ruled mildly and were implicitly and cheerfully obeyed.

Next day Guacanagari entertained Columbus and his officers on shore, with a thousand natives to amuse his guests. After the feast, he conducted the admiral and his officials to the beautiful groves which surrounded his residence. Here the cacique's attendants performed several games and dances, which Guacanagari had ordered to lighten the spirits of his guests.

"I think it well to give them an exhibition of some of our skill in arms," said Columbus to Vincent

A Cacique and His Wives.

Yanez Pinzon, when the entertainment given by the savages was ended. "Who is our best archer?"

Pinzon answered:

"Miguel is by all odds the best. He served in the wars of Granada and can handle the Moorish bow and arrows."

"Send for him and bring a Moorish bow and a quiver of arrows; also an arquebus and a lombard; we must teach them some of the powers of gunpowder."

Miguel came with the Moorish bow and a quiver of arrows. A target was set up at a great distance and the mutineer began sending arrows all around it, at last driving one centre. The natives were amazed at the wonderful skill which he displayed. The cacique then made Columbus understand that the Caribs, who often invaded his territory and carried off his subjects, were likewise armed with bows and arrows.

Through his interpreter, Columbus answered:

"Have no more fears of the Caribs, for our Castilian monarchs can destroy them. We have weapons still more powerful, as you shall see."

Hernando then took an arquebus, placed the rest on the ground, aimed at a small tree some distance away, and applying a slow match, sent the ball whizzing through the air, shattering the tender bark. Then the lombard, or cannon, was fired.

On hearing the report the Indians fell to the ground, as if struck by a thunder-bolt; and when they saw the effects of the balls, rending and shivering the trees like a stroke of lightning, they were further

filled with dismay. Being assured, however, that the Spaniards would defend them with these arms against their dreaded enemies, the Caribs, their alarm gave place to exultation, considering themselves under the protection of the sons of Heaven, who had come from the skies armed with thunder and lightning.

"They will always be our friends," said Columbus to Pinzon.

After the games were over, all went to examine the wreck.

"What is your opinion, Captain Pinzon?" asked Columbus.

"I fear we can never get her afloat."

"And the *Pinta* gone," said Columbus. "I am afraid we cannot carry all back in the *Niña*."

"It would greatly crowd her, admiral."

"I have thought that as the sailors are so favorably impressed with the island and the natives, we might build a fort and leave a garrison."

"Your plan is a wise one, admiral, for it will form the germ of a future colony," said Vincent Yanez.

"The wreck of the caravel will easily afford materials to construct a fortress, which can be defended by her guns, and supplied with her ammunition; while provisions enough can be spared to maintain a small garrison for a year."

After a moment's reflection on the plan, which seemed growing in Captain Pinzon's favor, Columbus added as a further argument:

"The men we leave can explore the island, and

make themselves acquainted with its mines and other sources of wealth. They can at the same time procure by traffic a large quantity of gold from the natives, learn their language and accustom themselves to their habits and manners, so as to be of great use in future dealings with them."

They at once proceeded to put the plan into execution. The wreck was broken up and brought piecemeal to shore, a site chosen, and preparations made for the erection of a tower. With the aid of the natives, the work progressed rapidly and before the work was completed Columbus grew to look upon the loss of the *Santa Maria* as a providential event, mysteriously ordained by Heaven to work out the success of his enterprise. One day he discoursed at some length to Hernando on the ways of Providence, as together they were directing some details of the work on the fort.

"The greatest enterprise would soon come to naught," he said, "if left entirely to the direction of men. Without this seeming disaster, we should never have remained to find out the secret wealth of this island, but should merely have touched at various parts of the coast and passed on. As it is, when we return from Spain we shall, no doubt, find a ton of gold collected in traffic by those whom we shall be compelled to leave behind, and mines and spices will be discovered in such quantities that before three years have passed our sovereigns will be able to undertake a crusade for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre."

Such was the generous enthusiasm of Columbus. The prospects for great wealth immediately filled his mind with magnificent enterprises for the Church, instead of awakening a grasping avidity to accumulate vast riches for himself. But how futile are our attempts to interpret the inscrutable decrees of Providence! The shipwreck, which Columbus considered an act of divine favor to further his enterprise, shackled and limited all his future discoveries. It linked his fortunes to this island, which was destined to involve him in a thousand perplexities and becloud his declining years with humiliation and bitter disappointment.

On being informed that it was the intention of the admiral to leave a part of his men for the defense of the island against the Caribs, while he returned to Spain for more, Guacanagari was overjoyed. His subjects manifested equal delight at retaining these wonderful people among them and at the prospect of the future arrival of the admiral with ships freighted with hawks-bells and other articles precious to them.

From time to time the cacique sent some one of his family, or some principal person of his attendants, to console and cheer the admiral, assuring him that everything in his possession should be at his disposal. Never in a civilized country were the vaunted rites of hospitality more scrupulously observed than by this uncultivated savage.

He eagerly lent his aid in the construction of the fortress, little dreaming that he was assisting in

placing the galling yoke of perpetual slavery and ruin on the necks of his own people.

The second day after work had been commenced on the fortress, some Indians arrived at the harbor from a distant part of the island. Columbus, Hernando, Miguel, and several others, went to learn what news they brought. The interpreter, after conferring with the Indians, said:

"They say a great vessel, like those of the admiral, is anchored in a river at the eastern part of the island."

"What vessel can it be?" asked Roderigo de Escobedo.

"It's the *Pinta!*" cried Columbus, his face lighting up with joy.

"The fool! why didn't he crowd all sail for Spain?" Miguel hissed through his set teeth, turning away to prevent his companions seeing his expression of rage.

Hernando, however, was near enough to hear him. Hastening to his side, he asked:

"What do you mean, señor?"

"It matters not to you."

"It does matter to me," the lad answered, while a dangerous light kindled in his eyes. Wheeling about, Miguel walked away into the dense wood, and Hernando, determined to know what his manner had to do with the strange desertion of the *Pinta*, followed him. He was soon discovered, and drawing his sword, the mutineer turned upon the lad and cried:

"Not a rod farther or I will pin you to the earth!"

"Miguel, mutineer and thief, I know your black heart! I have watched you, and I know you for what you are. Indirectly, you are the cause of all our admiral's troubles."

"I will not be taunted by you, you young dog!" cried Miguel, and he thought "Why delay longer! Am I not to be rewarded for slaying the lad? He has followed me into the wood. I will run him through and conceal the body." With uplifted sword he leaped at the lad, crying:

"You shall die!"

Young as he was, Hernando's life had more than once depended on his sword, and he was not taken off his guard. Snatching his own weapon from its sheath, he parried the blow and met his antagonist with wonderful coolness and skill. But what could a boy's sword do, be it ever so skillfully handled, against an utterly lawless man? He was forced backward down to his knee and heavy blows rained upon him.

Hernando's strength was ebbing fast; another moment and he would have been overcome. Suddenly a tall, dark form leaped from the thicket at his side. It was Guacanagari, the cacique. Seizing Miguel by the waist as if he had been a child, he hurled him several feet away.

The cacique uttered not a word. Turning away, he left the wretch groaning on the ground. Hernando could only thank his rescuer with signs and return to the fort. He did not tell the admiral of his well-

nigh fatal encounter with Miguel, and Columbus never knew of the struggle in the wood.

Meantime, Columbus had dispatched a Spaniard and several Indians, in a canoe, to search for the *Pinta*. After three days' absence they returned, stating that though they had pursued the coast for twenty leagues, they had neither seen nor heard of the *Pinta* and could only regard the report as false.

"Perhaps, after all, Martin Alonzo Pinzon has had the good sense to sail for Spain and tell the monarchs of his discoveries," thought Miguel, who had crawled back to the ship, his body bruised and his face livid with hatred.

Since the shipwreck of the *Santa Maria* the desertion of the *Pinta* was a matter of great consequence to Columbus. Should the *Pinta* be lost, he would have but one vessel to return to Spain; and should the third vessel perish, every record of this great discovery would be swallowed up with it, and the name of Columbus be remembered only as that of a mad adventurer, who, despising the opinions of the learned and the counsels of the wise, had departed into the wilds of the ocean, never to return. The uncertainty and imagined horrors of his fate might deter all future enterprises, and thus the New World remain, as heretofore, unknown to civilized man.

Under these circumstances, Columbus determined to abandon all further prosecution of the voyage, and for the present to give up his purpose of

visiting the Grand Khan. He decided to return at once to Spain and report his marvelous discovery.

While the fort, which he named Fortress La Navidad, or Nativity, in memorial of their having escaped from the shipwreck on Christmas day, was in course of construction, Guacanagari and five tributary caciques came and placed a crown of gold on the head of the admiral. Columbus took from his neck a collar of fine colored beads, placed it about that of the cacique, and gave him his mantle and many trinkets.

So great was the activity of the Spaniards in the construction of their fortress, and so ample the assistance rendered by the natives, that in ten days it was sufficiently complete for service. A large vault had been made, over which was erected a strong wooden tower, the whole surmounted by a wide ditch. It was stored with ammunition saved from the wreck or brought from the caravel; and, with the guns which they had mounted, the whole had a formidable aspect, sufficient to overawe the natives and discourage any hostility. Columbus really thought very little force necessary to hold the Haytians in subjection. The fortress and garrison were more a restriction on the Spaniards themselves, to prevent their wandering about or committing acts of licentiousness among the Indians, than measures for protection.

But if it should become a means of defense, Fort La Navidad would be no inconsiderable place of refuge.

CHAPTER XIV.

DESERTED — THE STORM.

"Home again! back to the Old World, and my mission unaccomplished! My father still the slave of some wild, barbarous people," groaned Hernando Estevan, as he paced up and down on the seashore two nights before the admiral was to set out on his return.

Notwithstanding it was the first of January the weather in this tropical clime was pleasant. Columbus had been walking on the beach, thinking how much he had to thank God for, when he came upon his young friend bowed down in grief.

"What, in tears!" cried the admiral. "What means this?"

'My lord admiral, on the day after tomorrow we sail for the Old World, and my father's fate is unknown."

"My lad," said Columbus, solemnly, "I fear this is all a delusion. I have no doubt that your father has been dead these many years. Put the thought from your mind. You have done your duty as a good son should, and you can do no more. Come, take cheer."

It was like tearing his heart from his bosom for Hernando to give up the hope of finding his father.

He paused a moment, listening to the sobbing waves, and thought he could hear his father's voice among them, calling to him for help. But the admiral assured him it was only his fertile imagination, quickened by long dwelling on the subject, and by the strongest reasoning and persuasion the lad became partially reconciled.

Next day final arrangements were made for departure. From the number who volunteered to remain on the island Columbus selected thirty-nine of the most able and exemplary, among them a physician, a ship-carpenter, a caulker, a cooper, a tailor, and a gunner, all experts in their several callings. The command was given to Diego de Arana, a native of Cordova, and notary alquazil to the armanent, who was to retain all the powers vested in him by the Catholic sovereigns. In case of his death, Pedro Gutierrez was to command, and after him Roderigo de Escobedo.

The boat which belonged to the *Santa Maria* was left with them to be used in fishing; also a variety of seeds to sow, and a large quantity of articles for traffic, in order that they might procure as much gold as possible by the time of the admiral's return

Before leaving, Columbus gave to the men who remained behind, some excellent advice, which, had it been followed, might have averted the disaster that befell them.

"Is Miguel to remain, admiral?" asked Hernando.

"No, he returns with us. I could not leave in the colony a man of such vicious tendencies."

On the 2d of January, 1493, Columbus landed to take a farewell of the generous cacique and his chieftains, intending next day to set sail. He gave them a parting feast at the house devoted to his use, and commended to their kindness the men who were to remain, especially Diego de Arana, Pedro Gutierrez, and Roderigo de Escobedo.

In order to fully impress the Indians with the warlike prowess of the white men, Columbus caused the crews to perform skirmishes and sham battles with swords, bucklers, lances, cross-bows, arquebuses, and cannon. The natives, astounded at the accuracy and effect of the small arms, were stricken with awe when the heavy lombards were discharged from the fortress, wrapping it in wreaths of smoke, shaking the forest with their report, and shivering trees with the heavy stone balls used in artillery in those times. The festivities of the day ended, Columbus embraced the cacique and his principal chieftains and took a final leave of them. Guacanagari had been completely won by the benignity of the admiral's manners and the parting scene was sorrowful on both sides.

Although Columbus had intended to set sail on the third day of January from Fort Nativity, all arrangements were not completed nor anchor weighed until the morning of the fourth. Companionship in perils and adventures had tied the members of the crew together with strong bonds of sympathy; and the

parting between the Spaniards who embarked and those who remained behind presented an affecting scene. The little garrison, however, evinced a stout heart and cheer after cheer followed their departing comrades as they gazed wistfully after them from the beach.

The wind being light, it was necessary to tow the caravel out of the harbor and clear of the reefs. They sailed eastward toward a lofty promontory, destitute of trees, but covered with grass, having at a distance the appearance of a towering island, and connected with Hispaniola by a low neck of land. To this promontory Columbus gave the name of Monte Christi, by which it is still known. They remained near the place for two days and again set sail with a favoring breeze. After weathering the cape, they had gone about ten leagues when the wind again turned to blow sharply from the east, forcing them to tack.

Hernando, who was at the masthead, suddenly discovered a vessel standing around a point of rocky headland.

"A sail, a sail!" he cried.

"A sail — where away?" asked the admiral, who was anxiously pacing the forward deck. Hernando pointed it out, and no sooner had the eyes of Columbus rested on the vessel, than he cried joyfully:

"The *Pinta*, the *Pinta*!" The certainty of the fact gladdened the heart of the admiral and had an animating effect throughout the ship; for it was a

joyful event to the mariners to meet with their comrades once more and have a companion ship on their homeward voyage.

There was one, however, to whom the sight of the *Pinta* was no joy. Miguel cast one glance at the ship, and, recognizing her, walked aft, hissing through his teeth:

"The fool! Why did he loiter about the island when he should have been on his way to Spain?"

Sweeping down toward them, directly before the wind, came the *Pinta*. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was not really a bad man at heart, and no doubt had already repented his attempted desertion.

"I must speak with your brother," said Columbus to Vincent Pinzon.

"We can't do it here, admiral, for the wind is too adverse and obstinate. But there is a bay a little west of Monte Christi, in which you can anchor in safety."

"We will put back there, and signal the *Pinta* to follow."

The signal was given and the *Pinta* rounded to and followed the *Niña* back to the little bay, where both vessels dropped anchor, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon came aboard the *Niña*. He attempted in vain to appear composed; his countenance fell, and this man, naturally great and good, stood dishonored before Columbus.

"You demand an explanation of my abandonment of the squadron,?" asked Pinzon.

"Yes. I suppose you had good reasons?"

"I had. I was compelled, from the severe stress of weather, to part company and have ever since been seeking to find you."

Columbus listened to his words in suspicious silence and the doubts he had entertained were subsequently warranted by information given him by one of the sailors. While Pinzon was engaged with his brother, Columbus took the sailor to his cabin and asked:

"Why did your captain desert us?"

The sailor looked uneasily about, and, toying with his cap, answered:

"He is my captain."

"But I am your admiral. Why did he part company with us?"

"One of the Indians aboard told him of large quantities of gold in a region to eastward. And his ship being the best sailor, he worked to windward when the others were obliged to put back."

"Did he find the golden region?"

"No, admiral; for ten days he was entangled among some small islands, but was at last guided to Hispaniola, where he remained three weeks trading with the Indians."

"What was the traffic?"

"Gold. He traded trinkets for gold, which he got in large quantities. One-half he kept, and one-half divided among the crew to secure their fidelity and secrecy."

"And where was he going when sighted?"

"I don't know, but I believe he intended to return to Spain."

Cautioning the sailor not to mention the interview, Columbus dismissed him. The admiral repressed his indignation at the flagrant breach of duty and mentioned the matter to no one. It was policy to make no open war upon Pinzon during the voyage, for he had a powerful party of relatives and townsmen aboard the armament. To such a degree was his confidence in his associates impaired, that Columbus resolved to return to Spain at once, while under more favorable circumstances he might have been tempted to explore the coast, in the hope of freighting his ship with treasure.

Martin Alonzo and his brother Vincent had meanwhile been engaged in a long, serious conversation in the forward part of the ship. As Martin Alonzo turned about to quit the deck, some one touched his arm, and he recognized the sailor Miguel.

"Well, what will you?" began Martin Alonzo.

"Captain — great captain, can you vouchsafe a word with me?"

Pinzon bent a steady gaze upon the mutineer. Had he possessed the power to turn resolutely from temptation, it would have saved him from ruin, disgrace, disappointment, and an untimely death; but, great as Martin Alonzo Pinzon was, he had his weakness. He listened.

"It is not too late yet," his evil genius whispered.

"Your ship is a superior sailor, and could soon outdistance the admiral. Is it not right that you should save your vessel and crew, and that some one should live to give a report to the sovereigns?"

The devil speaks honeyed words for his purpose, and is armed with argument so plausible that no one can dispute it; and but for the small voice of conscience, reason would be swayed like a reed in a wind-storm.

Columbus sailed with Pinzon back to the coast where he had been trading, to which he gave the name of Rio de Gracia. Hernando went on shore with some interpreters to talk with the Indians. On his return, he said:

"Admiral, the natives make complaint that Captain Pinzon has carried off two girls and four men, who are yet on his vessel."

"Can this be true?" the admiral asked, hardly prepared to believe that one in whom he had reposed such great confidence could be guilty of this further act of dishonor.

"They say it, and we can easily ascertain."

"Yes — I will go aboard at once. Come with me."

They went aboard the *Pinta*. As soon as Columbus had gained the deck, he turned to Martin Alonzo, and asked:

"Have you four men and two girl natives prisoners on board your ship?"

"I have."

"What do you propose doing with them?"

"Take them to Spain and sell them as slaves."

"You cannot."

"Why?"

"I forbid it, and demand their release."

The dumfounded Pinzon muttered something about their being prisoners of conquest.

"I will have no people forcibly taken from the natives, with whom we are on the most friendly relations. They must be released."

"You have natives aboard your own ship?"

"I have, but they go willingly and are not to be sold as slaves."

Hot words passed, but Columbus at last prevailed, and the prisoners were released, loaded down with presents, and sent on shore. Again the vessels weighed anchor, and coasted the island until they came to a beautiful headland to which Columbus gave the name of Capo del Enamorado, or Lovers' Cape, now known as Cape Cabron. A little beyond this they came to a gulf about ten miles wide and extending far inland.

"Let us land," said Hernando to the admiral. "I see people on shore, who are quite different from any with whom we have heretofore met. Perchance they may be the warlike Caribs, who have my father a prisoner."

On landing, they found the natives the opposite of the gentle and peaceful people whom they had heretofore met in the New World. They were ferocious-looking creatures, hideously painted, with their long

hair tied behind, and decorated with the feathers of parrots and other birds of gaudy plumage. Some were armed with war-clubs, others had bows of the length of those used by English archers, and slender reeds pointed with hard wood, stone, bone, or the tooth of a fish for arrows. Their swords were of palm-wood, as hard and heavy as iron, and capable of cleaving the skull at a single blow.

Hernando told the interpreter to ask them if they had a white slave among them, but either he was not understood or these strange, wild people cared not to answer, and the lad turned away with a sigh. The Spaniards bought two of their bows and a few arrows to take to Spain, and one warrior was even induced to go on ship-board.

Columbus believed these people were the Caribs so often spoken of by the natives; but when asked if they were, the warrior pointed beyond to the east, where lay the Caribbean, and mentioned the island of Mantinino, which Columbus fancied him to say was peopled only by women.

"That is the island mentioned by Marco Polo." said Columbus. "The inhabitants are women. The men live on another island, and once a year visit the island of the Amazons. All male children are sent to the island of men, all females are kept by the Amazons."

This myth was only another of the mistakes of Columbus. Having regaled the warrior and made him numerous presents, Columbus ordered him to be put in the boat and taken ashore.

"The natives are already growing uneasy," said Columbus, "and are watching us even now from the woods. You had better go well armed."

Hernando sitting in the bow of the boat, with the warrior at his side, saw over fifty of the savages lurking in the woods, with bows, arrows, war-clubs, and javelins.

"There's danger there," he whispered to his companions.

The warrior arose and spoke to his companions, and they immediately laid down their weapons and came to meet the Spaniards. Hernando had instructions to purchase a few more of their weapons, and as soon as the Indians had gathered about them he proposed to trade for some. They had parted with two bows, when suddenly one, who seemed a chief, uttered the war-cry of his tribe. In a moment every savage ran to his weapons.

"Look, look! they are going to fight!" cried Hernando, placing his arquebus and aiming it. But having no slow-match light, and with no time to get one, he seized his cross-bow and proceeded to wind it up with a double crank. The savages returned with cords as if to bind the Spaniards.

Hernando's companions were not one whit behind him, and three or four cross-bows sent bolts flying among the natives. The lad hit a savage in the right shoulder, another was wounded in the arm, and they all fled.

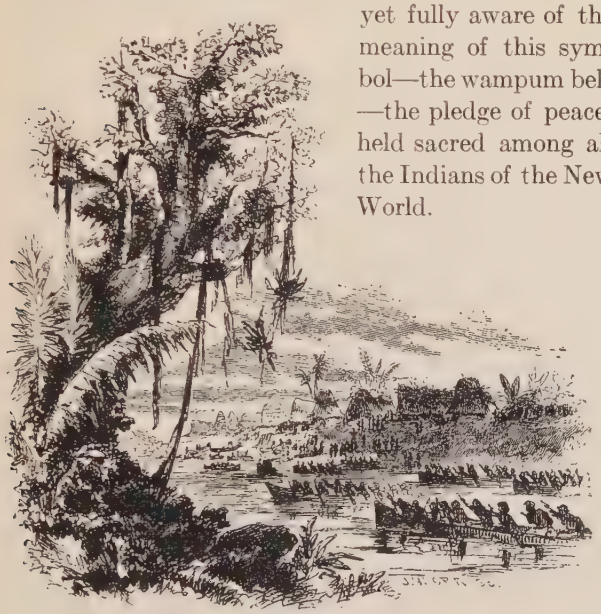
"Pursue them, cut them down!" cried the angry sailors, one of whom had been slightly bruised by a javelin striking his cuirass.

"Hold! Don't pursue them!" cried Hernando, who commanded the boat. "We have wounded two and put all to flight; enough. We will return to the caravel."

This was the first encounter between the white men of the Old World and the savages of the New. Columbus was grieved to see that all his exertions to maintain an amicable intercourse were in vain. He consoled himself, however, that if these were Caribs or frontier Indians of a warlike character, they would be inspired with a dread of the force and weapons of the white man, and deterred from molesting the little garrison at Fort Nativity. They were in fact a bold, hardy race, inhabiting a mountainous district called Ciguay, extending five and twenty leagues along the coast, and several leagues into the interior. They differed in language, features, and manner from the other natives of the island, possessing the rude but independent and vigorous character of mountaineers.

The day after the skirmish a multitude of the natives appeared on the beach, and the admiral sent a boat-load of well-armed sailors to meet them, and learn if they still entertained feelings of hostility. Their conduct betokened of freedom and confidence, evincing neither fear nor enmity. The cacique who ruled over the neighboring country was on shore;

he sent to the boat a string of beads formed of small, hard shells, which Columbus understood to be a token and assurance of amity. The white men were not yet fully aware of the meaning of this symbol—the wampum belt—the pledge of peace, held sacred among all the Indians of the New World.



A Multitude of Natives.

Columbus named this gulf *Gulfo de las Flechas,* or the Gulf of Arrows, it being the place where the first encounter had occurred, and arrows being the chief weapons used; but the name has been changed, and today it is known as the Gulf of Samana. An hour before daylight, on January the 16th, 1493,

taking advantage of a light and favorable wind, the Spanish vessels took their departure.

Columbus first steered to the northeast, in which direction the young Indians with them assured him he would find the island of the Caribs and that of Mantinino, the abode of the Amazons; it being the admiral's desire to take several of the natives of each to present to the sovereigns of Aragon and Castile. After sailing about sixteen leagues, the Indian guides changed and pointed southeast, toward Porto Rico, which was probably known to the natives as the island of Carib. But before they had gone two leagues on the new course, a favorable breeze for the return to Spain sprang up, Columbus determined to to take advantage of it, and at once made sail for home.

"You must bear us company on our return," was the order of Columbus to the commander of the *Pinta*.

Though Pinzon promised that he would, the admiral had begun to lose faith not only in him, but in his brother and the pilots. Great profits and honors were to be reaped, and the Pinzons were human; they possessed their jealousies and envy, and it was but natural that they should become moody over the reflections that, but for their aid, this man would never have earned such glory.

Columbus had so often found the Pinzons, the pilots, and Miguel the mutineer engaged in secret whispered consultations, that he had come to fear the worst for the outcome of the voyage.

The trade winds, which had been favorable on the voyage out, were equally adverse on the return. The promising breeze soon died away, and throughout the remainder of January the light winds which prevailed from the east prevented any very great progress. The foremast of the *Pinta* had been sprung, so she could carry but little sail: this also detained them. The weather was mild and pleasant, and the sea so calm that the Indians whom they were taking to Spain frequently plunged into the water and swam about the ships. They killed several tunny fish and one large shark, the former adding considerable to their low stock of provisions.

Besides keeping a careful reckoning Columbus was a vigilant and careful observer of those indications furnished by the sea, air, and sky. The fate of all, in that unknown region which he had traversed, often depended on these observations. On the 10th of February Vincent Yanez Pinzon and the pilots Ruiz and Bartolomeo Roldon, who were on board the admiral's ship, examined the charts and compared the reckonings to determine their situation, but could come to no agreement.

"Let us confer with the admiral," said Pinzon.

When Columbus had their account of the reckoning, he said to himself:

"Both are wrong. They think they are one hundred and fifty leagues nearer Spain than they are, and in the latitude of Madeira; whereas I know we are nearly in the direction of the Azores."

He listened to them, but gave them no information calculated to enlighten them. When they were gone from his cabin, he turned to Hernando and said:

"They are five hundred miles off the true reckoning. The suppression of the true calculation is of great advantage to us."

"Why did you not tell them all, and give them the true reckoning?"

"My lad, they would then be as wise as I, while I prefer to leave them in error, and would rather add to their perplexity than clear the matter up for them."

"Why do thus, admiral?"

"They will have but a confused idea of the voyage, at best, and I doubt if any of them could return. I alone will possess a clear knowledge of the route. There is so much treachery among us that I have learned it is best to keep my own secrets."

This was a lesson of wisdom and sagacity which Hernando never forgot. On the 12th of February, as they were congratulating themselves that they would soon reach the land, which many had almost given up all hope of ever beholding again, the wind rose and the sea ran high, though they still kept their eastward course. On the following day, after sunset, the wind and swell increased, and flashes of lightning to the northeast gave warning of an approaching storm.

Hernando stood on deck by the side of Columbus, trusting in him as in a father.

"I fear we are going to have a tempest which will try our crazy vessels to their utmost," said the admiral. "Be prepared to die."

"I am prepared, admiral, for any ordeal," the lad bravely answered, "and if death comes, I shall not shrink from it. One favor I crave."

"What is it?"

"Let me stay at your side."

"It is granted."

"Then I am ready for storm and shipwreck."

The scene was grand and imposing — one calculated to strike the beholder with awe and admiration. The heavens were black, and the world was shrouded in darkness. The angry, leaping waters swirled in the shrieking wind. Every billow, which gathered force and rose in its might in their wake, came roaring on like some furious monster determined on destruction, until it broke in crested splendor over the stern of their frail craft, driving it on beam-ends. The whole surface of the sea was a white sheet of foam, filled with deep, yawning pits, and black, unfathomable chasms. The white fleecy foam driven horizontally even to the very decks of the vessels looked like snow issuing from the bosom of the ocean. The horizon portended a lasting tempest; sky and water seemed to blend. Thick masses of clouds of frightful shape swept across the zenith with the swiftness of birds, while others appeared motionless as columns of stone. Not a single spot of blue sky could be discerned in the whole

firmament, and a pale yellow gleam lighted up all objects of the sea and the skies.

On the morning of the 14th there was a lull and they made a little sail; but just as the frightened sailors were beginning to hope, the wind again rose from the south, with redoubled fury, and raged throughout the day, increasing in violence as night approached; while the vessels rocked terribly in the cross-sea, the broken waves threatening to overwhelm them.

For three days they kept just sail enough to run ahead of the waves and prevent foundering; but, the tempest still augmenting, they were obliged to scud before the wind. In the darkness of night they lost sight of the *Pinta*. The admiral kept as much as possible to the northeast, to approach the coast of Spain; and he signaled for the *Pinta* to do the same and keep in company with him. Martin Alonzo afterward claimed that owing to the weakness of her foremast, he was compelled to scud before the wind directly north. For some time the *Pinta* answered the signals, but soon her lights gleamed more and more distant, until they were lost in the gloom and darkness. Had she been swallowed up in the ocean, or was the *Pinta* in reality deserting Columbus in his sore distress? When day dawned, Columbus, who had passed a sleepless night, vainly swept the frightful waste of broken waves, lashed into a fury by the gale. There was no sign of the *Pinta*.

"I fear she has gone down," he said. His words fell on the ears of Miguel at his side, and the mutineer, uttering a smothered curse, added under his breath:

"Why didn't the fool go to Spain weeks ago?"

The sun rose and the wind and waves rose with it, and through the dreary day the almost helpless ship was driven by the fury of the tempest. As evening approached Columbus mustered the crew in the forward part of the ship and said:

"All human skill is baffled and confounded by the warring elements, and there alone remains to us to propitiate Heaven by solemn vows and acts of penance. Take a number of beans, equal the number of persons on board, cut the cross on one, and put them all in a cap; then let each of the crew make a vow, that, should he draw the marked bean, he will make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Santa Maria de Guadalupe, bearing a wax taper of five pounds weight."

The crew all assented, and each made the vow. The admiral was first to put in his hand, and the lot fell on him. Holding the marked bean in his hand, he solemnly said:

"From this moment I shall consider myself a pilgrim, bound to perform the vow."

As the storm still raged, a second lot was cast in the same manner for a pilgrimage to the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto. This fell upon a sailor named Pedro de Villa, and Columbus at once agreed to bear the expenses of the journey. A third lot was also

drawn for a pilgrimage to Santa Clara de Moguer to perform a solemn Mass and watch all night in the chapel, and this also fell on Columbus.

Columbus feared that the *Pinta* had gone down rather than that he had been deserted. Should his own feeble bark perish, his great discoveries would be lost, swallowed up in the ocean. The storm raged still more furious than before.

"Why not write out your discoveries, put the account in a cask and throw it overboard? It may reach Spain," suggested Hernando.

It was a bare hope, but Columbus adopted the plan. He wrote an account of the voyage and discoveries, and of his having taken possession of the newly found lands in the name of their Catholic majesties. This he sealed and directed to the king and queen; superscribing a promise of a thousand ducats to whomsoever should deliver the packet unopened. He then wrapped it in waxed cloth, which he placed in the center of a cake of wax, and enclosing the whole in a large barrel, threw it into the sea, pretending to his crew that he was performing some religious vow. Fearing that this memorial would never reach the land, he enclosed another copy in a similar manner and placed it on the poop, so that, should the caravel be swallowed up by the waves, the barrel might float off and survive.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ASSASSIN FOILED.

It is an indication of the great unselfish nature of Columbus, that even in the midst of personal danger, with death staring him in the face, he should think of his discoveries rather than his own safety. The measures he had taken relieved his anxiety to a slight extent, but he was far more at ease when, after heavy showers, there appeared at sunset a streak of clear sky in the west, giving hope that the wind was about to shift. This hope was confirmed, for a favorable breeze sprang up, though the sea still ran so high that there was great danger of being overwhelmed and foundered by the waves.

On the morning of the 15th of February the storm had considerably abated, and the sea, which had been for days lashed into a fury, was growing calmer every hour. At dawn of day Columbus was on deck, with his young friend, as usual, at his side.

"Let me go to the maintop, admiral; my eyes are sharp and accustomed to long distances."

"The waves still run high."

"Not so high as yesterday, and I was in the foretop for hours then."

"Go, but have a care; I would as soon lose my own son."

The active boy ran quickly up the rigging and had scarcely gained the position when Rui Garcia, a mariner, cried:

"Land — land, ho!"

The shout was taken up on deck and the cry of "Land, land!" rang out over the wild waters.

Poor, weary souls, worn out with long continued battling with the tempest, the sailors had dropped down on deck to catch a moment's sleep, but they now started up with transports of joy at once more gaining sight of the Old World.

As the sun rose in a cloudless sky it revealed the shore lying east-northeast, directly over the prow of the caravel, and the pilots at once began to dispute as to what land it was. One said it was the island of Madeira; another, that it was the rock of Cintra near Lisbon; while Columbus, from his private reckonings and observations, concluded it to be one of the Azores. A nearer approach proved it to be an island; it was but five leagues distant, and the voyagers were congratulating themselves on the assurance of being speedily in port, when the wind veered again to the east-northeast, blowing directly from the land, while a heavy swell kept rolling from the west.

For two days they hovered about the island, always in sight but unable to get into port, or to reach the other island of which they caught occasional glimpses through the mist and rack of tempest. On

the evening of the 17th they approached near enough to the first island to cast anchor, but, their cable parting, they had to put to sea again, where they remained beating about until the following morning, when they anchored under shelter of its northern side. Columbus had been in such a state of agitation for several days that he had scarcely taken food or sleep. Although suffering with rheumatism, he had kept his post on deck, exposed to the wintry cold, the pelting storm, and drenching surges of the sea. On the night of the 17th he fell asleep, more from exhaustion than tranquillity of mind. Had one-tenth the perils and difficulties beset them on their outward voyage that they encountered on their return, his timid and factious crew would have rebelled against the enterprise, thrown him into the sea, and returned home.

The island they had made was St. Mary's, one of the southern Azores, and a possession of the crown of Portugal. The admiral's trials were not yet over. Miguel, one of the first to land, set off to find Juan de Castañeda, the governor of St. Mary's, and to endeavor, partly by truth but mostly by falsehood, to rouse him against Columbus.

On the following morning Columbus reminded his people of their vow to perform a pious procession at the first place at which they should land. There was to be seen from the ship, at no great distance from the sea, a small hermitage or chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and arrangements were immediately made for the

performance of the rite. Three messengers, returning to the village, sent a priest to perform mass, and one-half of the crew, landing, walked barefoot to the chapel; while Columbus, with the other half, awaited their return to perform a like ceremony.

The mariners entered the little chapel, but had scarcely begun their prayers and thanksgiving when the soldiers and citizens of the village, horse and foot, headed by the governor, surrounded the hermitage and made all prisoners. This was indeed an ungenerous reception for the poor, tempest-tossed mariners on their first return to the abode of civilized man — far different from the hospitality extended to them by the savages of the New World. Miguel, who had been one of the instigators of the trouble, kept out of sight, and his comrades were in ignorance of his guilt in the affair. History makes no mention of it, but his design, we need hardly say, was the capture and destruction of the admiral and Hernando.

Columbus was unable to see the hermitage from the deck of the *Niña* owing to an intervening point of land, and growing uneasy at the long delay, weighed anchor and stood in a little nearer where he could see the shore. The first object that met his view was a number of armed horsemen dismounting and entering a boat.

"They are coming to us," said the amazed Columbus.

"Yes, admiral, they intend to fight."

The suspicions of Columbus were at once aroused,

for he knew the hostility of the Portuguese to his enterprise. He ordered his men to arm themselves and keep out of sight, though near at hand, to either defend the vessel or surprise the boat, as occasion might require. As the boat drew nearer, he discovered the governor in it. When within hailing distance, the governor called out: "May I come aboard?"

"Certainly, if your visit is a peaceable one." The boat, however, still remained at a distance, and Columbus, unable longer to contain himself, now cried out:

"Governor Castañeda, where are my men, whom I sent ashore to do penance at your chapel? Have you made them prisoners, wronging the Spanish monarchs and your own sovereigns?"

"Who are you?" demanded the governor.

"Christopher Columbus, lord admiral of the high seas, viceroy and governor-general of the new countries I have discovered," and Columbus displayed his letters patent, stamped with the royal seal of Castile. "Release my men and send them aboard, or you may look for the vengeance of Spain."

Castañeda replied in a voice of contempt:

"I have no fear of your sovereigns, my lord admiral. They have had enough to do to drive out the Moors. What I have done has been under instructions of my king and sovereign."

"Then your conduct will provoke a war between Spain and Portugal."

The boat with the governor returned to shore, and Columbus, unable to decide what course to pursue, continued to beat around the island without gaining any satisfactory information until the 22d, when they returned to their anchorage at St. Mary's. A boat bringing off two priests and a notary now pulled to the ship.

"What is your wish?" demanded Columbus, when they came in hailing distance.

"We want to see your papers," the notary answered.

"Come aboard and examine them."

With some degree of caution they came aboard the caravel, and the notary said:

"Governor Castañeda is disposed to render you every service he can, if you really sail in service of the Spanish sovereigns."

"There are my papers," answered Columbus, and he showed them to the priests and notary, who seemed satisfied. On the following day the prisoners were liberated, and all, save Miguel, came on board. He, no doubt fearing the punishment he so richly merited, kept aloof from the admiral.

The mariners, during their detention, had collected information which threw some light on the conduct of Castañeda. The king of Portugal, jealous lest the expedition of Columbus might interfere with his own discoveries, had sent orders to his commanders of distant ports to seize and detain Columbus if the opportunity presented itself. Castañeda, acting on those

orders, had in the first instance hoped to surprise Columbus in the chapel, and, failing in that, had attempted to get him in his power by stratagem, but was balked by finding Columbus on guard.

For two days longer the admiral remained at St. Mary's, endeavoring to take in wood and ballast, but was prevented by the heavy surf which broke on the shore. On the 24th he again set sail for Spain, and on the 27th, when within one hundred and twenty-five leagues of Cape Vincent, encountered another furious gale. The nearer he approached home the more boisterous grew the sea, and he could not help feeling that he was being repulsed, as it were, "from the very door of the house." The poor, tempest-tossed admiral one day said to Hernando:

"Well may the sacred theologians and sage philosophers declare that the terrestrial paradise is in the utmost extremity of the East, for it is the most temperate of regions."

On the 2d of March the caravel was struck by a squall of wind which tore off her sails and forced her to scud under bare poles. Again they were threatened with destruction, and another lot was cast for a pilgrimage, barefoot, to the shrine of Santa Maria de la Cueva, in Huelva, and, as usual, the lot fell to Columbus. There was something singular in the recurrence of this circumstance. Las Casas devoutly considers it as an intimation from the Deity to the admiral that these storms were all on his account, to humble his pride and prevent his taking

to himself the credit of a discovery which was the work of God.

On the 4th of March, at daybreak, they found themselves off the rock of Cintra, at the mouth of the Tagus, and much as they had cause to mistrust the Portuguese, Columbus was forced to run in for shelter. Accordingly, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he anchored opposite to the Rastello, to the great joy of the crew, who returned thanks to God for their escape from so many perils.

Immediately on his arrival Columbus despatched a courier to the king and queen of Spain with tidings of his discoveries, and also wrote to the king of Portugal, then at Valparaiso, requesting permission to go with his vessel to Lisbon. A report had got abroad that the *Niña* was laden with gold and he felt insecure at Rastello.

On the following day Columbus was summoned on board a Portuguese man-of war, but he asserted his rank and refused to leave his vessel. The captain then came on board the caravel and tendered his services to Columbus.

"Admiral," said Hernando, when the captain had departed, "I was on shore today, and while there saw Miguel."

"What! I thought him lost. I have not seen him since we left St. Mary's," answered Columbus.

"He is here; and I have every reason to believe that it is he who is spreading all these stories about wealth aboard. He means us no good."

"Watch him, my lad."

"It is my purpose."

Columbus received permission to go to Lisbon; also a request to call upon King John. Columbus would gladly have declined the royal invitation, but much as he distrusted the Portuguese king he dared not refuse. His messenger had already gone by an overland route to Spain, and he soon hoped for fair weather to bear his shattered bark to Palos. He sailed to Lisbon and prepared to set out for Valparaiso.

"May I accompany you, admiral?" asked Hernando. The lad, on account of his ceaseless vigil and constant watching, was almost broken down. His eyes were sunken, his face pale, with a hectic flush on his cheek that the admiral thought alarming.

"No, Hernando, you must have rest. The weather is rainy and you should not expose yourself. I will have attendants."

On the second day after his arrival Columbus set out for the king's palace, and was met by the principal cavaliers of the monarch's household, who came out to meet him and conduct him in great pomp to the palace.

He did not see a pair of evil eyes watching him, nor did he recognize the crafty face of Miguel Ganzola, the mutineer.

"I will slay him yet," Miguel hissed. "I began for reward. I will end for hate."

The admiral was royally entertained by King

John. Columbus was ordered to seat himself in the king's presence, an honor granted only to persons of royal dignity, and after many congratulations on his safe return, the king made minute inquiries about the soil, the land, the people, and the gold in the newly discovered regions. He was deeply chagrined that by his lack of faith in Columbus, he had allowed his rivals to win so rich a prize. Some historians claim that the Portuguese were so envious that they determined to put Columbus to death. They have doubtless confused the acts of Miguel with the designs of King John.

One historian says:

"Seeing the king much perturbed in spirit, some even went so far as to propose, as a means of impeding the prosecution of these enterprises, that Columbus should be assassinated; declaring that he deserved death for attempting to deceive and embroil the two nations by his pretended discoveries. It was suggested that his assassination might be accomplished without incurring any odium. Advantage might be taken of his lofty deportment to pique his pride, provoke him into an altercation, and then despatch him, as if in casual and honorable encounter."

King John has left a fair reputation for honor and it is very doubtful if he ever contemplated any such crime. It is hard to believe that such dastardly counsel could have even been proposed to a monarch who, in spite of the humiliation which he unques-

tionably suffered when Columbus returned covered with glory from his discoveries, extended to him all the honors due a distinguished benefactor of mankind.

Miguel, the hired assassin, may have ingratiated himself into the favor of people of all ranks, poisoning their minds against the man he had grown to hate, and it was no doubt his conduct which gave rise to the current report which has been handed down in history by Portuguese, as well as Spanish, authorities. Other counsel, in which there was a mixture of craft and courage, was more relished by the king, and he resolved privately, before Columbus had left Portugal, to fit out a powerful expedition, under command of one of the most distinguished captains of the age, Don Francisco de Almeida, and take possession of the newly discovered country; possession then, as now, being considered the best claim and an appeal to arms the clearest mode of settling so doubtful a question. Columbus after leaving the king paid his respects to the queen, and then set out for Lisbon, hoping soon to return to Palos.

Hernando Estevan not unlike his master was often swayed by secret impulses. It was an age of superstition and one cannot wonder that Hernando was moved by his impressions. Some ominous voice seemed whispering to him that Columbus, the man whom he had come to love almost as a father, was in danger. This feeling arose, no doubt, from the presence of the mutineer in Portugal. Miguel

had been seen in Lisbon and Valparaiso, and it was thought that his presence boded no good to the safety and welfare of the admiral.

Columbus had already been detained two or three days longer than necessary, and Hernando, stealing ashore at night, procured a horse and armed only with his sword and dagger set off to find him. Never sallied forth a knight-errant with stouter heart or more trusty blade. Though young in years, he was old in the science of war. Setting out alone, without even a guide, he rode over the rough and dangerous road between Lisbon and Valparaiso. Night had set in before he began his journey. And a dark night it was — not a single star appeared in the heavens.

Unacquainted with the road though he was, the lad pushed boldly on, up hill and down, until he came to where the way wound through a forest. He was just thinking that this would be an excellent spot for an assassin to waylay an unsuspecting victim, when the sound of hoofs reached his ears. The lad drew rein, with the approaching horseman but a few rods away. From the clank of arms he at first supposed him to be a soldier; but the awkwardness of the fellow as he dismounted, dragging his heavy matchlock after him convinced Hernando that he was not an expert horseman. The lad rode into the bushes, determined to know more of the strange traveler. Having become accustomed to the darkness, he was enabled to make out the out-

lines of a thick-set, stoop-shouldered man, whose garb was that of a sailor.

"I know him," the youth said to himself.

Dismounting, Hernando made his horse fast to a tree, and, drawing his long, keen dagger, he crept a little nearer. There was a slight jingling of iron rods as if the stranger was setting the rest of his arquebus to get it ready for firing, and he saw the glow of a slow-match.

Then there came on the air the tramp of other horses. Hernando at once surmised that the man with the arquebus was an assassin lying in wait for his victim. Some of the party of advancing horsemen bore links which lighted up the road, but failed to penetrate the dense wood in which Hernando was watching. A voice was at this moment heard to say:

"It can scarcely be three leagues to the port, and I am anxious, the wind being fair and God willing, to sail to-morrow."

"It is the admiral, and this is an assassin sent to kill him," thought the youth.

Dagger in hand, with all the ferocity and cunning sagacity of a tiger expressed in his crouching body, he crept nearer and nearer to the murderer. The man with the arquebus was stooping low, and the glow of the slow-match hidden behind his cap revealed his features to the lad behind, but not to those in front.

"Miguel!" he whispered.

The hand that clutched the dagger did not tremble, and the holder crept nearer and nearer. Miguel aimed his gun at Columbus, who rode nearest him, and applied the match.

As the flash and report rang on the air some one struck the arquebus, and the next instant a hand grappled the villain's throat and a voice hissed in his ear:

"Coward — murderer!"

The ball from the arquebus missed the mark and the admiral was uninjured, but Hernando felt that the time had come to settle with his antagonist and, knowing full well with whom he had to deal, he did not hesitate. The advantage of surprise quite overcame the disparagement of age and strength. He was quick to strike and struck home. A yell of agony followed the blow and he struck again and again.

The admiral, with his attendants and link-bearers, galloped forward into the wood. But all was over. There was Hernando, with a blood-stained dagger in his hand, standing over a dead body.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RETURN TO PALOS.

"HERNANDO!" cried the admiral, as the light from the blazing torches fell full on the face of the youth in the wood by the dead body.

"It is all over."

"What have you done?"

"Slain your enemy, put out of the way the man who would have assassinated you."

The overturned rest, the empty arquebus still hot and smoking, the burning match, and the naked sword in the hand of the dead man supplied all missing links in the story.

"Who is he, Hernando?"

"Your bitterest enemy, Miguel. He came to kill you, and I slew him."

"I forbade your leaving the ship," said the admiral.

"I know you did, admiral; and now that I have saved your life I am ready to endure any punishment you may choose to inflict."

In a moment Columbus had clasped the lad in a warm embrace.

King John had sent Don Martin de Norona and a numerous train of cavaliers to escort Columbus and his pilot. Don Martin had fallen a short dis-

tance in the rear of the cavalcade, when the report of the arquebus wakened the echoes of the night, and clapping spurs to his horse he reached the spot just as Columbus clasped his preserver to his breast.

"Hulloa, admiral, what means this?" cried Don Martin. "Have some of the dogs of robbers dared to attack you?"

"It's an old enemy, Don Martin."

"Who is the lad?"

"Hernando Estevan, the companion of many of my severest dangers and trials and the preserver of my life."

"And the man slain?"

Columbus then proceeded to explain that he was an old enemy, who for some unknown cause had sought to thwart his plans and take his life. Though he allowed no such hint to escape his lips, it was for a while a serious question in the mind of Columbus whether the assassin had been acting on his own account or in the employ of King John. After all, the Portuguese king might only be pretending friendship in order to blind Columbus and take him unawares. Fearing, however, that he might do the Portuguese monarch wrong, he determined to say nothing about this adventure and his narrow escape.

"It is a singular affair, and I shall report it to the sovereign," said Don Martin.

"I pray you do nothing of the kind, Don Martin."

"And why?"

"It will only agitate the king without cause.

It is merely an old enemy slain by my young friend, and I pray that no mention ever be made of it in Portugal or in Spain." Columbus had his way and the affair was kept a secret.

"What shall we do with the body?" asked Don Martin.

"Leave it, and some of the peasants will find it in the morning and give it Christian burial," Columbus answered.

The finding of a dead body in the woods or lonely mountain passes was a common occurrence in those days and occasioned little comment. The cavalcade went to Llandra, where Columbus slept until morning; when a servant of the king arrived to attend him to the frontier, if he preferred to return to Spain by land, and to provide horses, lodgings, and all else he might stand in need of.

Columbus was pleased with this marked display of favor on the part of the king of Portugal, but decided to return in his caravel.

"Inform your monarch that I am highly honored by his attention, but that I prefer, as the wind is favorable, to return in one of the shattered vessels in which I left last year." When the royal messenger was gone, Columbus thought: "I have done King John wrong even to suspect him."

"How soon will you put back into Palos?" Hernando asked, when they were once more on the deck of the *Niña*.

"At once."

"Heaven be praised!"

"Are you so anxious to return, my lad?"

"Yes, my lord admiral," the youth answered. "It seems that we have spent a lifetime in that new world. Doubtless many stories have gone back to Palos; and — and I know two women who are anxiously scanning the ocean day by day, hoping for my return. One is still young, though sad, and the other has grown old with years and grief."

"We sail in the morning, and in two days, Heaven willing, we shall reach the port of Palos," Columbus answered.

Next day was the 13th of March, 1493, and at dawn the *Niña* weighed anchor, unfurled her sail to the breeze, and sailed away for Palos. At early daylight Hernando was awake and on deck at the side of the admiral, whose own great heart was beating high with hope. When it became known throughout the vessel that at last, after so many delays, they had in reality set out on their return to Palos, the sailors broke forth in transports.

The praises of the saints were sung, and such joy was never known on shipboard. Standing at the bow of the vessel, filled with a deep happiness as strong as the current of a mighty river, was the youth whose fortunes have been so strangely blended with the admiral's. Though young in years, he was a man in thought.

Bending over, he watched the sharp prow cleaving the water, and thanked Heaven for every favor-

able breeze. The air was raw and sharp, and the admiral expostulated with him urging him to go below and take some rest.

"I cannot rest, my lord, when every second brings me nearer home. Are any landmarks familiar along the way?" he asked.

"Many; our pilots feel entirely safe. They are at home in these waters."

It was late at night when the admiral induced Hernando to retire, but at daylight next morning he was again at his post, rejoicing that they were rapidly nearing their harbor of safety. The day was cloudy most of the time and a heavy fog prevailed; this, with contrary winds, made the voyage difficult and perilous.

"Still watching?" asked the admiral, joining Hernando.

"Yes, admiral; I feel that I cannot leave this spot. I was the last to turn my eyes from Palos and I must be the first to see the port on our return. I left them more than half a year ago standing there, straining their tear-stained eyes to watch my departure. Shall I find them awaiting my return, I wonder?"

"I trust you may."

"And yet we may never reach Palos, for it seems as if the fiends and furies of the tempest contend with us at our very doors. All may yet be lost."

"No, not all." Columbus answered. "Even though my ship should sink and all of us go down with her, I have sent an account of the voyage and my discoveries to the sovereigns, so that they will not be lost."

The 15th of March dawned and found every sailor on deck and wide-awake. The enthusiasm and excitement of the return were scarcely less than on the morning of the first landing in the new world. At sunrise they safely landed at the bar of Saltes, and thundering cannon announced their return to the little seaport town.

The *Niña* found the wind contrary, yet by skilful management they worked her gradually into port.

The long-expected return of Columbus was a great event in the history of Palos, where everybody was more or less interested in the outcome of the expedition. The most important and wealthy sea-captains of the place had engaged in it, and there was scarcely a family but had some relative or friend among the navigators. The departure of the ships on what appeared to be a chimerical and desperate cruise had spread dismay and gloom over the place; and the storms which had raged throughout the winter had greatly heightened the general despondency. The friends who had departed on the voyage were mourned as lost, imagination lending mysterious horrors to their fate; picturing them as driven about over wild and desert wastes of shoreless water, or perishing amid mountains of stone, seething whirlpools or treacherous quicksands, or a prey to those monsters of the deep with which the credulity of the time peopled every distant and unknown sea. Death in any defined or ordinary form did not begin to compare with such an awful fate.

Now, what means that thundering gun at sea? and look, a sail approaches! Old sailors, whose weather-beaten eyes had long grown accustomed to scanning the ocean, seized glasses and swept the waters.

"It's the *Niña*, the *Niña!*" cried an old sailor, who had a son on board the vessel. The glad cry was taken up from street to street. The whole community seemed wild. Bells were rung, cannon and arquebuses fired, shops closed, all business suspended, and for a time there was nothing but tumult and hurry. By chance, Señora Doria and Christina were in the village, and hearing the tumult, rushed into the street to inquire the cause.

"Joy, joy, joy!" shouted a sailor hurrying by. "The ship which was lost is returned. One of the long missing Columbus caravels is in port."

"Grandame, grandame, he may be aboard!" cried Christina, her eyes beaming with hope. After weary months of waiting, they had given up all hope of ever seeing the youth again; now that one of the ships of the little fleet was returning and they felt a hope that he might be aboard, it seemed as if they were about to receive a visit from the dead. They went with the multitude down to the quay to watch the incoming vessel.

Standing erect on the cross-piece of the bowsprit, leaning forward, trying to pierce the distance and make out the features of those on shore, was Hernando Estevan. Could this be true? Was it a reality, or only

a pleasant dream from which he would awake? Were they really gliding into the peaceful harbor of Palos, crowned with glory? Columbus, too, was moved by sensations as strange as Hernando's. Had he really found a new world, or was it but the fantasy of a diseased brain, brought on by long dwelling on the mysterious subject? Columbus for the first time began almost to doubt his own sanity. Never before had his terrible task seemed so difficult and impossible. He was roused from his strange reverie by hearing a shout:

"She's there, she's there! the Saints be praised!" And leaning from the fore-rigging of the ship, Hernando waved his cap in the air.

A joyous shout came in response from land, a sweet girlish voice reached his ears and a bright blue turban, such as the young Andalusian women of the period wore, was waved in the air.

"Tell me, Christina, do you see him? My eyes are growing dim and I cannot tell," said the aged señora.

"Behold! someone mounts the fore-rigging; see, he stops, he waves his cap. 'Tis he, 'tis he; 'tis Hernando, and he sees us!"

Then the multitude crowded to the water's edge to get a glimpse of the sailors on deck, and there was a crowding forward of those on deck to view those on shore. They almost pushed Hernando into the water. Friends, wives, parents, and children were waiting to receive loved ones, and equal anxiety was expressed

by all. Everybody was anxious to know the fate of a relative or a friend, and all eager to learn the full particulars of such a wonderful voyage.

"Stand back!" cried Columbus, intending that the return should be as imposing as the departure had been. But there was one who heard him not. The *Niña* swept into port, and, with heart beating high, Hernando was ready for the leap ashore. Anchor was dropped, boats lowered, and one of the first to enter was Hernando. For once he was deaf to the command of the admiral, and sprang on shore before the boat touched the beach. While the admiral was landing in imposing ceremony, the youth was embracing his grandmother and Christina.

"Have you come, oh, have you come at last?" the little maiden cried, the blood leaping to her pale cheeks. The joy of knowing he was safe, of holding his hand once more, seemed too great to be real.

When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place; forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand obstacles they had thrown in the way of the enterprise.

And Columbus, who a few months before was derided as a beggar, a madman, and an adventurer, was now hailed with shouts and acclamations everywhere. Joy and gladness filled the quiet little village to overflowing. Never in the history of the world

had Palos known such a day as the 15th of March, 1493, and the hero of the hour was he who not long before had arrived there a poor pedestrian, asking bread and water for his child companion at the gate of a convent.

As soon as the ceremonies at the church were over, Columbus inquired of the alcalde of Palos where the court was.

"At Barcelona," was the answer.

"I believe I will sail for the city at once."

"I pray you, my lord, go by land; it is surely safer; and after all you have suffered from an angry sea, I should think you would be unwilling to risk your life on the water until you have imparted your discoveries to the king and queen."

"A sailor's home is on the sea."

"Not when his life is of such value to the world as yours. After all the dangers and disasters you have experienced, I trust you will change your resolution and proceed by land."

Hernando Estevan joined his entreaties to the others, and the admiral was at last prevailed upon to alter his plan. He dispatched a letter to the king and queen, informing them of his arrival, and made arrangements to depart next day for Seville to await their orders.

After the first emotions of the meeting between Hernando, Christina, and the grandmother had somewhat subsided, the señora asked:

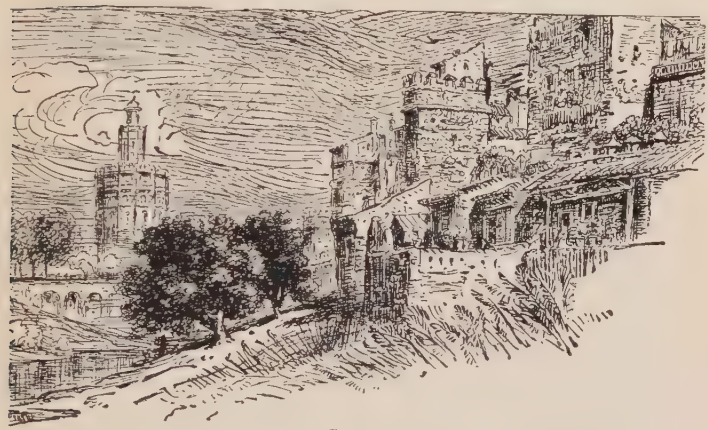
"Did you find your father?"

"No," he answered, sadly.

"Nor learn his fate?"

"I learned nothing of him." Then he told how they had found many tribes of strange, wild people, but none knew anything of his father. "I fear the ship in which he sailed went down."

Then the grandmother became silent, and Chris-



SEVILLE.

tina stole to the side of her foster-brother, entwined an arm about his neck, and whispered:

"Do not be downcast or disconsolate. I have lost my parents, but so long as you are with me I shall not complain."

"Nor shall I; we have each other." The pious old grandmother, who had been watching the children, exclaimed:

"Heaven has decreed them for each other; God is kind, even when chastening."

In the midst of general rejoicing throughout the village, a sailor came to Columbus and said:

"Admiral, behold, another comes. See, the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, is now entering the river."

Columbus left the house where he was resting and hurried to the quay.

"The fellow is right," he said, as his eyes fell on a ship dropping anchor in the harbor. "It is the *Pinta* which I thought lost, but which basely deserted me." Columbus ordered a boat that he might go to meet the captain, but Pinzon put ashore further up the bay, and, filled with shame and confusion, denied himself to Columbus.

After separating from the *Niña*, the *Pinta* was driven before the gale into the Bay of Biscay, and made the port of Bayonne. Doubting whether Columbus had survived the tempest, Pinzon wrote from this port to the sovereigns, giving information of the discoveries he had made, requesting permission to come to court and communicate the particulars in person. As soon as the weather had permitted, he again set sail, anticipating a triumphant reception in his native port of Palos. On entering the harbor he beheld the vessel of the admiral riding at anchor, while the very skies and hills and mountains rang with enthusiasm; and his heart died within him.

It is said by some historians that Martin Alonzo

Pinzon feared to meet Columbus in this hour of his triumph lest he should be put under arrest for his desertion on the coast of Cuba; but he was a man of too much resolution and courage to entertain any such fear. It is more probable that consciousness of his misconduct made him unwilling to go before the public in the midst of their enthusiasm for Columbus, and he no doubt sickened at the honors heaped upon a man whose superiority he had been so unwilling to acknowledge. Therefore he boarded his boat, was privately landed, and kept out of sight until he heard of the admiral's departure. He then returned to his home, broken in health and deeply dejected, considering all the honors heaped upon Columbus as so many reproaches upon himself. He waited long and anxiously for an answer from his sovereigns. When it came it proved to be crushing to his hopes, for it was full of reproaches, and forbade his appearing at court. The anguish of his feelings gave virulence to a bodily malady, and shortly afterward he died.

Martin Alonzo Pinzon was, perhaps, a better man than he will ever receive credit for being. Like many another great soldier or sailor, his ambition proved his ruin. In considering him, let us gaze charitably on the picture which represents the Martin Alonzo Pinzon of years before, when life was full of promise, and ambition in her golden car had not swung down the path of time, dragging him captive at her wheels.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LESSON FROM AN EGG.

Though urged to remain at Palos, where every honor in the power of the people was tendered him, the admiral was too anxious to present himself to the sovereigns, to prolong his stay. He selected to take with him six of the natives brought from the New World, together with specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions.

Early the morning after his arrival Hernando came to where the admiral was lodging. The servant informed him that Columbus was sleeping; so Hernando was about to go away, when the well-loved voice called to him:

"Hernando, my lad, is it you?"

"Are you awake, admiral?"

"I awoke just this moment. Come in; I wish to talk with you."

Columbus was still in bed when Hernando entered. The youth had grown more diffident, for he realized, since he had been an eye-witness to the honors heaped upon him, the greatness of his beloved master. He stood, cap in hand, his face overwhelmed with confusion.

"To what do I owe this early morning visit? I know full well you would not have come at this

hour had you not something of importance to communicate."

"I have come to make a request, my lord," answered Hernando.

"What is it?"

"I learn that you set out today for Seville to await the summons to the court of the king and queen at Barcelona."

"Such is my intention."

"May I accompany you?"

"Would you leave your home so soon?"

"I do not wish to separate from them, but I — I have been with you through your trials, I should like to be a witness to your crowning triumph."

"Your wish shall be granted. These poor honors which I have won shall be shared with every deserving follower."

"Do you start at an early hour?"

"Yes, lad."

Hernando quitted the bed-chamber of the admiral, and went to his grandmother and Christina to acquaint them with his intention to depart with the admiral and to make a few necessary preparations for the journey.

Hernando's costume was scarcely inferior to the admiral's, and was well suited for so grand an occasion. Accompanied by a guard of honor which was headed by a good monk, mounted on a sleek, fat mule, they set out for Seville. The native islanders who accompanied them were arrayed in their simple,

THE GOLDEN TOWER, SEVILLE; SO CALLED BECAUSE IT RECEIVED THE GOLD WHICH THE SPANISH SHIPS BROUGHT FROM AMERICA.

barbaric costume, and were decorated with gay plumage, collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold rudely fashioned. Columbus also exhibited to the wondering villagers as they passed along considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtues, and several kinds of animals and birds unknown to Europe — the gaudy plumage of the latter giving a brilliant effect to the pageant.

No procession has ever created more intense excitement. News of the return of the explorer, and of his journey to Seville, and thence to Barcelona, spread like wild-fire, and men quitted their ordinary pursuits and journeyed for miles to see the wonders from another and an unknown world. Women and children, too, hastened to throng the roads and gaze on the strange people from that far-off land. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and on the more than extraordinary man, who — in the emphatic language of the time, which from its familiarity has now lost its force — first revealed the existence of a "new world."

It was nearly noon before they came in sight of the busy and populous city of Seville. All morning the procession had been pushing its way through crowds of enthusiastic people, who thronged even the country roads.

"Look, admiral, look!" cried Hernando, pointing toward the city, where a great concourse was assembled.

"What crowds! what swarms of people!" cried the fat, jolly old monk who headed the procession. "My lord admiral, methinks you will find a goodly company to greet you."

Amid thundering cheers the procession moved slowly forward to the city gate. As soon as the guard at the towers caught sight of the banners of Columbus, the signal was given, and the cannon from the walls roared and clouds of smoke rose over the scene. Surely never was such a gala-day known, even in Seville.

Slowly the procession moved forward, and renewed cries of "Long live Columbus, long live my lord admiral!" filled the air.

"How can we enter the city?" asked Hernando, as the procession halted amid the shouts and cries of the excited populace.

"We must wait until they have partially recovered from their excitement."

The monk, on his sleek mule, seemed complete master of the situation. He pressed forward in the throng, and pushing aside a halberdier, cried:

"In Heaven's name, sir, do you mean to keep the admiral without the gate all day? Give way, give way — unless you idiots are made of stone. Santa Maria! you lubberly, overgrown swine, are

you going to stand in the way until the crack o' doom? Cannot you move? Hold that fractious horse, sir knight — in God's name I pray you to hold your horse, unless you would trample down the admiral and his followers."

The monk carried a stout staff in his hand, and losing his temper, he began laying about him until he had cleared a passage to the gate, and the admiral and his followers and attendants had passed through beneath the portals.

Inside the city the crush and excitement was even greater.

"Santa Maria, what crowds of people!" cried the monk.

As they passed down the street, every window, balcony, and housetop was crowded with spectators, eager to catch a glimpse of the great man.

"Look at the Indians," cried Hernando. "See how excited and astounded they are. This is a new scene to them, and they are dumb with amazement."

The poor creatures were bewildered and lost in wonder. The waving banners, prancing steeds, blasts of trumpets, strains of music, thunder of cannon, and hordes of gaily costumed people, were too splendid and grand for their simple minds to comprehend.

A house was set apart for Columbus and his attendants. Wherever the admiral went Hernando accompanied him, and was frequently mistaken for his son Diego, a page in the royal household.

"How long will you halt in Seville?" Hernando asked the admiral.

"Until I hear from the sovereigns, and arrangements can be made for pressing on in our journey."

The sun was dipping behind the western mountains four or five days after the arrival of Columbus in Seville, when a courier from the royal court arrived on a powerful black steed, with foam-whitened flanks.

"Whom do you seek?" demanded the guard.

"I would see the lord admiral, Christopher Columbus."

"Do you come from our good king and queen?" asked the guard.

"I do."

Columbus was informed of the arrival of the courier and sent for him at once. He received the communication with joy, for it was all he could desire. The king and queen expressed their delight, and requested him to repair at once to the court to devise plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As summer, the time favorable for a voyage, was approaching, they desired him to make arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, such as might delay the voyage as little as possible. They desired him also to inform them by return courier what was to be done on their part.

The letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean, sea, and viceroy and governor-general of

the islands discovered in the Indies"; and in conclusion promised him further great rewards.

No one but Hernando was in the room when the admiral opened the letter. Having finished it, he folded the document and sat for a long time gazing at the superscription. Not a word escaped his lips, but his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer until the tears, which had been slowly rising, overflowed and fell down his cheeks unchecked. Not understanding the strange emotions which stirred the soul of the great man, Hernando sprang to his side and cried:

"What has gone amiss, admiral; have our sovereigns denounced you?"

"No, no, brave youth; I weep for joy." Pointing at the superscription he added: "There is the title for which I have struggled and prayed. Here it is, acknowledged by the sovereigns themselves. I have waited and labored a long, long time for it."

"And your work is not yet done, admiral."

"No."

"There is still a glorious work for you."

"Ay, for God. The Holy Sepulchre is in possession of the unbeliever. I shall now be able to raise a sufficient army and go to the rescue of Palestine."

Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the requisite ships, men, and munitions of war, and, having made such preparations at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for Barcelona, taking with

him the six Indians and the various curiosities and productions brought from the New World.

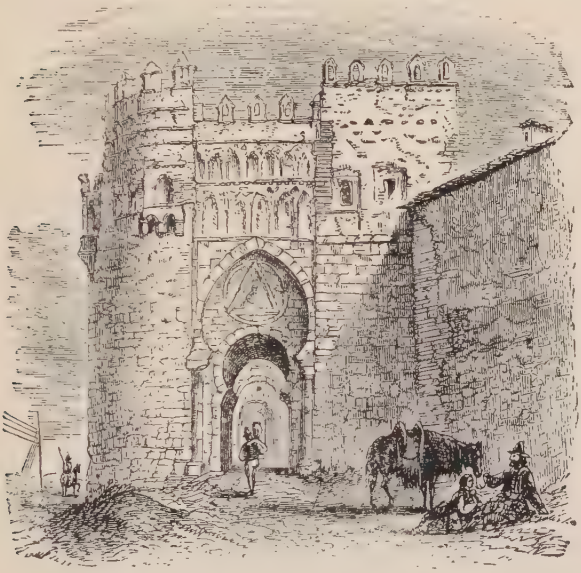
By this time the fame of his wonderful discovery had resounded throughout the nation. Many still doubted it, while the more credulous believed not only that, but much stranger and wilder stories. Imagination took its wildest flight in enlarging on the wonderful countries which had been discovered. The news that the procession was to pass at a certain place was sufficient to insure a vast crowd. The people lined the country roads and thronged the villages, so much so that — good-natured as he usually was — the monk frequently lost his temper.

The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with their acclamations. The journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of Columbus and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. Their progress was delayed to such an extent that it was the middle of April before Columbus arrived at Barcelona.

Every preparation had been made to give the admiral and his faithful followers a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored clime contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near, many of the youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. The

entrance of Columbus into the noble city of Barcelona was equal to one of the triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to accord to conquerors.

Columbus arranged his procession skillfully, so that it appeared to the best advantage. The six



Outside the City Gate.

Indians, painted according to their wild, savage fashion, and decorated with their native ornaments of gold, followed the monk, mounted on his sleek little mule. After these were some of the various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed

birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to display the Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, in order that a favorable impression of the richness of the newly discovered regions might be formed.

After this procession followed Columbus, mounted on a richly caparisoned horse; and at his side, on a beautiful, spotted Andalusian pony, rode Hernando, as gorgeously dressed as a young prince. Both were surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade.

"Behold, my lord, how the streets are crowded," cried the boy. "The multitude makes them almost impassable."

"Our friend the monk will force a passage," the admiral answered, with a smile.

"The windows and balconies are crowded with women and children, and the very roofs are covered," the youth said.

Barcelona was never so thronged, before nor since. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world and on the remarkable man by whom it was discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, in reward for the piety of the monarchs. And the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, in contradistinction to the general idea which had been formed of him, as a young and reckless rover, seemed in

harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievements.

"Who is the youth at his side? Is it his son?" was asked by many.

"Hernando Estevan, a youth who has been with him through all his tribulations."

An armed, plumed, and helmeted knight heard the words and bit his lip with vexation. Turning his horse about, Sir Garcia uttered a curse at his ill-fortune. He knew not why Miguel had failed him, but determined if the villain lived to punish him, little knowing that his hired assassin was beyond reach of punishment.

In order that the reception might be witnessed by the people and at the same time possess suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns ordered their throne to be placed in a public place, under a rich canopy of brocade and gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen, seated in state, with Prince Juan beside them, and many dignitaries gathered about, awaited the arrival of him who at that time was the greatest man in Spain. This is high praise, for in addition to the sovereigns, the principal nobility of Castile, Valentia, Catalonia, and Aragon were present, all impatient to behold the discoverer.

Columbus and Hernando entered the spacious hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers. The admiral was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance ren-

dered venerable by his white hair, gave him the august appearance of a Roman senator. He was greeted with applause, and a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came. What could be more deeply moving to a mind fired by noble ambition and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of admiration and gratitude from a nation—rather, from a world, for was not the whole civilized world at this moment turning its eyes upon the humble Genoese sailor?

As Columbus approached the sovereigns, Hernando halted, for the admiral was about to take his place among the grand and august of the realm. At his approach the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Kneeling before them upon the rich vermilion carpet, he offered to kiss their hands, but there was some hesitation on the part of the sovereigns about permitting this act of homage. Taking his hand in her own, Queen Isabella raised Columbus to his feet, and in a most gracious manner said:

"I pray you, be seated, admiral, and narrate to us the striking events of your wonderful voyage and discoveries, and give us a description of the islands you have discovered."

To sit in the presence of the sovereigns was a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court. In a calm, modest manner Columbus proceeded to give a brief account of his wonderful discoveries, display-

ing specimens of unknown birds and animals, rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored in barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the native wild people, who were objects of such intense and inexhaustible interest. The queen was delighted. She took some of the smaller birds and animals in her hands, fondled them, and gave them to her page to care for. She conversed with the young Indian woman, who had learned a little Spanish, and was delighted with all she saw and heard. Columbus, after pointing out all he had brought with him, said:

"These are but the harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which will add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of your majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith."

When he had finished, the sovereigns fell on their knees, all present following their example; and raising their clasped hands to Heaven, their eyes filled with tears, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. A deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. When Columbus retired from the royal presence, a shout went up from the multitude. Alone with Hernando, he broke down and wept.

"I shall this day make a vow," he declared. "Great wealth must soon accrue to me, and I will give it all to my heavenly Master; within seven years I will furnish an army, consisting of four thou-

sand horse and fifty thousand foot, for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, and a similar force within five years thereafter."

One pair of jealous, envious eyes watched Columbus, and felt keenly a pang at every sound of his praise. It was the guilty Sir Garcia. He felt that the triumph of Columbus in some way endangered his own prosperity; and had Miguel lived, or could he have found another equally faithful, no doubt he would have attempted the admiral's assassination.

Among the notables frequently with the great discoverer and Hernando was Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, the grand cardinal of Spain, and first subject of the realm; a man whose reputation for piety, learning, and high, prince-like qualities gave signal value to his favors. Sir Garcia Estavan, the scheming knight, had managed by his subtilty to ingratiate himself into the good will of the cardinal. Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza invited Columbus and his youthful companion to a banquet, where he assigned the admiral the most honorable place at the table and had him served with the ceremonials which in those punctilious times were observed toward sovereigns.

Sir Garcia was present, and impatient of the honors paid Columbus and meanly jealous of him as a foreigner, asked during the banquet:

"My lord admiral, do you not think, in case you had not discovered the Indies, there are other men in Spain who would have been capable of the enterprise?"

Columbus was usually cool and good-tempered, but his brow lowered a little at this insulting query; and taking an egg, he handed it to Sir Garcia, saying:

"Sir knight, can you make that egg stand on end?"

Wondering what that could have to do with answering his question, Sir Garcia took the egg, tried to stand it on end, but failed. Then every one at the table, in turn, tried to stand the egg on end, but all failed. When all had given it up, Columbus took the egg, struck the small end upon the table so as to slightly break and flatten it, and left it standing on end.

"There, sir knight," he said, with a triumphant smile, "you can do it now; and when I have once shown the way to the New World, nothing is easier than to follow it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FATHER AND SON.

During his sojourn at Barcelona, the sovereigns took every occasion to bestow on Columbus personal marks of their consideration. He was admitted at all times to the royal presence, and the queen delighted to converse with him on the subject of his enterprises. Occassionally the king appeared publicly on horseback, with Columbus on his one side and Prince Juan on the other. To perpetuate in his family the glory of his achievement, a coat of arms was assigned the admiral in which the royal insignia, the castle and lion, were quartered with his proper bearings, which were a group of islands. To these arms was afterward annexed the motto:

"A Castilla y ā Leon,
Nuevo mundo dio Colon." *

One day, when the admiral was riding with the king, Ferdinand asked:

"Who is the youth, admiral, to whom you are so fondly attached?"

"His name is Hernando Estevan, a son of Roderigo Estevan, whom your highness may remember."

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* "To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world."

"I do; he was the elder brother of Sir Garcia and formerly an heir to the estates since confiscated. There were some charges of treason against him."

"Made by Abdallah Ahmed, the Moor, and substantiated by his own brother, were they not, your majesty?"

"You are right, admiral."

"Those charges were false, though in the civil wars he was true to the house of Castile, while his brother championed the cause of Aragon. I do not censure your majesty, but I believe you were wrongly informed."

"What became of Roderigo?"

"His fate is unknown. He took passage in a ship and sailed westward, and his vessel was never heard from. His son maintains that his father lives in slavery, and he hoped to find him among the strange people on the islands we discovered. I believe, however, that, if he lives at all, he is a slave in some far-off Moorish or Arabian province."

"What grounds have you for such belief?"

"The reasons for it I have kept from the son, as they might lead to an expedition that would end in his death. On various occasions strange hints have been dropped, both by the Moor and Sir Garcia, which lead me to such a belief. I feel that I have strong reasons for this conclusion."

After a moment's reflection, the king said:

"A sailor just returned from Moorish captivity

has narrated to one of my courtiers a most remarkable story."

"Have you heard it?"

"Not from his own lips, but from the knight to whom it was told, and it made such an impression upon me that I intend sending for him and hearing it over again."

"I trust your majesty will send forthwith for this man, and that I also may be a listener."

Consequently, arrangements were made for the next day, that the king and the admiral might, from the prisoner's own lips, hear the story of his captivity and bondage. Columbus was at hand ready to hear the recital, and had not been long with the monarch in the royal chamber when an old man, with long, snow-white hair, beard, and bent form, appeared before them. His pale, wrinkled face seemed to bear the stamp of death and the dungeon's mould upon it, and spoke volumes of suffering. He tottered forward, leaning heavily on his staff as he approached the royal presence. The king had great compassion for age and weakness, and bidding him be seated, urged him to tell his own sad story. Thus abjured by his monarch, the sufferer spoke:

"My liege, this hair is white, but not with years nor sickness; this form is bowed, these limbs bent, not with toil, but cramped and crooked in a foul dungeon. How long did I lie in that dungeon, my liege? I know not. It was years, many, oh! so many; how many I have no means of knowing. Day and night

were quite as one. The blessed Sabbath was unknown, and only went to make up further accursed hours of agony and suffering.

"I was a simple sailor, who, next to the God I worshipped, loved my ocean home and the sovereign under whose flag I sailed. One day we were a few leagues off the Canaries, when, in the gray of morning, we were surprised by a Moorish rover. The robbers gave us chase. We crowded as much canvas as our yards could spread and our masts carry, but the pursuer rapidly overhauled us; and though we fought, we were carried by the board, and, after losing two men killed and five wounded, were made captives and carried to a Moorish dungeon. Whilst there, my liege, my eyes beheld much misery, and my ears grew accustomed to groans of agony and death. One man I shall remember as long as my faculties remain. No braver, nobler, truer chevalier ever couched a lance in Spain. He was tall, young, and handsome when they brought him first, but how soon he changed! The color faded from his cheek, and his hair, as you see mine, turned into threads of whitest snow. They chained him to a column of stone where he could not move a single pace, and with the pale light of the dungeon falling upon him, he withered and grew old. Fettered hand and foot, he pined away, listening to the hollow groans of his fellow-prisoners, like himself chained to pillars of stone and unable to move hand or foot. I was near, and often did I hear him cry out!

" 'Oh! my wife and child! Each aching member of this racked, tortured body would I give to know they were free from the persecutions of my wicked brother!' "

"Whom meant he by his wicked brother?" interrupted the king, who was all attention.

"I know not, my liege. He never spoke his name, only once making mention that he conspired with another to poison the mind of the monarch against him, so that he was forced to fly. When he was most despondent and bewailed his wretched fate loudest, I sought to cheer him with words from where I sat, or even venture a song, but my own voice sounded too like a hollow mockery, and at last I desisted. One by one our fellow-companions perished and were borne away, until we alone remained. How we did it, I know not, but Heaven came at last to aid us. The very iron bands which encircled us became rusted and brittle, and one awful night we broke from our dungeon and fled to the hills and mountains. Many weary days did we wander, pursued by men and beasts, going we knew not whither. Reason totters at the recollection, and I hesitate, my liege, to speak of our sufferings and dangers, lest you grow incredulous and fail to believe my story. One day when we were sorely pressed by our pursuers, my companion was wounded by an arrow and unable to travel farther. I left him in the hut of a kind Andalusian mountain shepherd on the frontier, who promised to take care of him. I wept as a child at bidding him

farewell, perhaps forever, and after weeks of weary flight, I was picked up by some knights and brought hither, broken down in mind and body. This, my liege, is my story."

"Do you know your companion's name?"

"I do, my liege, but at his request I have told it to none. Yet, if your highness demands it——"

"His life may depend on the revelation. What is his name?"

"Roderigo Estevan."

The admiral started from his seat with a glad cry, and the king showed scarcely less pleasure. The sailor thought he could go to the hut where he had left the wounded man, and the king and the admiral speedily fitted out a secret expedition, led by a chevalier named Carpio, to go in quest of the wounded man.

"I should like to lead the party," said Columbus. "I love this youth, and it is my duty to find his father ——"

"We cannot think of it, admiral," Ferdinand interposed. "Your value to the world is too great to warrant risking your life among the brigands of the frontier. Should you perish there would be no one to guide men to these newly acquired dominions, and all might be lost. No, no, no! Chevalier Carpio has long been accustomed to such undertakings and his familiarity with the frontier makes success almost assured. We can trust him to go, and you must stay."

When Hernando was informed that his father was alive, among the mountains, his joy was unbounded. So earnest were his entreaties that he was permitted to accompany the expedition, which was kept a profound secret, for the king and Columbus both doubted Sir Garcia. The admiral thought he could even trace much of his own failure and delay to the unworthy knight.

The expedition, headed by Chevalier Carpio and Hernando, set out at midnight, and before dawn of day was more than five leagues distant from Barcelona.

The chevalier was as gallant a knight as ever wore the golden spurs or led a score of battle-scarred veterans. He was as kind-hearted as brave, and his soul was aroused within him at the story of the wrongs of Roderigo Estevan, so that he swore by the mass to rescue him if alive and avenge him if dead. Hernando rode at his side, and as the chevalier heard the sad story from his lips, he grew to love the youth as a brother.

"Yours has been a sad and stormy life," said the chevalier; "but we believe that the worst is over and you are soon to realize your fondest hopes, the rescue of your father."

"Heaven grant I may; but I did not dream he was among the Moors. I have always thought he was a slave to some wild tribe across the ocean."

"The words of the Moor Abdallah should have aroused your suspicion."

"I thought them but an idle boast, only uttered to throw me off the course I was following."

"Abdallah has been a curse to your family."

"Should we meet with him, I pray you to spare him to my vengeance."

With a smile the chevalier answered:

"Surely, young as you are, you would not dare cross blades with the war-hardened Moor."

THE HAMLET AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"Abdallah met me in combat once before, sir chevalier," said the boy, stoutly; "and should we meet again my experience and skill would be more than a match for his strength and size."

All night long the white-haired sailor led them southward, and when morning dawned they were at a little hamlet at the foot of the mountains. The

inhabitants were a mongrel class of Andalusians, Moors, Ethiopians, and Arabs, who were not a little alarmed at seeing a body of armed horsemen enter their village. No doubt the villagers were in league with the mountain robbers who infested the frontier. Dismounting at the public-house, Carpio ordered food for his men and horses.

"We will rest here for three or four hours," he said to the impatient Hernando, who was all anxiety to press on up the mountains without a halt.

During the pause the proprietor of the public-house made himself acquainted with the chevalier and plied him with questions, which Carpio so skillfully parried as to leave him no wiser than before.

"The sovereigns of Spain promised not to cross the frontier without permission of the Moorish king," the Andalusian finally said.

"We break no treaty," answered the shrewd Carpio.

"Are your searching for brigands?" asked the Andalusian. But nothing was gained by questioning the evasive chevalier, so the Andalusian abandoned his plan and grew sullen and morose. He retired to a spot where a small party of his fellows were assembled, and they conversed in suspicious whispers, which portended no good to our adventurers.

There is no season more delightful than an Andalusian May, the time of the expedition. The party, taking leave of the hamlet, advanced into one

of the most delightful regions of all sunny Spain. On every side rose vast ranges of serrated, ruddy-peaked mountains, between which lay most delightful valleys. A wild, ever-changing panorama of beauty opened up before them — mountains tipped with gold and bordered with emerald, streams of crystal and vermilion, valleys dotted with flowers of every hue pleasing to the eye; birds by day and insects by night making a constant round of melody.

Few men were to be seen, but occasionally they caught a glimpse of a strange, dark-visaged Andalusian or Moor lurking in the wood. The sound of clanking arms sometimes brought forth from the mountain cottage a woman, who shaded her eyes with her hand while she gazed on the glittering helmets and burnished lances of the cavaliers.

In places the mountain path became so steep they were forced to lead their horses; or, again, followed some winding path that led along a narrow ledge on the mountain side at a dizzy height, where a single misstep would hurl them to certain destruction, hundreds of feet below.

Thus the frontier was reached, and their guide, who had silently led the expedition, informed them that they were within a league of the mountain cottage where he had left the wounded fugitive. The sun had passed the meridian, but it was thought that they could reach the place before night. Hernando's heart beat high with hope. After all these years of searching, was he, ere the close of another day, to see

War-hardened Moor.

the face of his father, which he remembered beaming with kindness on him in his infancy? Was the poor victim of many wrongs, groaning under the captivity of years, to be restored to liberty and friends? But there has been a miscalculation, for nothing is more deceitful than distances in a mountain country. In silence they journey on, the hours glide by, and yet the cottage is not reached. Is the guide at fault; has he mistaken his way?

Sunset in Andalusia! A grim, gray waste, bordered by an unending chain of mountains, looking vaster and drearier under the fast falling shadows of night; a red glow far to the west falls luridly across the darkening sky and ghostly mountain peaks; a dead, grim solitude, an immense, crushing loneliness, pervades the region where life, save in gorgeous vegetation appears not to exist; the world seems young, as if just turned from the hand of the Creator.

Like a slender thread of silver the young moon hangs in the ethereal vault, and the pale, lambent glow of the evening star shoots athwart the path of the departing day. At the base, dimly outlined against the darkening sky, but with clear-cut peak, rises a huge mountain before the little band. The guide points up the mountain side, and whispers:

"There!"

But hark! A sound like the martial tread of armies and the clank of arms falls on their ears, a moment later three-score dark-skinned riders pour out of the mountain pass. They are Moorish bandits,

and the dim, uncertain light reveals foe to foe. They are directly in the pathway to the cottage where the wounded man lies. But one result can follow such a discovery.

With visors down and lances couched, the Spaniards, though inferior in numbers, charged recklessly on the Moors, who were still pouring in from the pass. There was a prolonged crash, like a succession of thunderbolts; lances flew into splinters, and men and steeds rolled quivering in the dust. The first onset was but the beginning of carnage. Swords flashed in the twilight and arrows hummed through the air. There was no time to use the matchlock, and but little to fit the feathered points of the darts to the bowstring. The sober gray of twilight gave place to a darker hue, and the conflict still raged, although the faces of the combatants were hardly discernible. But the sharp eyes of hate were quick to pierce the deepening gloom. At the first onset Hernando received a frightful blow, which loosened his casque, and sent it rolling upon the ground. He was stunned by the shock, and his horse thrown back upon its haunches, but he still retained his seat.

"Hernando Estevan, Christian dog, it is you!" cried a voice. Then Abdallah the Moor, his hereditary enemy, charged him with drawn cimeter. The lad's sword was in his hand, and he parried the stroke aimed at his head; and his horse regaining its feet Hernando pressed his antagonist with blows and thrusts which required all the Moor's skill to parry.

Some on foot and some on horseback, friend and foe mingled in one revolving mass, difficult to distinguish. A lance pierced the Moor's horse and the animal fell; in a moment the youth rode over his fallen enemy, and as Abdallah Ahmed rolled from his steed, Hernando leaned forward in his saddle, and with a quick thrust sent his long, keen blade into the Moor's breast. Almost to the hilt the blade disappeared beneath the joints of armor, and with a gasping sob the Moor fell by the side of his wounded horse, never to rise again. Hernando had avenged his father.

The Moors, though numbering three to one, were taken at a disadvantage, and after a short, stubborn resistance retreated through the pass, leaving four of their number slain and two wounded in the hands of the Christians. From one of the captives they learned that Abdallah Ahmed, having gained information that an escaped prisoner was hiding at the cottage of a shepherd, was on his way to slay the fugitive, when he met the Spanish cavalcade in the pass.

"Let us hasten to the cottage," cried the anxious Hernando, and as soon as the wounded could be taken care of, they followed the white-haired guide up the mountain path to a small hut.

The simple-minded, honest shepherd met them at the door. He had heard the sounds of conflict in the valley below, and being a timid man, trembled as he asked:

"In God's name, men, what was the noise in the

valley? Methought all the armies of the earth were battling."

"All is quiet now, and you are in no danger, señor," Carpio answered. "Where is the fugitive who escaped the Moorish prisons and was wounded?"

For a moment the mountaineer hesitated, and then said:

"I cannot deceive you, señor; he is here, but I trust you will do him no harm."

"We are his friends, come to save him."

They were then admitted to the cottage, where a tall, grave man, with a broad, high forehead, deep, black eyes and hair of purest white, was sitting on a chair, his wounded leg on a stool. One glance at the fine, noble face, and despite the changed, wasted features, Hernando recognized him he had sought so long. Rushing forward, he cried:

"Father!"

Amazed, scarcely trusting his ears, Roderigo Estevan, clasped the lad to his heart and cried, "Noble lad, if you are indeed my son, I am fully repaid for my years of suffering."

"I am your son, dear father, never more to be parted from you," said Hernando.

Then they sat at the shepherd's humble board, ate of his simple fare and listened to tales of adventure and encounters with Moorish bandits. The prisoner rescued from a living death thrilled the hearts of all with the horrors of his long imprisonment. Hernando had the wonders of his voyage to relate to

an eager listener and when the morning sun rose beyond the mountain ranges and turned the peaks to shining gold, father and son were still engaged in earnest conversation.

At an early hour the expedition was making rapid progress toward Barcelona. They had scarcely reached the city when a messenger from the king ordered Roderigo to appear before him. So grieved was the monarch at the wrongs which the innocent man had suffered, and so eager was he to make amends for this miscarriage of justice, that a general pardon was ordered at once, clearing forever the name of Roderigo Estevan from the stain of dishonor.

CHAPTER XIX.

EMIGRATION.

The higher a man rises in social and political power, the greater will be his fall, should he fall; and to a man with a vaulting ambition and haughty pride, such as Sir Garcia Estevan possessed, the blow is crushing. From the moment the herald announced the return of Christopher Columbus, the knight felt that his evil star had risen and his good fortune gone forever. Yet so cunningly had his manipulations with Miguel been planned that he felt secure from direct charge of assassination, perhaps from discovery. Miguel himself had been slain without breathing a word of the dark secret, and not dreaming that his brother lived, Sir Garcia felt himself tolerably secure.

But on Roderigo's sudden return to life, Garcia shut himself up in his castle, brooding and consumed with dread. He feared an actual encounter. He dared not meet Columbus or Hernando face to face. His hatred toward all three deepened from day to day.

Any unusual sound through the rooms, any arrival in the court below, set him all a-tremble; and he would rise from his chair and tramp wretchedly and

endlessly about his apartments, crying out against his fate.

The story of his brother's wrongs, meantime, had gone forth among the people and rumors of imminent downfall seemed fairly to filter through the walls and enwrap him in a cloud of terror. He seemed to hear accusing voices; he looked into his attendants' faces with shudders of apprehension.

The blow fell one day, quite suddenly and unannounced. A messenger from the king demanded entrance to the knight's presence. When admitted, the man spoke without waste of words: "I am an officer from his majesty, come with a warrant. I arrest you on a charge of conspiracy."

Sir Garcia sprang from his chair. "Conspiracy! I, a sworn knight, a conspirator against my king?" And he clutched the officer's arm in an iron grip.

"Nay, sir knight, it is not with treason against the crown that you stand charged, but with conspiracy against a subject of the realm."

"Who? What is his name?"

"Sir Roderigo Estevan."

"*Sir* Roderigo Estevan," muttered the knight; "my brother returned to life." His hand fell helplessly and he let himself be led away.

None knew better than Garcia the character of the king's action toward offenders such as he. Stern almost to the extent of wanting mercy, Ferdinand needed all the softening influence of his queen's gentle heart to mitigate the severity of his judgments

and decisions. This sternness we may doubtless trace to the three absorbing and entirely successful objects of his life — the conquest of the Moors, the expulsion of the Jews, and the installation of the Inquisition. Unsparing toward enemies of the kingdom and the Church, he strove to maintain as strict justice in all affairs of his court. Garcia knew he might expect no mercy at the hands of his king.

On hearing of his brother's arrest, Roderigo hastened to the monareh and pleaded for a royal pardon. The king listened with an attentive ear, and when Estevan had ended he said: "I cannot but commend your forgiving spirit, but out of public necessity I must refuse your prayer. Justice must be done though the heavens fall, and justice demands that a crime against a subject, as well as against the crown, shall not go unpunished." All entreaty was in vain; and through the years that followed, Roderigo's petitions were ever met with the same determined refusal.

The king continued: "Señor Estevan, I wish in part, at least, to make amends for some of the great wrongs you have suffered at my hands."

"My liege, I make no complaint." Roderigo answered.

"True, and the fact that you have made none makes me feel more keenly the hurt I have done you. I wish to undo those errors. How can I in any way accomplish this now? No one save a monarch devoted to the welfare of his kingdom knows the

trials to which he who wears the crown is subjected. We cannot see all things; we cannot give every matter a personal investigation; and, as was true in your case, we are frequently misinformed by designing persons. When we have made a mistake, we are anxious to find a remedy. Amends for your misfortunes you can perhaps suggest yourself. Shall I not restore your ancient estate?"

"My liege, I have left to me only the declining years of my life. My one desire is to spend the few years left me in company with my only son, from whom I have been separated since his infancy."

"Will you then, for your son's sake if not your own, accept a title?"

"My liege — " began Roderigo.

But Hernando had stepped forward. "Your majesty," he began, "I beg to win that honor, if it comes at all, by my own worth and effort. Your majesty has vast possessions beyond the sea. A new world has been opened up to civilized man, and with your majesty's gracious permission we will go there and serve your majesty and win fresh laurels for our house."

"My son speaks, I am convinced, with a wisdom and courage far beyond his years," said the father. "The greatest honor a man can win is the esteem of his fellow man. My son is too young to be knighted and the favor should not be conferred on the father for what the son has done or shall yet do. We ask no honors; we are only humble citizens who go forth

to make up the hardy people that are to build a new empire."

"And you are most needed," answered the king with fine enthusiasm. "The hidalgoes of high rank, the Andalusian cavaliers, schooled in arms, who enter on this new life hoping for military glory, wealth, and renown, are worth not half so much to the new country as are those who go to make the wilderness clear to faithful labor and the earth yield her fruits to man. I will issue a commission to you, with a patent, and grant to you all the land you may require; and you may locate it anywhere in our newly acquired possessions."

Estevan thanked his sovereign, and assured him that the land-grant would be worth much more than an impoverished estate or an empty title. They had a long interview with Christopher Columbus, agreeing to become members of the emigrant party, which was to leave Spain shortly for the New World.

They then set out for Seville, going thence to Palos. A messenger had been sent in advance to notify the good grandmother of the return of Hernando's father.

Christina was as eager to see the good Roderigo Estevan as if he had been her own father. Was he not already like a father? And when she beheld the face so deeply furrowed with grief and hopeless imprisonment, she embraced him and wept for joy that he was restored to his family.

Once more Hernando and Christina roamed hand in hand by the seashore. Her embarrassment gone, she was never more happy than when at his side. Again their voices were heard among the dear old hills, and they sat and listened to the dashing surf on the seashore. The waves laughed and bubbled with joy. Their crested foam told no tale of captivity, slavery, and chains. The birds joined in their music from the groves behind them and gave their aid to the laughing sea to make up one grand round of merriment. In the fullness of her joy Christina said:

"We have every cause to be happy. Our troubles have rolled away like a storm cloud leaving the sun brighter than before, and the future bids fair to be a long summer day of quiet joy."

After a moment's silence, Hernando said:

"Christina, we have decided to go to the New World."

"Who?"

"Father and I."

"Will you leave me so soon?" and before the question had escaped her lips her eyes filled with tears.

"I shall soon return, Christina, and with such riches as you nor I ever dreamed of possessing; then I will take you and the good grandame Señora Doria with me, and there in that strange, new land we will build us a home that in magnificence will excel the king's palace. The king has issued a patent

and grant to us, and the future is bright with hope."

It must not be supposed by the reader that Hernando's vision of great wealth was a mere creation of his youthful imagination. The most extravagant fancies regarding the New World were entertained by all members of the expedition. The accounts given by the voyagers who composed the first crew were full of exaggerations, for, in fact, they had nothing but confused notions concerning it, like the recollection of a dream; and it is evident that Columbus himself had beheld everything through the delusive medium of his hopes. The cupidity of the avaricious was inflamed by the idea of regions of unappropriated wealth, where the rivers rolled over golden sands and the mountains teemed with gems and precious metals; where groves produced spices and perfumes and the shores of the ocean were strewn with pearls.

But Christina had found the months of weary waiting for Hernando's return from the first voyage almost unbearable, and could not easily be persuaded to sacrifice her present happiness for prospects of wealth or the anticipation of greater happiness in the future. After a few days, however, she became somewhat reconciled to the thought and reluctantly consented to his leaving. In due time, Hernando and his father set out for Barcelona, where Columbus still tarried, pending preparations for his more extensive visit to the New World.

Some complications had arisen between Spain and Portugal, over territorial rights. These were settled temporarily by the pope's drawing an imaginary line from the North to the South Pole, a hundred leagues west of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands; ceding to Spain all lands that might be discovered west of the line and reserving for Portugal all newly discovered countries east of the boundary line.

A doctrine had been established among Christian princes during the Crusades, which gave to them the right to invade, ravage, and seize upon the territories of infidel nations, under the plea of defeating the enemies of Christ and extending the sway of His Church on earth. In conformity to the same doctrine, the pope, by reason of his superior authority over all temporal things, was considered as empowered to dispose of all heathen lands to such potentates as would engage to reduce them to the dominion of the Church and propagate the true faith among their benighted inhabitants.

With these matters adjusted satisfactorily, preparations for the second voyage continued.

Pinelo, who acted as cashier to provide for the expenses of the expedition, had two-thirds of the Church tithes placed at his disposition; while other funds were drawn from the jewels and valuables of the sequestered property of the unfortunate Jews banished from the kingdom according to an edict of the preceding year. As these resources were still inadequate, Pinelo was authorized to supply the de-

ficiency by a loan. Requisitions were likewise made for provisions of all kinds, as well as for artillery, powder, muskets, lances, horses, corselets, and cross-bows. Notwithstanding the introduction of firearms, the cross-bow was still preferred by many to the arquebus, or matchlock, not so much because of its being more destructive and effective, as on account of the unwieldiness of the arquebus which had to be rested on an iron rack and fired with a slow-match. The flintlock which followed the matchlock had not yet come into use. The military stores which had accumulated during the war with the Moors of Granada furnished a great part of these supplies. Almost all these orders had been issued by the 23d of May, 1493, while Columbus was yet at Barcelona, and rarely has there been witnessed such a scene of activity in the dilatory offices of Spain.

Roderigo Estevan was still lame from the arrow wound received at the time of his escape, and had to walk with a staff. But he was recuperating rapidly, and by the time he and his son returned to Barcelona, was restored to something like youthful activity. Going to the admiral he told him of his intention to emigrate to the new world.

The conversion of the heathen being professedly the great object of these discoveries, twelve zealous and able ecclesiastics were chosen to accompany the expedition for that purpose; among them was Bernardo Buyl or Boyle, a Benedictine monk of talent and reputed sanctity, but at the same time one of

the subtlest politicians of the cloister, in a day when the state was almost wholly controlled by the clergy. Before the sailing of the fleet he was appointed by the pope his apostolic vicar for the New World, and placed as superior over his ecclesiastical brethren.

By way of offering Heaven the first fruits of these pagan nations, the six Indians whom Columbus had brought to Barcelona were baptized with great state and ceremony, the king and queen and Prince Juan officiating as sponsors. Great hopes were entertained that on their return to their native country, they would facilitate the introduction of Christianity among their countrymen.

Before the departure of Columbus from Barcelona, the provisional agreement made at Sante Fé was confirmed, granting him titles, emoluments, and prerogatives of admiral, viceroy, and governor of all the countries he had discovered or might discover. He was also entrusted with the royal seal, with authority to use the names of their majesties in granting letters patent and commissions within the bounds of his jurisdiction; with the right, also, in case of absence, to appoint whomsoever he chose in his place, and to invest him for the time with the same powers.

Cadiz was to be the scene of the second departure of Columbus, and thither all stores and valuables were sent. Thither flocked adventurers, statesmen, and ecclesiastics, all desirious of entering upon a voyage from which, a few months before, everybody shrank. It was not a question of who could be in-

duced to go, but of who should be selected from among the many applicants. Among the noted personages who engaged in the expedition was the young cavalier, Don Alonzo de Ojeda, a relative of the grand inquisitor of Spain, a man of good family and reared under the patronage of Columbus' friend, the Duke of Medina Celi. He had fought in the wars against the Moors, and because of extraordinary personal endowments and a daring spirit, was considered a great acquisition to the expedition.

Hernando and his father hastened to the little cottage near Palos, to gather up a few effects and take final leave of Christina and the good grandmother before departing on the long voyage. Hernando little knew the disappointments in store for him, nor did he realize the years of separation that were to follow this parting with Christina. He seemed to be living in the future, while Christina, woman-like, was enduring bravely the agony of the separation, which her intuition told her would bring weary years of waiting, and she responded but feebly to Hernando's attempt to be cheerful. With the father it was entirely different. He cared little if he never returned to the scenes of so much misery. His thoughts, until now, had been of Hernando and his future; but when they reached the crest of the hill which was to separate them from the little home they were leaving and as they turned to wave a last farewell before beginning the descent, Roderigo turned to his son and broke the silence.

"We are leaving the little cottage home, and I shall probably never return. Many memories, pleasant and painful, dwell about the place, and I cannot leave it without a heartache. It was there I took your sweet young mother in her blushing womanhood, and there we lived the few blissful hours of joy allotted to us; there you were born. But, my son, other and sadder memories dwell there. From that cottage I fled for life, pursued by the avarice and hatred of one who by nature should have defended me. There I embraced your mother for the last time and went forth to a living death. We shall be happier, no doubt, in the new home we shall make in that new world. We go to lay the foundation of a powerful nation. Kings and lines of kings yet unborn will live to bless the first emigrants to that new land."

The journey to Cadiz lay through a country wild with excitement. It seemed as if all South Spain would gladly migrate across the western ocean to the unknown regions of the New World. They found the admiral at Cadiz superintending the embarkation. Greeting them warmly, he took the hand of Hernando and said:

"Since you have found your father, I have lost a son. I wish I might have you with me as constantly as on the other voyage, but I cannot ask you to abandon your father and cleave to me."

"You shall always be my great admiral, and I will always serve you," the youth returned.

Columbus made no answer but he embraced the

lad with tenderest affection, struggling to control his emotions.

The departure of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery presented a brilliant contrast to his gloomy embarkation at Palos. At dawn of day on the 25th of September, 1493, the bay of Cadiz was whitened by his fleet. Three large ships and fourteen caravels loitered and waited with flapping sails the signal to get under way. The harbor resounded with the well-known sound of the sailor hoisting sail or weighing anchor. A motley crowd was hurrying on board and taking leave of friends, confident of a prosperous voyage. Many anticipated an early return; others, eager to escape the vengeance of a broken law, were going to that strange, wild world, to begin a new and, they hoped, a better life.

There was the high-spirited cavalier bound on romantic enterprise; the hardy navigator, ambitious of acquiring laurels in those unknown seas; the roving adventurer, seeking novelty and excitement; the keen, calculating speculator, eager to profit by the ignorance of savage tribes; and the pale missionary from the cloister, anxious to extend the dominion of the Church, devoutly zealous for the propagation of the faith. All were full of animation and lively hope. Instead of being regarded by the populace as deluded men, bound upon a dark and desperate enterprise, they were contemplated with envy, as favored mortals going to golden regions and happy climes, where nothing but wealth, luxury, wonders,

and delights awaited them. Columbus, conspicuous for his height and commanding appearance, was attended by his two sons, Diego and Fernando — the eldest but a stripling — who had come to Cadiz to witness the departure of their illustrious father on his second voyage. Wherever the admiral went, every eye followed him and every tongue sounded his praises.

Standing on the high poop-deck of one of the largest vessels was Roderigo Estevan, the emigrant, with his son Hernando. Anchor was weighed, and amid the wildest cheers, the thunder of cannon, and the waving of banners, the fleet set sail.

Long after the fleet had been under way Hernando stood gazing off at the lovely hills of Spain, until the shores of the Old World faded from his sight.

CHAPTER XX.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MIMIC EMPIRE.

A SEA voyage in the olden time, when navigation was in its infancy, was a different affair from the sea voyage of to-day — where one rides in a floating palace, and most of the dangers and inconveniences of storms and rough weather are overcome. Then, months instead of days were occupied in crossing the ocean.

Before his departure Columbus had given the commander of each vessel a sealed letter of instructions, in which was specified his route to the harbor of Nativity, the residence of the cacique Guacanagari. These instructions were to be opened only in case of their being separated by accident, as he wished to leave a mystery, as long as possible, the exact route to the newly discovered country, lest adventurers of other nations, particularly the Portuguese, should follow in his track and interfere with his enterprises.

When in mid-ocean they encountered a fearful rain-storm one night, during which they saw those lambent flames usually called St. Elmo's fire, playing on the masts of the vessels. These lights have always been objects of superstitious awe

among sailors. When they appeared Columbus explained: "It is the body of St. Elmo and we may now hold it for certain that no one is in danger of this tempest." Then the crew joined in chanting litanies and orisons.

They reached the island of Dominica, where they made a short stay, and then continued westward, discovering the Antilles. The first landing was made at Guadaloupe, where the savages were so much frightened that they ran away, and in their terror and confusion left their children behind them.

Hernando, who was one of the first to go ashore, caressed one of the screaming infants and to amuse it, bound hawks-bells to its arms. All the other little fellows, anxious for some of the same toys, soon gathered about him, and were treated in a like manner.

The Spaniards continued cruising about among the islands, going farther southwest, and finding among some of them what they thought to be evidences of cannibalism.

On the 14th of November, owing to a stress of weather, Columbus was forced to put in at one of the Carib islands, called by the Indians "Ayay," but to which he gave the name of "Santa Cruz." Hernando's father was sent on shore with a well-manned boat, to get water and procure information. They found a village deserted by the men, but secured a few women and boys, most of them captives from other islands.

Hernando, who had been left to watch the coast, now ran to his father, and cried:

"Father, I see a canoe coming round a point of land; look, it is in view of the ships."

"You are right, my son. They knew nothing of our presence. See, they gaze in wonder on the ships! Come now, while they are so absorbed, let us steal upon them and capture them."

The Spaniards leaped into their boat, and pulled with all possible speed for the canoe. They were almost on it before discovered. With a savage yell, the Indians seized their paddles and tried to escape, but could not, as the boat was between them and the land, cutting off their retreat.

"They are going to fight," cried Hernando, as the savages caught up their bows and arrows, which they used with great vigor and rapidity. Notwithstanding that the Spaniards covered themselves with their bucklers, two of them were wounded. The women fought as desperately as the men, and one of them shot an arrow with such force that it passed through a buckler, wounding the man who held it. At Roderigo's command, the Spaniards dashed their boat against the canoe, capsizing it.

But the trouble was not over, for some of the savages climbed upon the sunken rocks, and others discharged their arrows while swimming.

"Don't hurt them if you can avoid it," cried Roderigo; but Ruiz, a sailor, being hard pressed

by one fellow, transfixed him with a lance. One by one they were overtaken and captured with the greatest difficulty, and brought to shore, where the man who had been run through with the lance, soon died. One of the women, from the obedience and deference paid her, appeared to be their queen. She was accompanied by her son, a young man strongly built, with a lion's face and scowling brow. He had been wounded in the conflict, but seemed wholly indifferent to pain or the blood which trickled down his side and dropped on the sand. The hair of these savages was long and coarse; their eyes were encircled with paint so as to give them a hideous expression, and bands of cotton were firmly bound above and below the muscular parts of the arms and legs, so as to cause them to swell to a disproportionate size. The Caribs were warlike and fierce, and refused to be conciliated. In the skirmish they used poisoned arrows, and one of the wounded Spaniards died in a few days from the arrow sent through his buckler by the woman.

For several days the fleet continued to cruise about among the Caribs, trying in vain to conciliate them, but day by day becoming more fully impressed with their prowess and warlike natures Evidences of cannibalism became so plain that one of the Spaniards, Peter Martyr, in his letter to Pamponius Lætus, says:

"The stories of Lestrigonians and of Polyphe

mus, who fed on human flesh, are no longer doubtful! Attend, but beware, lest thy hair bristle with horror!"

It was the 23d day of November, 1493, that the fleet arrived off the eastern extremity of Hispaniola, or what is now known as the island of Hayti. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the crews at the thought of soon arriving at the end of their voyage. Memories of the pleasant days passed among the delightful groves and gentle natives haunted those who had been here on the former voyage, and others looked forward with eagerness to scenes painted to them in all the captivating illusions of the golden age.

Hernando and his father, with a dozen sailors, were sent ashore to bury the Biscayan sailor who had died from the poisoned shot of the Carib queen. Two light caravels hovered near the shore to guard the boat's crew while the funeral ceremony was performed on the beach under the trees. Several natives came off to the ship with a message to the admiral from the cacique of the neighborhood, inviting him to land and promising him great quantities of gold; but Columbus was anxious to return to Fort Nativity and, giving the messengers presents, dismissed them.

On the 25th they anchored in the harbor of Monte Christi, where Columbus was anxious to fix upon a place for a settlement in the neighborhood of the stream to which, on his first voyage, he had

given the name of Rio del Oro, or the Golden River. Among others who landed here were the Estevans, father and son. While roaming about the coast they were horrified to find on the green banks of the rivulet the bodies of a man and a boy, the former with a cord of Spanish grass about his neck, his arms extended and tied by the wrists to a stake in the form of a cross.

"We cannot tell whether they are Spaniards or Indians," the youth remarked, as he gazed at the bodies before him.

"No, they have lain too long for one to determine," the father returned.

"Father, let us not make our home here."

"Why?"

"These dead bodies make a forbidding beginning."

This discovery changed all the plans of the emigrants, and those who had contemplated landing here decided to go on to Fort Nativity.

Sinister doubts and fears rose in the breast of the admiral on learning of the discovery, and he resolved to set sail at once for the harbor of Nativity.

On the night of the 27th of November they arrived opposite the harbor they desired so much to reach, and cast anchor about a league from land, not daring to venture through those dangerous reefs after dark. It was too late to distinguish objects, and the admiral, anxious to let the Spaniards in port know of his arrival, fired two cannon.

"There is no answer," Columbus exclaimed in

alarm, after listening to the echoes rolling along the shore. "Let every one watch for some gleam of a signal light or sign of life." All complied, but none was to be seen; darkness and a death-like silence hovered over the scene. The admiral paced his deck in the greatest anxiety, and never did he more long for morning.

"I see a canoe, admiral!" said Hernando, about midnight.

"Where?"

"Coming toward us."

"Perhaps it is some of the Spaniards from the fort," and the anxious face of the admiral gleamed with hope as he spoke.

"No; there are Indians in the boat," Hernando answered, when the bark was near enough for him to make out the occupants.

"Bring Diego Colon to the deck," Columbus commanded. The admiral was trembling with anxiety, for somehow he felt strangely certain that all was not well with the little colony he had left on the island.

Diego Colon was a young Lucayan, native of the island of Guanahani, who had been baptized at Barcelona and named after the admiral's brother, Diego Colon. He continued always faithful and devoted to the Spaniards.

The canoe came up to within a cable's length of one of the ships and paused, and the Indians who were in it hailed the ship and called for the admiral. They

were at once directed to his ship, where Columbus stood on the deck waiting in the greatest anxiety. They drew near and stopped.

"Tell them to come on board," said Columbus to his interpreter, who stood at his side.

Diego Colon spoke to them, and asked why they did not come aboard, and was answered that they wanted to see the admiral before doing so. Columbus went over to the side of the ship, and lights were held up, that his features might be recognized; then the Indians, being satisfied, came aboard the ship without further hesitation.

One of them, a cousin of the cacique Guacanagari, brought a present from him of two masks ornamented with gold.

"Ask them about the Spaniards who remained on the island," said Columbus to his interpreter. Somehow the very manner of the Indians seemed to increase the fear of the admiral.

Diego Colon spoke to them, and for several minutes they continued conversing in a gibberish, well-nigh distracting to the eager, listening admiral and officers. Then Diego turned to Columbus and said:

"My language, the Lucayan, is very different from that of Hayti, and I am not sure that I understand all they say; but they seem to be telling us that several of the Spaniards fell sick and died, others quarreled among themselves, and others removed to a different part of the island, where they have taken wives. Guacanagari has been assailed by Caonabo,

the fierce cacique of the golden mountains of Cibao, who wounded him in battle and burned his village, so that he remains ill of his wound in a neighboring town; but he will come in person to welcome the admiral tomorrow."

"What do you think of the story the Indians tell, father?" Hernando asked, when the account had been translated. The Estevans were a short distance from the admiral, yet near enough to hear what the interpreter said.

"I don't believe it," answered the father.

"Nor I."

"I doubt if the admiral gives much credence to it."

"He has great faith in the cacique."

The Indian visitors were served with wine, for which they evinced a great fondness, and departed considerably under its influence. Morning dawned and the day advanced and began to decline without the promised visit from the cacique.

"Why does he not come?" the admiral asked himself impatiently again and again. Hernando, with the freedom and familiarity which long association might warrant, went to Columbus and said:

"The Indians may have been lost, admiral. They left the ship with their heads muddled by wine, and it is possible their canoe capsized before they reached the shore."

There was a silence and an extremely suspicious air of desertion about the whole neighborhood. On their preceding visit to the harbor they had found it a

scene of unending animation; canoes gliding over the waters, Indians in groups on the shores or under the trees, or swimming off to the caravel. Now, not a canoe was to be seen, not an Indian hailed them from the land, nor was there any smoke rising from among the groves, to give a sign of habitation.

Roderigo Estevan, Hernando, and twenty others were sent on shore to reconnoitre. On landing they hastened to the fortress, which they found in ruins; the palisades were broken down, and the whole presented the appearance of having been sacked, burned, and destroyed. Here and there were broken chests, spoiled provisions, and the ragged remains of European garments.

"My son, there is treachery here," said Roderigo.

"Surely something terrible has happened. Not an Indian approaches us, whereas on our former visit they were friendly as brothers."

"The garrison has doubtless been murdered," said Roderigo.

At this moment Hernando saw two or three dark faces watching them at a distance among the trees; and, calling his father's attention to them, he said:

"Let us go to them. Perhaps they may be able to tell us something."

Accompanied by his father and Diego Colon, Hernando started toward them; but the faces vanished at their approach, and when the three had reached the spot where the Indians had been seen,

they could find no trace of them. Meeting no one to explain the unhappy fate of the colony, they returned with dejected hearts to the ships, and related their sad discovery to the admiral.

Columbus was still loth to believe in the perfidy of Guacanagari, and went ashore next day to look for the village of the cacique, which he found to be a heap of burned ruins, showing that it had been involved in the disaster of the garrison.

The admiral determined to take full measures against leaving matters in doubt in this manner. He ordered Arana to clear out the well and make every possible search for any evidence that might throw light on the mystery, while he, with Roderigo, Hernando, and three boats loaded with armed men, set out to look for a better site for a fortress. After proceeding about a league they came upon a hamlet, the inhabitants of which fled at their approach, taking with them whatever they could and hiding the rest in the grass. In the houses were European articles which to all appearances had not been procured by barter, such as stockings, pieces of cloth, an anchor of the wrecked caravel, and a beautiful Moorish robe, which evidently had not been unfolded since brought from Spain. Not a single European could be found, and the admiral returned to Fort Nativity, where he learned that seven dead sailors had been found buried.

This was Hernando's first disappointment in the New World and it was shared by every member of

the crew, including Columbus himself. Instead of regions that had been explored, they found the same impenetrable mystery. Instead of a prosperous settlement with an accumulation of gold, the colony had been wiped out of existence. Nor was that all.

An Indian Village.

When they left these shores to return to Spain, the natives were as friendly as brothers; in fact, they had looked upon the Spaniards as celestial beings and had regarded them with adoration. Now the natives were suspicious of the white men and there were evidences of base treachery.

The outlook was not encouraging, to say the least, but they did not despair. Roderigo Estevan argued that though first attempts at building up a new empire might fail, he had seen enough of this new world to believe it was destined to become one of the mighty nations of earth.

Later, Columbus came upon a village where he found the cacique Guacanagari reclining in a hammock of cotton net, suffering from wounds received in battle. He was much affected on beholding the admiral and shed many tears as he related the disaster to the garrison which he had attempted to defend. He pointed out several of his subjects present, who had received wounds in the battle, and referred to them as proof of his good faith. Subsequent historians have considered his conduct suspicious and have implicated him in the death of the Spaniards, but Columbus did not upbraid or reproach him.

It is curious to note this first footprint of European civilization in the New World. No sooner was the admiral gone than the Spaniards left at Fort Nativity gave way to their passions to such an extent as to make the friendly Indians their enemies.

Dissensions grew up among themselves, which finally resulted in open brawls, and they weakened their numbers to such an extent that they could make little resistance to their enemies when roused. They disobeyed Columbus in separating their forces and in wandering away from the fort; and they paid the penalty with their lives.

The destruction of this mimic empire presents, in a diminutive compass, an epitome of the gross vices which degrade civilization and the great political errors which sometimes subvert the mightiest empires. Public good was sacrificed to selfish interests and total destruction was brought about by aspiring demagogues, ambitious to command a petty fortress in a wilderness and to exercise supreme control over eight and thirty men.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CITY OF THE NEW WORLD.

THE Spaniards at Nativity had experienced many misfortunes, both by land and sea, and a cloud of gloom hovered over the place. The ruins of the fortress and the graves of their murdered countrymen were continually before their eyes. The forests no longer looked beautiful and inviting. Instead, there was a suspicion of treachery lurking in their shades and the superstitious mariners began to look upon the site as under some baneful influence. These were sufficient objections to discourage the colony from settling here, but Hernando and his father, who had been scouring the vicinity for a suitable place to settle, had discovered other drawbacks of a more serious nature. In reporting their observations to Columbus, Hernando called attention to the natural disadvantages of the location.

"The land in this locality," he said, "is low, moist, and seems to be unhealthful; and besides, admiral, we have found no stones suitable for building purposes."

"I have determined to abandon the place altogether and seek some more favorable situation," was the decision of the admiral, announced first to Her-

nando privately and then publicly to the colony. "No time must be lost," continued Columbus. "The animals on board the ships are suffering from long confinement and the men, unaccustomed to the sea, are languishing for the refreshment of land."

Accordingly, on the 7th of December, the fleet weighed anchor and set sail for the port of La Plata, but adverse weather drove them into a harbor about ten leagues east of Monte Christi. This harbor was spacious and was commanded by a point of land which, being protected on one side by a natural wall of rocks and on the other by a dense forest, presented a strong position for a fortress. Another and a stronger inducement for them to form their settlement in this place was the report from the natives in the adjacent village that the mountains of Cibao, where the gold mines were situated, lay at no great distance. Hernando was eager to settle here, as he desired to locate his land grant in the vicinity of the Cibao mountains, where he hoped, with the assistance of his father, to accumulate no small amount of gold. All seemed pleased with the beauty of the spot, and unanimously agreed that no more favorable situation for the colony could be found.

An animated scene now presented itself. An encampment was formed on the margin of the plain, plans were drawn, and streets and squares projected. In a little while the whole place was in activity, and here was formed the first Christian city of the New

World, to which Columbus, in honor of his royal patroness, gave the name of Isabella.

It has already been pointed out that few members of the colony were accustomed to the sea and all had suffered severely from confinement and seasickness, and from having to subsist for so long a time on salt provisions, much damaged, and mouldy biscuit. The exposure on land, before houses could be erected, brought on maladies which left them in no physical condition for the tasks before them.

It would be hard to imagine a more disappointed lot of men than these colonists who were to inhabit this first city of the new world. Many had anticipated the golden regions of Cipango and Cathay, where they might amass wealth without labor or even the trouble to seek it; others expected to find regions of Asiatic luxury, abounding with delights; still others, a splendid and open career for gallant adventures. Imagine, then, such a colony of people finding themselves confined to the margin of an island, surrounded by an almost impenetrable forest, doomed to toil painfully in a wilderness for mere subsistence and able to obtain any comfort only by the severest exertion! These disappointments sank deep into their hearts; their spirits flagged as their golden dreams melted away; and the gloom of despondency aided the ravages of disease.

Columbus himself did not escape the prevalent maladies. The responsibilities under which he found himself kept his mind in a state of constant agitation.

The cares of so large a squadron; the incessant vigilance required, not only against the lurking dangers of those unknown forests, but against the passions and follies of his followers; the distress he had suffered because of the murdered garrison — all these had harassed his mind and broken his rest while on board ship. Since landing, new cares and toils had crowded upon him, completely overpowering his strength, and he was confined to his bed by severe illness for several weeks; but his energetic mind rose superior to the sufferings of his body and he continued to give directions for the building of the town.

The embryo city of Isabella was rapidly assuming form. A stone wall was built around the town, protecting it against any sudden attack by the natives; and having at length recovered from his long illness, Columbus prepared for immediate departure to Cibao.

In the meantime, twelve of the vessels of his squadron had been returned to Spain, under command of Antonio de Torres, leaving only five for the service of the colony. Columbus used this opportunity to send to Spain specimens of the gold already found among the rivers and mountains of Cibao, and in his report to the sovereigns he repeated his confident anticipations of soon being able to make large shipments of gold, precious drugs, and spices; the search for them being delayed for the present by his own sickness and the labors required in building the infant city. He reported that their provisions were already running low, and inasmuch as it would require some little time

for them to obtain from their own fields and gardens an adequate supply for the subsistence of the colony, which consisted of a thousand souls, he requested that supplies be sent from Spain for present needs. We should not fail to mention that the admiral in this letter recommended to the notice and favor of the sovereigns two men at whose hands he was destined to receive the most signal ingratitude, Pedro Margarite and Juan Aguado.

In his letter there is one suggestion of a most pernicious tendency, written in that perverted view of natural rights prevalent at the time, but fruitful of much misery in the world. Through mistaken zeal, Columbus considered that the greater the number of these pagans transferred to the Catholic soil of Spain the greater would be the number of souls put in the way of salvation; and he proposed to establish an exchange of them as slaves, against live stock to be furnished by merchants to the colony. Such is the strange sophistry by which upright men may sometimes deceive themselves. Columbus thought he was following the dictates of his conscience, when in reality he was allowing himself to be influenced by consideration of his own interests. In his eagerness to procure immediate profit for his sovereigns and relieve the drain upon the treasury, he sent, without waiting for royal sanction, a consignment of Indian prisoners, suggesting that they be sold as slaves at Seville. But the compassionate spirit of Isabella revolted at the idea of treating these gentle people as

slaves. As the patroness of the New World, she looked upon these people as under her special care and she anticipated with pious enthusiasm the glory of leading them from darkness into the paths of light. She ordered that they be sent back to their native country, and recommended that the inhabitants be conciliated by the gentlest means; but, unfortunately, her orders came too late to Hispaniola. The seeds of animosity had already been sown and the colonists had invited the vengeance of the natives.

The command of the city and ships during the admiral's absence on this expedition into the interior was entrusted to his brother, Don Diego. Las Casas, who knew Don Diego personally, represented him as a man of great merit and discretion, of a gentle and pacific disposition, and more characterized by simplicity than by shrewdness. He was sober in his attire, wearing almost the dress of an ecclesiastic, and Las Casas thinks he had secret hopes of preferment in the Church.

As the admiral intended to build a fortress in the mountains and make preparations for the working of the mines, he took with him the necessary workmen, miners, and implements, and on the 12th of March set out at the head of about four hundred men, well armed and equipped. On this expedition a road was opened for the march of the army, which was called "The Gentleman's Pass," in honor of the gallant cavaliers who effected it. This narrow, rugged footpath, winding among rocks and precipices, still exists

in its primitive rudeness and is the only practicable defile which traverses the Monte Christi range of mountains in that vicinity.

This expedition did not result in the discovery of any large quantities of gold and after the foundation of the Fortress of St. Thomas had been laid and the structure was well along, Columbus decided to return to Isabella and continue his voyage of discovery.

Hernando had partially recovered from the disappointment he experienced on landing at Nativity, and he set out with a new determination on this expedition, his father accompanying him and sharing with his son the enthusiasm which the prospects of immediate wealth inspired.

"I bought these two pieces of virgin ore from an old man today," was Roderigo's report, at the close of a day which had been unfruitful for the son. "He thought himself richly repaid with a hawk-bell which I gave him in exchange; and when I spoke of the size of the specimens, he indicated by signs that they were insignificant as compared with the pieces of gold found in his country."

"They are the finest nuggets I have seen," replied Hernando, as he examined them closely.

"What do you say that we accompany him tomorrow?"

"It's no use. The land of promise is always beyond the mountains," replied Hernando despondently. "I have been searching for two whole days in remote valleys and along rugged streams, where I was told I

would find masses of oré as large as a child's head. It is useless to seek further here, and with the admiral's permission I shall return with him to Isabella and go with him on this voyage of discovery, in the hope of finding the object of all our expeditions, the land of the Grand Khan."

"My son, you must not be disheartened. Great riches are not acquired in a day or in a week."

"But Christina —"

"Did you not send her a message by Antonio de Torres?"

"Yes, but I did not wish to distress her with my disappointments. I did not tell her of the ruins we found at Nativity, and she will not know but that I have already accumulated great riches."

"Who knows, perhaps tomorrow will bring your fortune?"

"No, I shall leave with the admiral tomorrow, to continue the search by sea."

"Then what say you, Hernando, that I remain here? Perhaps Providence will reward both of us for our labors. At any rate we shall double our chances of success by separating."

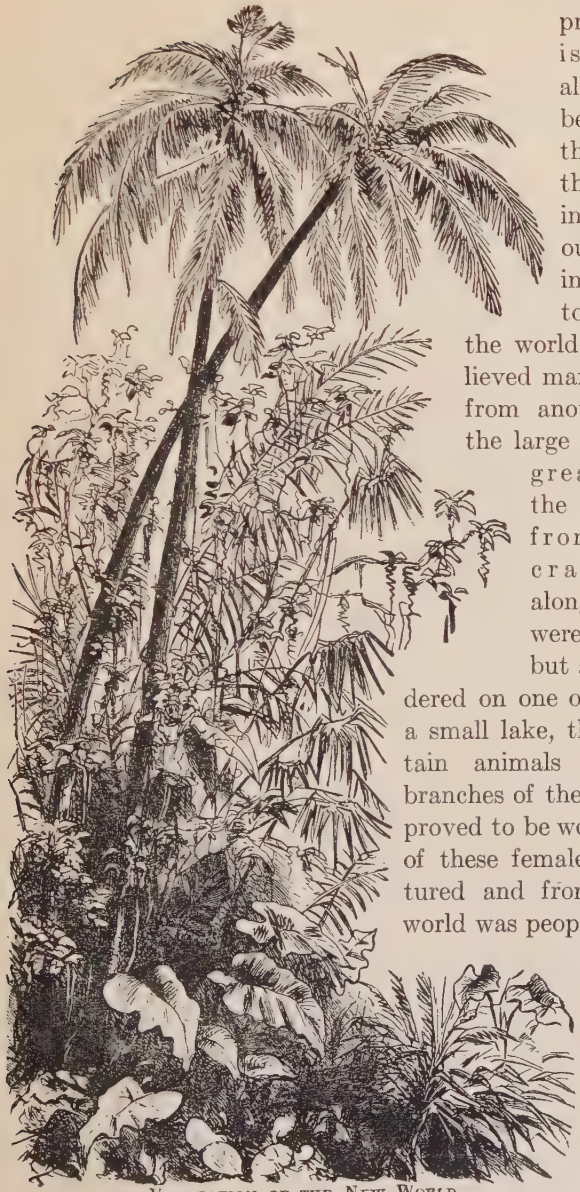
To this they agreed. It was not necessary for Hernando to seek permission to accompany the admiral, for Columbus had already arranged for his going, and they reached Isabella together on the 29th of March.

Columbus was highly pleased with the appearance of everything in the vicinity of the harbor. The

plants and fruits of the Old World, which he was endeavoring to introduce into the islands, gave promise of rapid increase. Everything was in an advanced state. The seeds of various fruits had produced young plants; the sugar-cane had prospered exceedingly; European vines, which had been transplanted, already began to form their clusters, and the day after their arrival at Isabella Hernando found heads of wheat which had been sown the latter part of January. Many of the smaller kinds of garden herbs came to maturity in sixteen days, and the larger kinds, such as melons and cucumbers, were ready for the table within a month after the seed had been put into the ground.

One of the benefits resulting from their expedition into the interior was a better knowledge of the natives. Columbus had already discovered the error of one of his opinions concerning these islanders, formed during his first voyage. They were not so entirely pacific nor so ignorant of the warlike arts as he had imagined. He had been deceived by the enthusiasm of his own feelings and by the gentleness of Guacanagari and his subjects.

Columbus had also indulged in the error that the natives of Hayti were destitute of all notions of religion, but it was soon discovered that they had their faith, though of a vague and simple nature. They believed in a supreme being, inhabiting the sky, who was immortal, omnipotent, and invisible; to whom they ascribed, as origin, a mother, but no father. Their ideas with respect to the creation were vague and undefined. They gave their own island of Hayti



VEGETATION OF THE NEW WORLD.

priority of existence over all others, and believed that the sun and the moon originally issued out of a cavern in the island to give light to the world. They believed mankind issued from another cavern, the large men from a great aperture, the smaller men from a little cranny. For a long time, there were no women, but as they wandered on one occasion near a small lake, they saw certain animals among the branches of the trees, which proved to be women. Four of these females were captured and from them the world was peopled.

Like most savage nations, they had a tradition concerning the universal deluge, equally fanciful with most of the preceding. Most singular of all was their mode of treating the dying and the dead. When the life of a cacique was despaired of, they strangled him, out of a feeling of respect, rather than suffer him to die like the vulgar. After death, the body of a cacique was opened, dried at a fire, and preserved. Of others, the head only, or a limb, was treasured as a memorial.

Their idea of a future life was a place of reward, to which all spirits of good men repaired after death. Here they were reunited to the spirits of those they had most loved during life; here they enjoyed, uninterruptedly and in perfection, those pleasures which constituted their felicities on earth.

Such are a few of the characteristics remaining on record of these simple people, who perished from the face of the earth before their customs and creeds were thought of sufficient importance to be investigated. Many of these particulars were collected by Columbus during the excursion among the mountains. The natives appeared to him an idle, improvident race, indifferent to most of the objects of human anxiety and toil.

The hospitality which characterizes men in such a simple and easy mode of existence was extended to Columbus and his followers, and wherever they went there was a continual scene of festivity and rejoicing. The natives came from all parts of the island, bring-

ing presents and laying the simple treasures they possessed at the feet of the beings whom they still considered as descended from the skies to bring blessings to their island.

As, in imagination, we accompany the little army through the lofty and rugged gorge of the mountains on their way back to Isabella, we cannot but pause to cast back over this beautiful region a look of mingled pity and admiration. The dream of natural liberty, of ignorant content, and loitering idleness was as yet unbroken, but the white man had penetrated the land and the indolent paradise of the Indian was about to disappear forever.

CHAPTER XXII.

A LOST BROTHER RETURNS.

THE increasing discontent of the motley population of Isabella was a source of great anxiety to Columbus. He could not proceed on his voyage of discovery with affairs in their present condition, and it was imperative, before leaving, to put the island in such a state as to secure tranquillity. Columbus, therefore, determined to send into the interior every able-bodied man whose presence was not absolutely needed in the city. By this means, not only would they explore the land, but they would become acclimated and accustomed to the diet of the natives. The general command was entrusted to Pedro Margarite, who was relieved of the command of St. Thomas by Alonzo de Ojeda. With this distribution of the forces and the affairs of Isabella under the direction of his brother Don Diego as president of the junta, Columbus felt prepared to depart on his discoveries.

This expedition of Columbus is of minor importance today, and we will not attempt, therefore, to follow him step by step in his bold but cautious advances along the bays and channels of an unknown coast, ignorant of the dangers which might await

him in the interminable regions of mystery that still kept breaking upon his view.

The plan of this expedition was to revisit the coast of Cuba at the point where he had quitted it on his first voyage, thence to explore it on its southern side. As has already been observed, Columbus supposed Cuba to be a continent, the extreme end of Asia; and if so, he believed that by following its shores in the proposed direction, he must eventually arrive at Cathay and those other rich and commercial though semi-barbarous countries described by Mandeville and Marco Polo.

On the 24th of April the little squadron set sail from the harbor of Isabella. After touching at Monte Christi, he anchored the same day at Nativity, in the hope of reviving friendly relations with Guacanagari, which would be highly advantageous to the Spaniards in their present state of helplessness.

Hernando was one of the party sent to invite the cacique to visit Columbus, but his report, on returning to the ship, was not reassuring:

"My lord admiral, Guacanagari fled at sight of our ship and cannot be seen."

"Did he send no word?" asked Columbus eagerly, for he was anxious to renew friendly relations with the cacique before leaving on this voyage, which would probably mean an absence of several months.

"He merely sent word that he would visit you soon."

"Then we shall not wait for a visit so reluctantly promised," the admiral replied.

No time was lost in making their departure, and a few days later Columbus landed on the island of Jamaica, to which he gave the name of Santiago, and took possession of it; but it has retained its original Indian name of Jamaica. This discovery proved to be the most important event of the voyage. Columbus' disappointment at not finding gold in Jamaica was followed by a determination to sail for Cuba and not to leave it until he had explored the coast a sufficient distance to determine whether it was *terra firma* or an island. Animated by one of the pleasing illusions of his ardent imagination, Columbus pursued his voyage, favored by a strong breeze, along the supposed continent of Asia. The appearance of the squadron spread wonder and joy among the natives along the seacoast. Columbus' fame had spread far and wide since his first voyage, and the natives hailed with delight the arrival of these wonderful beings who brought with them the blessings of heaven. The usual refreshing evening showers were followed by a delightful breeze from the shore, laden with the sweetness of the land and the distant songs of the natives mingled with their rude music, made in celebration of the arrival of the white men. So delightful to Columbus were these spicy odors and cheerful sounds that he exclaimed to Hernando, "The nights pass away as a single hour!"

It is impossible not to note the striking contrasts

Along the Coast of Cuba.

which are sometimes presented by the lapse of time. This section of the island, described by Columbus as "populous and animated and inhabited even along the margin of the coast," is now silent and almost deserted. Only a few villages are to be found between Batabano and Trinidad, a distance of fifty leagues. Civilization, which has covered some parts of Cuba with prosperous cities, has left this a solitude. The whole race of Indians has long since passed away, perishing under the domination of the strangers whom they welcomed with adoration.

The glowing hopes of Columbus were always leading him on to new enterprises. Combining his present conjectures as to his situation with the imperfect geographical knowledge of that day, he conceived a triumphant return to Spain by way of the Mediterranean after circumnavigating the globe. That they were now coasting the continent of Asia and approaching the confines of Eastern civilization was an opinion shared by all his fellow-voyagers, among whom were several able and experienced navigators. They were far, however, from sharing his enthusiasm.

Hernando constantly enjoyed the confidence of the admiral; in fact, he was about the only member of the crew to whom Columbus could turn to express his secret thoughts, and he joined enthusiastically in all the plans which the ardent imagination of the admiral conceived. He was steadfast and unwavering in his loyalty to the master whom he loved and

could not be moved by the arguments or protestations of the others.

"What glory are we to receive from the success of the enterprise?" asked one who shrank from the perils which were daily increasing. "The ships are strained by injuries received in running so frequently aground, the cables and rigging are worn, and our provisions are almost exhausted. Most of the biscuit left has been spoiled by the sea water. The crew is completely worn out by incessant labor and dis-

WILDERNESS OF ISLANDS.

heartened at the appearance of the sea, which continues to present but a mere wilderness of islands."

"Your arguments are useless," was Hernando's response. "The admiral has determined to continue the voyage until he has settled beyond all doubt that we have discovered a continent."

"We have already followed the coast far enongh to satisfy our minds that this is a continent, and though we doubt not that civilized regions lie in the route we are pursuing, our provisions will be exhausted and our vessels disabled before we can reach them."

Columbus himself was aware of the inadequacy of his vessels, and, after persevering four days longer against the protests of his crew, he consented to turn back.

This decision, however, was first stated privately to Hernando. "I have other orders to issue," said the admiral, "before this is proclaimed. We have had recent proof of a disposition to depreciate our discoveries and this one must not rest merely on my own assertions. Send round the public notary, Fernando Perez de Luna, to each of the vessels, accompanied by four witnesses, including yourself, and demand formally of every person on board, from captain to ship-boy, whether he has any doubt that the land before him is a continent, the beginning and end of the Indies, by which any one might return overland to Spain and by pursuing the coast of which he would soon arrive among civilized people. If any one entertains a doubt, let him express it now before we turn back."

All declared, under oath, that they had no doubt as to the truth of this; and a formal statement, which was drawn by the notary and signed with the name of every member of the crew, is still in existence. It was then proclaimed by the notary that if any one should subsequently, out of malice or caprice, contradict the opinions thus solemnly avowed, he should, if an officer, pay a penalty of ten thousand maravedis; if a ship-boy or person of like rank, he should receive a hundred lashes and have his tongue cut out.

All further exploration of the coast was abandoned and on the 13th of June he stood to the southeast. They had not sailed many days when they came in sight of a large island with mountains rising majestically above this labyrinth of little keys. To this Columbus gave the name of Evangelist. The island later became a notorious resort for pirates. It is at present known as the Isle of Pines.

The squadron anchored in a number of harbors before they finally reached Hispaniola. In all important places which they visited, crosses were erected, to denote not only the discovery of the country but its subjugation to the true faith.

On one occasion when Columbus disembarked for this purpose, he was met upon the shore by the cacique, accompanied by a venerable Indian of grave and dignified deportment. The old man brought a string of beads, to which a mystic value was ascribed, and a calabash of a delicate fruit. These he presented to the admiral in token of amity. They then took Columbus by the hand and led him to the grove, where preparations had been made for the celebration of mass. While the Spaniards worshipped in this natural temple the Indians looked on with awe and reverence. From the tones and gesticulations of the priest, the lighted tapers, and the smoking incense, the natives perceived that they were witnessing a ceremony of a sacred and mysterious nature. When the service was ended, the old man, who had looked on with profound attention, ap-

proached Columbus and made an oration in the Indian manner, which was translated by the Lucayan interpreter, Diego Colon.

"This which thou hast done," said the Indian, "is well, for it appears to be thy manner of giving thanks to God. I am told that thou hast lately come to these lands with a mighty force and subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people; but be not, therefore, vainglorious. Know that according to our belief, the souls of men have two journeys to perform after they have departed from the body; one to a place, dismal and foul and covered with darkness, prepared for those who have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men; the other, pleasant and full of delight for such as have promoted peace on earth. If, then, thou art mortal and dost expect to die and dost believe that each one shall be rewarded according to his deeds, beware that thou wrongfully hurt no man, nor do harm to those who have done no harm to thee."

The admiral was greatly moved by the simple eloquence of this untutored savage, and assured him that he had been sent by his sovereigns to teach them the true faith.

After an absence of more than five months, during which the expedition had struggled with perpetual difficulties and dangers and had suffered almost constantly from a scarcity of provisions, the crew returned to Isabella exceedingly enfeebled and emaciated by the toils and privations of the expedition. The

"The Admiral was Greatly Moved by the Simple Eloquence of this Untutored Savage."

extraordinary fatigue both of mind and body during an anxious and harassing voyage had proved too great a strain on the physical endurance of the man who was always in command. Columbus had shared in all the hardships of the commonest seaman. He existed on the same scanty allowance of food and exposed himself to the same buffetings of wind and weather; but he had other cares from which his crew were exempt. While the sailor, worn out by the labors of his watch, slept soundly through the raging storms, the anxious commander was on duty long sleepless nights. The safety of his ships depended on his watchfulness; but above all, he felt that the eyes of a jealous nation and an expectant world were anxiously watching for the result of his enterprises. During the greater part of the voyage, he had been excited by the constant hope of arriving at India and returning triumphant to Spain after circumnavigating the globe. When these expectations failed him, the conflict with incessant hardships and perils stimulated him on the return voyage. But when at last he found himself in a known and tranquil sea and relieved from all anxiety, the support of excitement was withdrawn and mind and body sank helplessly under a load of almost superhuman exertions. Columbus was stricken suddenly with a malady which deprived him of all his faculties and he fell into a deep, death-like lethargy. He was borne back to Isabella in a state of complete insensibility. When at last he regained his faculties,

a joyful surprise awaited him. At his bedside were Hernando and Don Diego, and another — the companion of his youth, his confidential coadjutor, his brother Bartholomew, from whom he had been separated for years.

Hernando already knew to what extent the admiral had included his brother Bartholomew in his plans, and had heard him express many an anxious thought concerning the fate of his brother who had been sent to England to make application to the court of King Henry VII at about the time Columbus took his departure from Portugal, but from whom no word had ever been received.

"I was several years reaching the court of England," was the story told to Hernando by Bartholomew himself. "On the voyage I was captured and robbed by a corsair and reduced to such poverty that for a long time I had to struggle for a mere existence."

"And did you eventually lay the admiral's plans before the English monarch?" Hernando inquired eagerly.

"Yes, and the proposition met with more ready attention than from any other sovereign. We entered into an agreement for the prosecution of the enterprise and I departed at once for Spain in search of my brother. On reaching Paris, I received the joyful intelligence that the discovery had already been made, that he had returned in triumph to Spain and was then actually at the Spanish court, honored

by the sovereigns, caressed by the nobility, and idolized by the people; and I myself a person of sufficient importance to be noticed by the French monarch Charles VIII, who, understanding that I was low in purse, furnished me with a hundred crowns to defray the expenses of my journey to Spain. I reached Seville just as the admiral had sailed on his second voyage. I immediately repaired to the court, then at Valladolid, and was received with distinguished favor by their majesties, the king and queen. They gave me command of a small expedition, freighted with supplies for the colony; but again I arrived too late, reaching Isabella just after the departure of the squadron for the coast of Cuba."

"Then even had Spain failed us, all would not have been lost?" asked Hernando, who was thinking that but for the intercession of Luis de St. Angel Columbus would have been allowed to leave Spain forever.

"No. Had the good queen not recalled the admiral, he would undoubtedly have sailed on the voyage of discovery from an English port, instead of from Palos," replied Don Bartholomew.

"And the honor of discovering the new world would have belonged to England?"

"Yes. Their procrastination came near costing the Spanish monarchs the greatest glory of their reign. It shows how important a link in the chain of destiny the slightest incident may become."

"That is the voice of the admiral now," said Hernando, as he hastened to his bedside.

In the outer room Don Bartholomew waited impatiently to be admitted to the presence of his illustrious brother. Presently Hernando returned and announced that the admiral had regained consciousness.

"He has been overwhelmed with cares and has been almost constantly surrounded by strangers. It will be an inexpressible relief to him to see you and know that you are here to share his responsibilities."

The meeting between the admiral and Don Bartholomew, after so many years of separation, can be better imagined than described. Since their separation in Portugal, Christopher Columbus had won for the family name a glory that already had shed its rays into every civilized country in the world.

The portrait of Don Bartholomew has suffered by having remained too much in the shade of his illustrious brother. It is worthy of being brought into the light as a companion to that of the discoverer. Less amiable and engaging, perhaps, in its lineaments, and less characterized by magnanimity, its traits are nevertheless bold, generous, and heroic, and stamped with iron firmness. Las Casas, who knew him personally, tells us that he was prompt, active, decided, and of a fearless spirit; anything which he attempted to do was carried into instant execution, without consideration of the difficulties or dangers

to be encountered. His person corresponded to his mind; he was tall, muscular, vigorous, and commanding. He had an air of great authority, but somewhat stern, lacking the sweet-tempered, authoritative demeanor of the admiral. He was equally vigorous and painstaking in intellect, but less enthusiastic in spirit and soaring in imagination. He was more the practical business man and possessed greater worldly wisdom, which is so important in the ordinary concerns of life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FOUNDING OF SAN DOMINGO.

During Columbus' absence, things had not gone at all well. Instead of carrying out the military tour commanded by the admiral, Margarite had lingered among the populous and hospitable Indian villages, and the Spaniards had outraged the dearest feelings of the natives by their licentious conduct. Notwithstanding the protests of Don Diego, Margarite persisted in a course of outrages and oppression, fatal to the tranquillity of the island. He took no notice of Don Diego, but acted as if he were supreme in command. Supported by an aristocratic faction in the colony, who affected to consider Columbus and his family as mercenary and upstart foreigners, Margarite took possession of the ships which brought out Don Bartholomew and returned to Spain to report the disastrous state of the colony.

The whole island had become a scene of discord and violence through the flagrant violation of the rules Columbus had prescribed for the peace of the inhabitants. It was no small task to restore order, and in his anxiety to relieve himself of a part of his responsibilities, which weighed heavily upon him during his illness, Columbus immediately appointed

Don Bartholomew adelantado, an office corresponding to that of lieutenant-governor. This appointment was not made because of any desire to aggrandize his family, but it was looked upon as such by the colony, especially by those who came in conflict with his authority. The king himself considered it an undue assumption of power; but Columbus realized the necessity of his brother's assistance in the present critical state of the colony and felt that this co-operation would be ineffectual unless it bore the stamp of high official authority.

The confidential relations which existed between the admiral and Hernando gave the latter free access at all times to the secret councils of the admiral. Returning from a scouting expedition, Hernando rushed into the presence of the junta and announced that the allied caciques were already assembled in great force in the vega.

"They are only two days' march from Isabella," said he, "and are planning a general assault upon the settlement in overwhelming numbers."

"We had better carry the war into the territories of the enemy, rather than suffer it to be brought to our own door," advised Don Bartholomew, who was of a decidedly military turn of mind.

"We will take the field at once," declared Columbus; and a few days later he was leading an army of two hundred infantry and twenty horse, armed with cross-bows, swords, lances, and heavy arquebuses, through the mountain pass of the cavaliers, whence

he had first looked down upon the beautiful regions of the vega.

With what different feelings did he now contemplate it! The vile passions of the white man had already converted this smiling, beautiful, and once peaceful region into a land of wrath and hostility. On his previous expedition the natives came from far and near to welcome the Spaniards with adoration. The same rich forest below him now swarmed with lurking warriors.

"I had hoped to rule over this inoffensive people as a patron and benefactor," said Columbus in compassionate tone; and after a moment's hesitation, he added pathetically, "but now I find myself compelled to assume the odious character of a conqueror."

The Spaniards had an easy victory, which Columbus followed by a military tour through the island and reduced the natives to obedience. Having been forced by the confederacy of the caciques to take the field, the admiral now asserted the rights of a conqueror and imposed a heavy tribute on the subjugated provinces. Each subject above the age of fourteen years was required to pay tribute. In the mining regions this was payable in gold dust; while in those districts which were remote from the mines each individual was compelled to furnish twenty-five pounds of cotton every three months, and on paying his tribute received a copper medal as a certificate of payment, which he was to wear about his neck.

The taxes and tributes thus imposed bore heavily

upon the spirit of the natives. Unused to labor of any kind and accustomed to the untasked idleness of their soft climate and fruitful groves, death itself seemed preferable to a life of toil. They were obliged to grope day by day, with bending body and anxious eye, along the borders of their rivers, sifting the sands for the grains of gold which were constantly growing more scarce; or to labor in their fields, beneath the fervor of a tropical sun, for their taskmasters. They sank to sleep at night, weary and exhausted, and seldom spoke except of the times that were past, before the white man introduced sorrow and slavery among them. All spirit of opposition was at length quelled, but in this way many thousands of the natives perished miserably. Those who survived submitted humbly to the yoke. So deep an awe did they feel for their conquerors that it is said a Spaniard might safely go alone all over the island and the natives would carry him from place to place on their shoulders.

While Columbus was pacifying the island Margarite was busily engaged undermining his reputation at the court of Castile. He accused the admiral of deception and charged him with laying excessive tasks upon the community during a time of general sickness; with wantonly inflicting severe punishments on the common people; and with heaping indignities on Spanish gentlemen. Nothing was said, however, of the exigencies which demanded unusual labor; nor of the profligacy which required chastise-

ment; nor of the seditious cabals of the Spanish cavaliers, who had been treated with indulgence rather than severity. The popularity of Columbus received a vital blow and immediately began to decline. The confidence of the sovereigns was impaired and it was determined to send some person of rank, who could be trusted to take upon himself the government of the island in case of the continued absence of the admiral. Later, however, Juan Aguado was chosen as a mark of consideration for Columbus, who had highly recommended him to royal favor.

Notwithstanding his obligation to Columbus, Aguado allowed his head to be turned by a little temporary power, and lost sight of the respect and gratitude due his benefactor. He arrived at Isabella in October, 1495, while the admiral was still absent on his expedition into the interior to re-establish tranquillity. He found Don Bartholomew in command, but, assuming a tone of authority as though the reins of government had been transferred into his hands, he interfered with public affairs and paid no respect to the adelantado. Without awaiting the return of Columbus, Aguado caused his letter of credence from the sovereigns to be proclaimed pompously by sound of trumpet:

"Cavaliers, Esquires, and other persons, who by our orders are in the Indies, we send you Juan Aguado, our groom of the bedchambers, who will speak to you on our part. We command you to give him faith and credit."

Nor was this all. The rumor was circulated that the downfall of Columbus and his family was at hand and that the auditor had arrived, empowered to hear and redress all grievances of the public. It was a time of jubilee for offenders. Every culprit became an accuser.

This intelligence reached Columbus in the interior of the island and he immediately hastened to Isabella, accompanied by Hernando. A violent scene was expected at the impending interview. Aguado, secure in his royal letter of credence, looked forward to the outcome with the ignorant audacity of a little mind. The sequel shows how hard it is for petty spirits to anticipate the conduct of a man like Columbus in an extraordinary situation. Schooled by a life of trials, Columbus had learned to bring his passions into subjection to his judgment. He had too true an estimate of his own dignity to enter into a contest with a shallow boaster like Aguado. Above all, he had too profound a respect for his sovereigns. He received Aguado, therefore, with grave and punctilious courtesy, ordering that the letter of credence be again proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the presence of the populace, and listened to it himself with solemn deference.

Aguado was not prepared for this turn of affairs. He had expected that in the heat and impatience of the moment, Columbus would say or do something that could be construed into disrespect for the authority of the sovereigns.

Hernando never failed in his loyalty to the admiral, but he was in such a state of agitation over the impending downfall of Columbus that he was of little service to any one, not even himself. He was disheartened at his continued failure to find vast quantities of gold, and the glowing hopes which he held out to Christina before his departure from Spain were fast fading from his mind. Now, added to his own disappointment was his great anxiety for his loved master; so it is little wonder that his heart almost failed him — but be it said to his credit, he was far more concerned about the fate of Columbus than about himself.

"The admiral's forbearance," said Hernando to Don Bartholomew in a confidential interview, "is regarded by the colony as a lack of moral courage; he is looked upon by everybody as a declining power—"

"And Aguado hailed as the lord of the ascendant!" interrupted Don Bartholomew.

"Every culprit in the colony is loud in his clamor against the admiral," continued Hernando, "and Aguado has not the discrimination to perceive what is true and what is false in these complaints. The admiral should defend himself against these charges. If he will not, then you, Don Bartholomew, must speak in his defense."

"My lad," replied Don Bartholomew gently to the impulsive statements of the youth, "it is useless to defend one's self when the word of a lawbreaker is of more value than the oath of a loyal subject. Every

culprit is encouraged to vilify the admiral, under the promise of Aguado's friendship. When he has secured information sufficient in his judgment to insure our ruin, he will return to Spain. One of us must return with him and plead our cause before the sovereigns. Her majesty, the queen, will see that justice is done."

Their conversation was interrupted at this point by the admiral himself, who came to say that Aguado had decided to return to Spain and that he had resolved to accompany him.

"There are active enemies of standing and influence at court, who are seeking every occasion to throw discredit upon us and our enterprises. I must return and explain the real causes of the repeated disappointments in the profits anticipated from our discoveries."

"Are you never to have peace, admiral?" asked Hernando.

"I am beginning to fear not. After laboring so many years to convince the Spanish monarchs that there was a new world to discover, it seems equally difficult to prove the advantage of the discovery."

Before they separated, it was decided that Don Bartholomew should remain, and continue the administration as adelantado of the island. Just as the ships were ready to depart for Spain, a terrific storm swept the island and sank three of the vessels with all who were on board. The others were driven about, dashed against each other, and tossed — mere wrecks — upon the shore. The only vessel which

withstood the storm was the *Niña*, and that in a very shattered condition. Columbus gave orders to have her immediately repaired and another caravel constructed out of the wreck of those which had been destroyed.

While waiting for the ships to be made ready for sea an important discovery was made, which influenced Hernando to remain in Cuba until Columbus should return from Spain.

On his return from the voyage made in search of the kingdom of the Grand Khan, Hernando was overjoyed to find his father at Isabella. Their disappointment at his failure to find gold in any quantity was swallowed up in their pleasure at being together again. The years of separation had strengthened the bond of affection between father and son, and Hernando spent most of his time, when not actively serving the admiral, in the company of his father.

As they were strolling alone one evening on the outskirts of the village, Hernando was accosted by a young Aragonese, who showed plainly by his manner that he was afraid to enter the streets except under the protection of night.

"I am Miguel Diaz, formerly in the service of the adelantado, but now an outcast from among my countrymen. I am eager to return to civilized life, but must first obtain a pardon."

"Have you suffered innocently?" asked Roderigo, whose own bitter experiences as an exile were vividly recalled by Miguel's statement.

"I was never tried for any crime. I have suffered voluntary exile," replied Miguel. "In a quarrel with a comrade some months ago, I wounded him dangerously, and fearful of the consequences, I fled from the settlement. Wandering about the island I finally came to an Indian village (the present site of San Domingo), where I was received with kindness by the natives. The village was governed by a female cacique, who soon conceived a strong attachment for me. As I was not insensible to her tenderness, we were shortly afterwards married in accordance with the rites of her religion and we have lived very happily together. But it is a melancholy lot to be exiled thus from one's countrymen, and she has constantly feared that I would desert her for my own people. That we may continue to live together in happiness, she has sent me to persuade the colony to abandon Isabella and settle upon the fertile banks of Ozema, promising that the utmost kindness and hospitality will be extended by her subjects. She herself has informed me of certain mines in the neighborhood, and from careful inquiry I am sure they abound in gold. I have come here, relying on these tidings to secure for myself a pardon. Will you take my message to the adelantado and not betray me if I wait here for your return?"

"I recall the circumstances. The man whom you wounded has since recovered," replied Hernando. "I will conduct you to Don Bartholomew and let you tell your own story. I am sure you will be pardoned."

Hernando's enthusiastic assurance left no room for doubt in Miguel's mind and he presented himself boldly before the adelantado at once. Hernando was not mistaken. No news could have come more opportunely. The admiral was anxious to remove the settlement to a more healthy and advantageous situation. He was desirous also of carrying home some conclusive proof of the richness of the island; and if these representations were correct, here was a means of accomplishing both his purposes. Don Bartholomew, accompanied by Hernando and his father and a party including Miguel Diaz, set out at once to ascertain the truth.

The Indians of the neighborhood received the Spaniards with the promised friendship and in every respect the representations of Miguel Diaz were fully verified. When the adelantado returned with his favorable report and with specimens of ore, the anxious heart of Columbus was greatly elated. He gave orders that a fort should immediately be erected in the vicinity of the mines and that they should be diligently worked.

Later Hernando went to the admiral for permission to locate his land grant in the vicinity and remain with his father and work the mines, and Columbus encouraged him in the belief that these were richer than any that had been previously discovered and would lavishly repay diligent working. When the admiral was told that traces of ancient excavations had been found he exclaimed enthusiastically:

"At last, Hernando, we have found the ancient Ophir! These undoubtedly are the mines which supplied King Solomon with the gold for the temple at Jerusalem."

In such a state of exaltation were they over the prospects of the wealth in store, that neither realized the pain that separation would bring; but when, a few days later, the fleet sailed for Spain, Columbus, standing alone on the deck of his ship, saw through a mist of tears the slowly receding form of Hernando. Keen, indeed, was the pang of parting from the youthful companion of his disappointments and triumphs, and on his face was an expression of utter loneliness.

Of all the messages entrusted to the admiral's care none was so zealously guarded as the one from Hernando Estevan, which was destined to gladden at least one heart in sunny Andalusia.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

When Columbus landed in the port of Cadiz, a feeble train of wretched men crawled forth, emaciated by the diseases of the colony and the hardships of a three months' voyage. They were not laden with the spoils of the Golden Indies. Instead, they brought nothing but tales of sickness, poverty, and disappointment. This was in striking contrast to the admiral's appearance on his former triumphant return. He endeavored as much as possible to counteract these unfavorable indications and to revive the enthusiasm of the public, but he was doomed to experience the reverses to which they are subject who have once launched from "the safe shores of obscurity on the fluctuating waves of popular opinion." The world is prompt to lavish its admiration at first, but soon becomes indifferent, then cold, and fancies it has been defrauded into giving with such prodigality. The history of our own times furnishes striking examples of like character; and human nature was pretty much the same then as now. Columbus was a foreigner, serving an adopted country, without relatives or powerful connections at court; and envy and malice had been but too successful in undermining his

popularity. In three short years, which had been filled with trials and tribulations for the admiral, the public had become accustomed to the stupendous wonder of a newly discovered world, and now turned a ready ear to every report derogatory to the fame of the discoverer.

In those days the most rapid means of communication was by courier and this service was employed only for the most important affairs. The newspaper was not then in existence to send forth to the public every morning a report of the happenings of the day previous. Rumors circulated readily and as there was no means of confirming or denying the truth of such reports, the people were accustomed to accept such news as authoritative.

The news of Columbus' return reached the little cottage, which is already familiar to the reader as the scene of many incidents related in this story, late one evening, as a rumor that was circulating in Palos. Christina waited anxiously through the night, and the next day she made frequent trips to the crest of the hill, which commanded a more distant view of the road that wound about the hills of Andalusia. Each time she returned to the cottage with an aching heart, though all the while trying to console the good grandmother with explanations of Hernando's delay. For three long, weary days these two anxious souls waited impatiently for confirmation of the rumor of Hernando's homecoming. At last Christina broke down under the strain of anxiety. She could console her-

self no longer. Recalling the many stories of peril and adventure which Hernando told her on his return from the first voyage, she was sure he must have been among the unfortunate ones who perished in the expedition. Finally, when no message came, she began to doubt Hernando's fidelity. "He has no doubt returned," she thought, "with wealth and with the influence which his intimate acquaintance with the admiral gives him, and forgetting his promises to me, will seek the hand of a princess. Indeed, why should he share his good fortune with an orphan who has never been anything more than the object of his charity? Do I not already owe my life to him?"

At last, when she had justified such conduct in her own mind and was on the point of speaking her thoughts to Señora Doria, a courier arrived with the message which Hernando had entrusted to the admiral. Had it been received a few days earlier, this letter would have been poor consolation to Christina, who had already waited nearly three years for Hernando's return; but after the anxiety that had filled her mind with doubt of her lover, it was sufficient merely to know that she had not been forgotten. Hernando's letter was accompanied by an invitation from the admiral for Christina to come to Cadiz before he took his departure, and as he was daily expecting a summons from the sovereigns, Christina and the grandmother were on their way early the next morning.

Christina expected to see Columbus clad in the

finest raiment, and she wondered greatly when he presented himself in the humble garb of a Franciscan monk, simply girded with a cord; later, however, she learned that this was in fulfillment of a penitential vow made in a moment of danger — a custom prevalent in those days and frequently observed by Columbus.

The admiral was enthusiastic in his praises of Hernando's unselfish devotion.

"In all our hardships he has been my constant companion. When others protested, he was uncomplaining; when they would have turned back and brought ruin to our enterprises, he was unwavering in his loyalty and steadfast in his determination to execute the orders entrusted to him. I little realized the sacrifice of personal service I was making in consenting to let him remain in the colony."

Such warm praise of Hernando from so great a man as Columbus filled Christina's heart with pride; she had a hard struggle to control her emotions, but listened calmly as the admiral continued:

"All preparations had been made for him to return with me, but while the fleet was lying at anchor we were visited by a terrific storm which destroyed all our vessels save one; and, unfortunately, Hernando lost everything he had accumulated. While our ships were being a second time made ready, an important discovery was made in the richest provinces of Asia. The ancient Ophir, from which Solomon procured the gold for his temple at Jerusalem, was found,

and Hernando remained behind to assist in the diligent working of those mines. When he returns he will be one of the richest men in all Spain."

So impressive and convincing was the manner of Columbus that no one could listen to his accounts of his discoveries without sharing his enthusiasm; and Christina was made to feel as she never had before that these few years of separation would be productive of rich returns in happiness and prosperity for Hernando and herself.

During their interview, a courier arrived with a letter from the sovereigns, congratulating Columbus on his safe return and inviting him to present himself at court as soon as he should recover from the fatigues of his voyage. Preparations were made for an early departure, and Christina and Señora Doria returned to the cottage near Palos. On his way to court, Columbus made a studious display of the treasures he had brought from the New World. The necessity of resorting to such means — the mere glitter of gold — to dazzle the gross perceptions of the multitude can be taken as indicative of the attitude of the public mind at that time toward the discoveries of Columbus. If gold were not to be found there in prodigal abundance, what availed it that an unknown navigator had opened to the world these vast new regions.

The reception which he received at the hands of the sovereigns was different from what he had anticipated. No mention was made of the complaints made by Margarite or the inquiries conducted by

Aguado. The sovereigns were too conscious of the extraordinary difficulties of Columbus' situation not to tolerate what they may have considered errors of judgment.

Encouraged by the favorable attention which he received and the interest which the sovereigns manifested in the accounts of his recent voyages and discoveries, Columbus now proposed more extensive enterprises, and asked for this purpose a fleet consisting of eight ships, two of which were to proceed at once to Hispaniola, for the relief of the colony; the remaining six to be put under his command for the voyage of discovery. The promise was readily given and doubtless it was made in good faith; but again Columbus was destined to meet with irritating delays. The ambition of Ferdinand taxed the resources of Spain to the utmost. At that time an army was being maintained in Italy, under Gonsalvo of Cordova, to assist the King of Naples in recovering his throne, from which he had been suddenly deposed by Charles VIII, of France; and another on the frontiers of Spain, which were threatened with invasion by the French. At the same time these armies were in the field, Ferdinand was laying the foundations of a wide and powerful connection through the marriages of the royal children. It was this family alliance which afterward consolidated such an immense empire under his successor and grandson, Charles V. With such cares pressing upon the minds of the sovereigns, the distant and uncertain enterprises of Columbus

were easily neglected and were postponed until the following spring of 1497.

When at last everything else was in readiness for the preparations for the expedition, an entirely new and unexpected difficulty arose. The charm of novelty, which in the preceding voyages made many crowd into the service of Columbus, had been dispelled and an odium had been thrown upon his enterprises. The public no longer looked upon the New World as a region of wealth, but as a land of poverty and hardship. To supply the lack of voluntary recruits, it was necessary to commute the sentences of criminals to transportation to the new settlements, where they were to labor in the public service. This measure was adopted at the suggestion of Columbus himself, which shows the desperate straits to which he was reduced by reason of the reaction of public sentiment.

At length, after all manner of harassing delays, six vessels were fitted for sea, and on the 30th of May, 1498, Columbus set sail from the port of San Lucas de Barrameda on his third voyage of discovery.

At the Isle of Ferro the fleet was divided and three of the ships were sent directly to Hispaniola, carrying supplies to the colony at San Domingo. The admiral continued with the other three ships to the Cape de Verde Islands, whence he sailed southwest on the 4th of July, arriving a week later within five degrees of the equator. This course brought him needless perils and hardships. Had he sailed straight west from Ferro across the ocean, he might

have had a comfortable voyage, with the trade winds filling his sails, to the point where he touched land in South America; but through ignorance of atmospheric conditions in the tropical regions, he followed the custom of his day in first sailing to the parallel upon which he wished to cross the ocean. This brought him into the neutral zone between the northern and the southern trade winds, a trifle north of the equator

The perils encountered have been best described in the words of Washington Irving:

"The wind suddenly fell and a dead, sultry calm commenced, which lasted for eight days. The air was like a furnace; the tar melted; the seams of the ship yawned; the salt meat became putrid; the wheat was parched as if with fire; the hoops shrank from the wine and water casks, some of which leaked and others burst; while the heat in the holds of the vessels was so suffocating that no one could remain below a sufficient time to prevent the damage that was taking place. The mariners lost all strength and spirits, and sank under the oppressive heat. It seemed as if the old fable of the torrid zone was about to be realized, and that they were approaching a fiery region where it would be impossible to exist."

During this time the admiral suffered extremely from gout, but he was required to be constantly on duty and his anxiety allowed him no repose. The distresses of his men continued to increase, until on the 31st of July — when their supply of fresh water

was exhausted — land was sighted. The summits of three mountains rising above the horizon were first seen; and with a feeling of devotion, Columbus gave the land the name of La Trinidad, signifying Trinity. While coasting Trinidad, he discovered the Orinoco and his vessels were nearly swamped by the surging tide which poured from the mouth of that stupendous river. This discovery convinced him that the coast to the south of him was that of a continent — a continuation of the Cuban coast previously explored, and which he believed was the extreme mainland of Asia.

He believed that by following this river one might arrive at the apex of the world, the terrestrial paradise, the Garden which the Lord planted in Eden — and he cited many authorities to support his opinion.

Continuing westward, he explored the pearl coast of Paria, and the abundance of fine pearls discovered confirmed the good opinion already formed of that country.

He would gladly have pursued this westward course, but by this time, the 19th of August, his strength had failed him and he steered straight to Hispaniola. Three months, to the very day, from his departure from Spain, he arrived—almost the wreck of his former self—at the mouth of the river Ozema, the site of the new city which he had directed Don Bartholomew to build in his absence. This settlement was afterward called San Domingo

and was the origin of the city which to this day bears that name.

Before Columbus came ashore he was welcomed with affectionate ardor by Don Bartholomew and Hernando. The meeting between the two brothers was a source of mutual joy. They were strongly attached to each other; each had had his trials and sufferings during their long separation, and each looked with confidence to the other for strength and comfort.

"I am nearly blind from incessant watching," Columbus replied when Hernando remarked his haggard appearance. "Anxious watching at all hours and in all weathers wears harder upon me as my years increase; but now, Hernando, that I have younger shoulders on which to place the responsibilities, I shall have respite from my toils."

When he arrived at San Domingo both mind and body craved relaxation; but from the time he entered public life he was destined never again to know the peace of repose. On his third visit to the New World, he found everywhere scenes of poverty and suffering and the former hospitality of the natives at an end. The island was in the throes of a rebellion, headed by Francisco Roldan, the alcalde mayor, or chief judge of the island, a man under the deepest obligations to the admiral.

Roldan was one of those base spirits who grow venomous in the sunshine of prosperity. His benefactor had returned to Spain apparently under a cloud of disgrace. No word coming from Columbus

for so long a time, Roldan considered him ruined and began to devise means by which he might reap personal profit from the downfall of the admiral. His aim was to bring final ruin to Don Bartholomew and Columbus, both with the colony and the government at home.

The wars with the natives and the seditions among the colonists had put a stop to the labor of the mines, and all hopes of acquiring wealth had been abandoned. What was still worse, they were facing the horrors of a famine. Such was the desperate state in which Columbus found the colony in consequence of his long detention in Spain.

"The adelantado has been wonderfully alert and skillful in his management of the affairs of the colony during your absence, admiral," said Hernando when he was alone with Columbus. "He is always at the post of danger at the critical moment. In accordance with your policy not to leave discontented men in idleness, he has been most active in making frequent marches from one remote province to another. But Roldan, in his efforts to undermine Don Bartholomew's influence, has caused reports to be circulated that those marches were made in order that Don Bartholomew might enrich himself with the spoils of the caciques. With subtle skill he has sought to instill poison into the minds of the colonists, and one by one has added them to his following until he could openly defy the adelantado. Our loyal service and best efforts have accomplished but little." Her-

nando finished his unsolicited report in a half apologetic tone.

"With every exertion the best of men can accomplish but a limited amount of good, but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief," replied Columbus.

The first thing Columbus did on his arrival was to issue a proclamation approving of all the measures adopted by the adelantado and denouncing Roldan and his associates. Later he offered the rebel pardon on condition of his immediate return to duty. The offer was accompanied by a request that he come to San Domingo, and the positive assurance of personal safety for him. Roldan treated the proffered pardon with contempt and intimated, at the same time, that in his hands he held the fortunes of the admiral, to make or mar as he pleased. This arrogant reply was not what Columbus had hoped to receive and it served to make his position an even more difficult one.

"Order the men of San Domingo to appear under arms, that we may ascertain the force with which we can take the field, in case of necessity," were the directions given the adelantado, after a brief conference between himself and Columbus, at which Hernando was present. "While this order is being executed, circulate the report, Hernando, that the force is to be led against the rebels under Roldan."

Later, Hernando reported to the admiral that he had caused this rumor to be spread, and added

"Only seventy men have appeared under arms, and not more than half of them are to be relied upon."

"What excuse do they offer?"

"One affected to be ill, another lame; some had relatives, others friends, among the followers of Roldan."

"An appeal to arms would only betray our weakness," said Columbus.

"Such a course," advised Don Bartholomew, "would completely prostrate the dignity and authority of the government. We must temporize, however humiliating."

"I had hoped to put an end to this rebellion before the squadron returns to Spain, so as to send favorable accounts of the island to the sovereigns, but I have already detained the fleet eighteen days, in the hope of sending home as many of the discontented colonists as care to return. We cannot delay the ships longer."

This council was held on the 17th of October and on the following day the fleet put out to sea. Columbus wrote the sovereigns an account of the rebellion, stating that Roldan pretended it was a mere quarrel between himself and the adelantado, of which he, Columbus, could not be an impartial judge. He entreated that Roldan be summoned to Spain, where the sovereigns might be his judges.

Roldan and his friends also used this opportunity to send letters to Spain, justifying the rebellion by charging Columbus and his brothers with oppression

and injustice and painting their conduct in the blackest colors. One would hardly suppose that the representations of these rebels would have any weight against the exalted services of Columbus; but popular prejudice was on their side, and numerous friends and relatives in Spain, some of whom were in the confidence of the sovereigns. Columbus, to use his own simple but affecting words, was "absent, envied, and a stranger."

The cold reply which Columbus received from Spain in response to his earnest entreaties to the sovereigns had a disheartening effect upon him. Full of zeal, however, for the success of his undertaking and of fidelity to the interests of the sovereigns, he resolved to spare no personal sacrifice of dignity in order to bring to an end the troubles of the island.

Roldan was finally restored to his former position of alcalde mayor, or chief judge, and Columbus bore patiently the insolence of the man and of the shameless rabble which had returned, under his protection, to the settlement. While Columbus was laboring with loyal zeal to bring the island back to obedience, and making great sacrifices to accomplish that end, his enemies were busy discrediting him at court. Every vessel which sailed from the New World carried complaints representing Columbus and his brothers as upstarts, unaccustomed to command and inflated with their sudden rise from obscurity. He was even accused of a design to cast off all allegiance to Spain

and either make himself sovereign of the newly discovered countries or yield them into the hands of some other power. By the time he had succeeded in restoring a measure of tranquillity in the island, events had come to pass in Spain which were to overwhelm him with distress and leave him crushed in spirit for the remainder of his days.

King Ferdinand had never regarded Columbus with entire cordiality, and since ascertaining the importance of his discoveries had regretted the extensive powers vested in his hands. The insistent clamors which had arisen during the brief administration of Don Bartholomew at length determined the king to send out some person of rank and ability to investigate the affairs of the colony. This man was empowered, should he find Columbus and his brother culpable, to supersede them in the government — a singular mode of insuring partiality. The man chosen for this high office was an officer of the royal household, Don Francisco de Bobadilla. He is described by his contemporaries as needy, passionate, and ambitious; three weighty objections to his appointment to a position where the judge was to derive wealth and power from the conviction of the accused.

Columbus was absent from San Domingo on the 23d day of August, 1500, when two caravels were descried off the harbor, about a league at sea. Don Bartholomew also was away on an expedition, and Don Diego was in command temporarily. He supposed the ships in the harbor had arrived from Spain

with supplies and hoped to find on board Columbus' son, Diego, whose presence the admiral had requested to assist him in his various concerns. Hernando put out in a canoe to inquire whether Diego was on board. Bobadilla himself replied, "I am the commissioner sent out to investigate the rebellion."

The master of the caravel, who was standing by his side, then called to Hernando:

"What report have you of the island?"

"The rebellion has been crushed. Seven of the rebels have been hung this week and five more are in the fortress of San Domingo, condemned to suffer the same fate," replied Hernando, with the confident assurance that the information would be gratifying to the commissioner, who was coming in the interests of peace.

In reply to his question, Hernando told Bobadilla that Don Diego was in command and that the admiral and Don Bartholomew were absent from the city. When he returned to San Domingo with the news that a commissioner had arrived to make inquiry into the late rebellion, there was great agitation throughout the community, while everyone awaited in breathless suspense the landing of the commissioner.

The next morning Bobadilla came ashore with all his followers and went to the church to attend mass, where he found Don Diego. In the presence of the populace assembled at the door of the church after the service, Bobadilla ordered his letters patent to be read, authorizing him to investigate the rebellion,

seize the persons and property of the delinquents, and proceed against them at once with the utmost rigor of the law; then, addressing Don Diego, "I demand the persons of all prisoners, with the depositions taken concerning them; and order that the men by whom they were accused and those by whose commands they were arrested appear before me."

"The proceedings were by order of the admiral, who holds superior powers to any which you can possess; and without his authority, I cannot obey your commands," replied Don Diego.

The self-important Bobadilla was incensed at Don Diego's refusal to execute his orders, and he retorted boastfully, "I will show you that I have command, not merely over you, but over the admiral himself."

The next morning Bobadilla again appeared at mass, resolved on assuming at once the authority which rightly was to be his only after full investigation of affairs and ample proof of the malconduct of Columbus. In the presence of the people he ordered read his other royal letter, investing him with the government of the islands. He then took the customary oath of office and again demanded the prisoners confined in the fortress and was again refused by Don Diego.

When his commands had been refused the third time, Bobadilla repaired to the fortress to take the prisoners by force of arms. The post was commanded by Miguel Diaz, the Aragonian cavalier who owed

his pardon and restitution to honor to Hernando's intercession with the adelantado. Miguel Diaz's loyalty to the admiral could not be shaken by threats and Bobadilla was compelled to storm the fortress, which he found destitute of a garrison and formidable in name only.

While Bobadilla was making this arrogant entrance into office, Hernando was hastening to the admiral, who was at Fort Conception, one of the five military posts of the island.

"These are the unauthorized acts of some rash adventurer," said Columbus in reply to Hernando's report. "It is impossible to believe that this man is sanctioned by the government in such intemperate measures," he continued with indignation, as Hernando laid before him the details of Bobadilla's actions in taking possession of the admiral's house and seizing his property, both public and private, even his most secret papers.

The repeated assurances of high consideration on the part of the sovereigns and the perpetual prerogatives granted to him, with all the solemnity of a compact under their hand and seal, forbade him to consider the recent events at San Domingo as other than outrages on his authority by some misguided individual.

"We must proceed to Bonao, in order that we may be near San Domingo," said Columbus.

"Shall I order the guards to accompany you?" asked Hernando, eager to render some service.

THE ARREST OF COLUMBUS.

"No, we will travel unattended."

They had hardly reached the place, when an alcalde from Bobadilla arrived, bearing copies of his letters patent, but accompanied by no special letter or message to the admiral. None of the common forms of courtesy was observed in superseding him in command.

Columbus was exceedingly embarrassed but he wrote Bobadilla in guarded terms, welcoming him to the island. He received no reply, and while this insulting silence was maintained toward him, he remained in an anxious and perplexed state of mind, uncertain what course to pursue. Finally, a summons was received from Bobadilla to appear before him at once, accompanied by the royal letter of credence; and without further hesitation the admiral departed for San Domingo, unattended except by Hernando. On reaching San Domingo, Columbus found his brother Don Diego in irons, confined on board a caravel, with no reason assigned for his imprisonment.

Hernando had gone to seek his friend, Miguel Diaz, and learn from him what information he could, but had been gone only a few minutes when he returned in a great state of agitation.

"Admiral," he cried, "Bobadilla has ordered that you be put in chains and confined in the fortress, and three officers are coming to make the arrest."

Hernando wept bitterly, but Columbus uttered not a word, nor did he display the least emotion. With characteristic magnanimity he looked beyond the

petty tyranny of this shallow agent to the sovereigns who had employed him.

When the officers arrived and proceeded to carry out the orders of Bobadilla, Hernando could not bear to witness the outrage and left the room; and Bobadilla, although he had the admiral and Don Diego in his power, was anxious and ill at ease. Don Bartholomew was still at large with an armed force under his command, and knowing his warlike spirit, Bobadilla feared he might take some violent measures when he learned of the imprisonment of his brothers; but Columbus sent a message to Don Bartholomew, instructing him to repair peaceably to San Domingo and urging him to submit quietly to all present wrongs.

The adelantado complied with these instructions and hastened to San Domingo, where he received the same treatment as was accorded his brothers. They were kept in ignorance of the cause of their imprisonment and were separated from each other. Bobadilla himself did not see them nor would he permit others to visit them.

It is a question whether Bobadilla really had the authority to arrest Columbus and his brothers, but there is no doubt but that he reversed the order of his instructions. Having pre-determined that Columbus was in the wrong, he had to assume by the same rule that all those opposed to Columbus were in the right. It was necessary, for his own justification, to inculpate the admiral and his brothers; and

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

the rebels he had been sent to punish became, by this simple rule of perversion, necessary witnesses to convict those against whom they had rebelled. His became a common cause with theirs, and in a manner he made the rebels his confederates in the ruin of Columbus. After having obtained what he considered sufficient testimony to condemn the prisoners and secure himself in command, he decided to send the admiral and his brothers home in chains.

Hernando was well-nigh broken-hearted at the sad fate that had come upon his beloved master. He and Roderigo spent many an anxious hour in the little cottage that had been erected on his land grant just outside of San Domingo. Immediately on learning that Columbus was to be sent back to Spain, Hernando set about securing permission to accompany him; and almost to his own surprise was successful in his attempt. It was arranged that Roderigo should stay in San Domingo and live on Hernando's land grant, which, as it had been issued by the king himself, was beyond Bobadilla's power to confiscate.

By this time San Domingo swarmed with miscreants just delivered from the dungeon. There was a perfect jubilee of triumphant villainy. The most malicious slanders were shouted in the streets outside the fortress where the admiral was confined. When they reached his ears in the dungeon, Columbus reflected on the violence already manifested and began to be apprehensive for his life. He feared

that he might be sacrificed without a hearing; and when the officer, Alonzo de Villejo, who had been appointed to take charge of the prisoners and conduct them back to Spain, entered with a guard, Columbus thought he was to be taken to the scaffold.

"Villejo," he said mournfully, "whither are you taking me?"

"To the ship, your excellency, to embark," replied the officer.

"To embark!" repeated the admiral, earnestly; "Villejo, do you speak the truth?"

"By the life of your excellency," replied the honest officer, "it is true."

When the admiral saw the face of Hernando he was comforted. It should be said to the credit of Villejo that he discharged the duties of his office in a more generous manner than was intended by Bobadilla. Hernando soon secured permission to remove the irons; but when they approached Columbus to liberate him, he would not consent.

"No," said he, proudly; "their majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name. By their authority he has put me in chains. I shall wear them until they order them to be taken off, and shall preserve them afterward as a memorial of the reward of my services."

He did so, and kept them hanging in his room to the day of his death.

CHAPTER XXV.

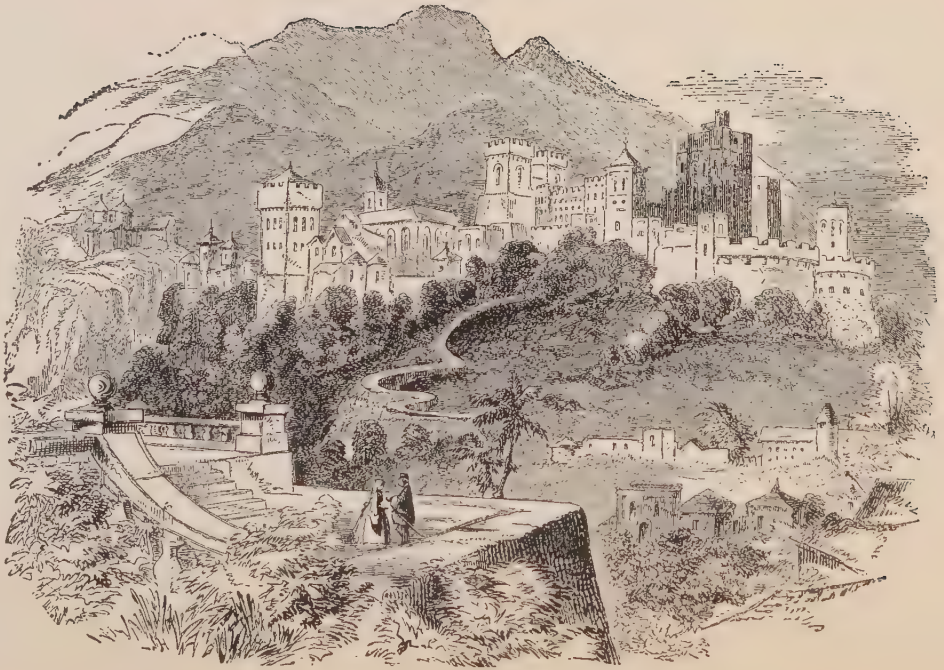
TEMPEST-TOSSED.

"DON CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD, ARRIVES A PRISONER IN CHAINS."

WHAT a sensational headline such an announcement would make in a modern metropolitan daily paper! Imagine, if you can, such an announcement, and you will be able to form some conception of the commotion created in Spain when Columbus landed at Cadiz in custody of Alonzo de Villejo. The excitement was only slightly less than on his triumphant return from the first voyage.

In their eager determination to ruin Columbus his enemies had defeated their own object by their violence. Persecution pushed too far produces a reaction in the public mind, and when Columbus arrived at Cadiz, those who had been loud in their clamor against him were moved by the shameful treatment accorded him into loud expressions of sympathy, against which not even the government could contend. The halls of the Alhambra were filled with murmurs of astonishment when the tidings of his arrival in such an ignominious manner reached the court at Granada.

In those days it required considerable time to



The Alhambra.

send a message from Cadiz, through the winding passes of the mountains, to Granada; and in waiting for a reply to the message which he sent the sovereigns immediately on his arrival, Columbus was compelled to spend many days and nights in restless suspense.

When the noble-minded Isabella learned that the royal authority had been abused and how greatly Columbus had been wronged, her heart was filled with mingled sympathy and indignation. Without waiting for any evidence that might come from Bobadilla, orders were sent to Cadiz that the prisoners should instantly be set at liberty and treated with all distinction.

The anxiety had not been less telling on Hernando than on the admiral himself; and in addition to his concern for his master, he was being consumed by a desire to see Christina. After a few days, Columbus succeeded in persuading Hernando that he could be of no further service before the departure for Granada, and the youth set out for Palos, with the little cottage home of his childhood as his goal.

With what impatience does a traveler approach the end of his journey, after many weary days of travel. The desire to be at his journey's end seems to increase in mathematical proportion as the distance lessens. To Hernando, the journey from Cadiz to Palos seemed longer than the voyage across the Atlantic. He begrudged his steed the few moments that were lost for necessary rest and refreshment,

and on arriving at Palos he tarried only long enough to confirm the report which had preceded him, of the arrival of the squadron; then again he was on his way to the cottage in the hills near by.

"Our arrival has been reported in Palos," said he to himself, "and no doubt the news has reached

The Deserted Cottage.

Christina. She has been expecting me for several days. Doubtless she is looking for me now—perhaps will be coming to meet me;" and he watched the path with anxious eye.

The shades of night were gathering as Hernando

approached the cottage, his heart throbbing violently with emotion; but to his utter amazement no light was to be seen; the door was closed. He called loudly for Christina and the grandmother, but heard no sound in reply save the echo of his own voice. Everything was still; the cottage was deserted.

Nature is kind and wonderfully sympathetic in preparing her children for the calamities that are inevitable. The violent state of Hernando's emotions saved him now from being completely crushed by the blow. Scarcely knowing what he did, he returned to Palos and went direct to the home of Vincent Yanez Pinzon, who had been captain of one of the caravels that sailed with Columbus on his first voyage. Heart-sick and anxious, he searched his mind for any possible clue that might shed light on the disappearance of his loved ones. He knew that the little port of Palos, which had been so slow in furnishing the first fleet for Columbus, was now continually agitated by the passion for discovery. From the various seaports of Spain departed an almost constant stream of vessels, encouraged by the discoveries of Columbus to undertake all sorts of voyages of exploration. To Hernando, groping in the dark for hope, came the thought as if by inspiration, "Christina and Grandame Doria have despaired of my returning and have sailed in one of the squadrons for Hispaniola"; and to Captain Vincent Yanez Pinzon he turned as the one who could most likely confirm or deny the truth of his conviction.

He found that Captain Pinzon had just returned, after an absence of almost a year, from the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the famous kingdom of Brazil. To his former glory he had added the honor of being the first European to cross the equinoctial line in the western ocean.

"They applied for passage in our squadron," replied Captain Vincent to Hernando's questioning, "but were dissuaded when told that we did not contemplate following in the path of the admiral."

"Do you refer to the aged señora and her granddaughter, Captain Vincent ?" asked another member of the household, who had entered the room just in time to hear the reply to Hernando's question.

"Yes, Señora Doria and Christina," said Hernando eagerly.

"They were here only a few weeks ago. Have they met with misfortune?"

"I greatly fear some calamity has overtaken them. I have just come from the cottage and found it deserted," answered Hernando.

"They seemed greatly agitated over the rumors of the impending downfall of Columbus, which have persistently circulated in Palos since Bobadilla sailed."

"Did they speak of leaving for the new world?" inquired the anxious lover.

"Señorita Christina desired to know if another expedition was expected to sail soon, and I mentioned that two vessels would leave shortly from Cadiz."

"They are no doubt members of the expedition which sailed under the command of Roderigo Bastides," was the reassuring comment of Captain Vincent, who had been an attentive listener to the conversation.

Hernando's mind was greatly relieved and he was persuaded to remain over night for much-needed rest. Early the next day he was on his way back to Cadiz to join the admiral, hoping, perchance, that he might find Christina and his grandmother there, before they should have sailed for the New World. On arriving, he made diligent inquiry, only to learn that they were in the squadron which sailed from Cadiz just a few weeks before he had arrived there; and though bitterly disappointed at the deferred meeting with Christina, the knowledge that no evil had befallen her helped in large measure to mitigate his trouble. He was comforted, too, by the thought that his father would care for Christina—for her own sweet sake as well as for his son's — as tenderly as though she were his own daughter.

During Hernando's absence the royal messenger had arrived from Granada, and the prisoners had been restored to liberty. The sovereigns' letter to the admiral was couched in terms of gratitude and affection and was filled with expressions of their grief at the wrongs he had suffered. The loyal heart of Columbus was greatly cheered by the letter and the return of Hernando gave him new courage.

"We shall receive immediate restitution of all our

rights and dignities," was the confident assurance with which Columbus greeted Hernando.

The royal invitation for Columbus to present himself at court was accompanied by a purse of two thousand ducats to defray the expenses of the journey, and they immediately departed for Granada, where they arrived on the 17th of December, 1500.

There is a noble scorn which supports the soul and silences the tongue of a great man like Columbus in the presence of the unworthy. He had endured uncomplainingly the insults of ignoble men; but he possessed quick sensibilities, and when the queen received him in tears he was unable to control his long-suppressed feelings. Throwing himself on his knees, he was for some time unable to speak for the violence of his grief. Hernando could not keep back his tears, and when he saw the sovereigns raise the admiral to his feet, his heart was too full for utterance. Presently, when Columbus had regained self-possession, he began an eloquent and high-minded vindication of his conduct.

"My lord admiral, there can be no vindication on your part," was the reassuring interruption of the queen. "You stand in the presence of your sovereigns a deeply injured man, and it remains for them to vindicate themselves of the charge of ingratitude toward their most deserving subject."

"The proceedings of Bobadilla have been contrary to our instructions," said the king, "and he shall immediately be dismissed from his command."

After receiving their gracious letter inviting him to court, Columbus had expected to be received cordially by his sovereigns, but he was hardly prepared for the unqualified favor and distinction which they accorded him. No public notice was taken of the charges made by Bobadilla and Columbus was assured that his property would be restored and that he would be reinstated in all his privileges and dignities.

"A restoration of the vice royalty will immediately take place," said Columbus when he and Hernando were alone together after the reception at court.

"Then we shall return in triumph to San Domingo?"

"God grant we may," replied Columbus, who knew that the lad's eager question was prompted by a deeper feeling than the mere desire to humiliate their enemies.

Both were doomed to disappointment; Hernando, as usual, sharing the bitter humiliation which threw a cloud of gloom over the remainder of the admiral's days — and all the while nursing his own heartache. The long, weary months of separation from Christina, which had stretched into years, began to wear on the youth and at times he doubted if he should ever see her again

The ambitious Ferdinand had found his resources inadequate for his numerous enterprises; and unable to fit out many armaments himself, a general license had been granted in 1495 to undertake voyages of discovery. This was followed by various expeditions

headed by enterprising individuals, most of whom had sailed with Columbus on his first voyages. The career of glory which Columbus had opened for himself was now thronged by favored adventurers, and the different seaports fairly swarmed with fleets that were fitted out without expense to the government. In this way, Spanish territories were extended and the royal treasury benefited by a liberal share of the proceeds of these voyages, without expense to the crown; and Ferdinand realized that the services of Columbus were no longer indispensable. At length he repented of having given such great powers and prerogatives to Columbus, and each voyage, instead of adding to his feeling of obligation, made the king regret more and more the growing magnitude of the reward, until at last he came to feel that he had been outwitted by one of his subjects — and a foreigner at that. After repeated disappointments, Hernando began to doubt if the admiral would ever again be restored to favor.

Aside from the fact that Ferdinand may have doubted the innocence of Columbus with respect to some of the charges brought against him, there is another important consideration which no doubt had great influence upon the king in deciding his attitude toward Columbus. Numerous discoveries had aroused the ambition and avarice of the monarch to a wonderful degree, and his jealousy was equally inflamed by the competition of other enterprising nations, who were seeking a share of the golden world

which he was eager to monopolize. The expeditions of the English and the Portuguese caused him great uneasiness. To secure possession of the New World, it had become necessary to establish local governments in the most important places, which he determined to put under a central government at San Domingo. This action on the part of the sovereigns would greatly increase the importance of the concessions made to Columbus, and the king had not contemplated giving such co-operation when the government was granted to him.

These considerations made the restitution of his powers all the more desirable to Columbus, but with the growing importance of the office it became more and more a matter of repugnance to the selfish monarch. Columbus, being of foreign birth, the King may have doubted his loyalty and have been reluctant on that account to entrust him with such an important command so far away from the parent country; but it is more than likely that the monarch regretted having made such a poor bargain with one of his subjects, and was anxious to exclude Columbus from his high office in such a manner as not to bring odium upon the crown.

The delay in restoring the admiral to his former position was excused on the ground that his personal safety might be endangered and the government thrown into confusion by his return, so long as the violent factions recently in arms against him were still in existence. Bobadilla was to be dismissed im-

mediately and some officer of talent and discretion was to supersede him in command and hold the government for a period of two years. At the expiration of that time Columbus might resume command with safety to himself and advantage to the crown. With such excuses and the promises which accompanied them, Columbus was obliged to content himself. That Isabella was acting in perfectly good faith there is no doubt; but Ferdinand, by his subsequent conduct toward Columbus, has forfeited any claim to so favorable an opinion.

For more than nine months Columbus stayed in Granada and Hernando remained at his side, assisting the admiral in his endeavors to straighten out his affairs from the chaotic state into which they had been thrown by the rash conduct of Bobadilla. During this time and while he was soliciting the restoration of his offices, Columbus was constantly smiled upon by the sovereigns, and repeated promises were made that he should be reinstated as soon as seemed expedient. But he had long since learned that great intervals may elapse between promise and performance. Hernando accepted these promises in good faith and remained constantly with the admiral. He labored cheerfully in the hope that the day was not far distant when the sovereigns would restore the admiral to his former position and they could return in triumph to Hispaniola.

If ever a spirit was supplied with food for misanthropy it was the spirit of Columbus; but though he

was checked in one direction, his enthusiasm broke out afresh in another. In his darkest hours and while experiencing the bitterest disappointments, his mind was filled with glorious speculation. During all his leisure time, he searched the prophecies of the Holy Scriptures for revelations that might be construed to bear upon the discovery of the New World, the conversion of the Gentiles, and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. He believed that from his earliest infancy he had been chosen by Heaven for the accomplishment of these great designs, and he entreated his sovereigns not to reject, as extravagant and impracticable, his plan for rescuing the Holy Sepulchre nor to heed the discredit that might be cast upon the undertaking by others.

It was this ambition that fired the enthusiasm of Columbus in his great enterprises. The great object of his life, and the one to which the profits accruing from his discoveries should be dedicated, was the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Such an undertaking might be considered extravagant at the present day, but there was nothing preposterous about it when we consider the age in which he labored. The spirit of the Crusades had not yet passed away; every cavalier was ready to draw his sword in the cause of the Church, and religion mingled a glowing and devoted enthusiasm with the excitement of warfare.

The weight of Columbus' sixty-five years of life, which had been filled with care and troubles, was beginning to break his once powerful constitution,

but his mind retained all its accustomed vigor; and, stimulated by the achievement of Vasco de Gama in doubling the Cape of Good Hope, he conceived a grand project for another voyage of exploration.

The discovery of the New World had as yet brought but little revenue to Spain, but the route discovered by Vasco de Gama opened a way to the vast riches of the East and immediate wealth was pouring into Portugal. Columbus now conceived the idea of a voyage which should result in the discovery of a passage opening into the Indian sea.

"Such an achievement, Hernando," said he again and again, in his wonted enthusiasm, "will surpass not merely the discovery by Vasco de Gama, but even those of our previous expeditions. If we can by such a discovery link the New World with the opulent oriental regions of the Old, it will make a magnificent close to our labors and consummate the one great object of my life."

"Have you laid these plans before the sovereigns?" inquired Hernando.

"No, but I shall without delay."

When later he went to the sovereigns with his plans, they listened to him with great attention. So convincingly did he plead that his proposition was immediately accepted and he was authorized to fit out a squadron at once; and in the autumn of 1501 the admiral and Hernando repaired to Seville to make the necessary preparations.

The work progressed slowly, and to Hernando,

who was daily growing more impatient, things seemed to be at a standstill. When at last the fleet was ready for sea, Columbus sought permission to touch at Hispaniola, but this privilege was denied him by the sovereigns, except on the return voyage.

"This will be a cruel blow to Hernando," said Columbus to himself. "He has labored with the hope of joining Christina constantly before him"; and for a time Columbus was greatly perplexed as to how he should announce this unpleasant news to Hernando.

"The sovereigns have forbade our stopping at Hispaniola for supplies," was the explanation given by Columbus to Don Bartholomew for the necessity of taking a larger supply of provisions than was originally contemplated. When the admiral spoke he did not see Hernando standing near enough to hear him; but the expression on the boy's face indicated plainer than words that he had overheard the remark. For some moments no one spoke. Their silence seemed to be more expressive of their sympathy for Hernando.

"I am sorry, Hernando, that I did not receive this command in time for you to sail with Ovando."

"Does the admiral believe I would desert the cause at the last moment?" answered the youth, in a tone that showed that his feelings had been wounded.

"It could not have been considered desertion, my faithful friend," responded the admiral tenderly, "I have Don Bartholomew and my sons to assist me.

You must sometimes think of yourself; and, besides, there are others depending upon you."

"But to you, my lord admiral, I owe my life."

"That debt, Hernando, has been paid a thousand times by your loyal service," answered Columbus.

This conversation took place on the 8th of May, 1502, after all preparations had been made for the voyage. The next day the fleet sailed from Cadiz on the fourth and last voyage of discovery. The little squadron swept steadily on its course over a favorable sea, without shifting a sail, and arrived about the middle of June at one of the Caribbee Islands, called by the natives Mantinino. Three days were spent here, to allow the seamen to wash their clothes. After taking in wood and water, they again put to sea. Shortly after they had left Mantinino, Columbus called Hernando to his cabin and announced his intentions to sail to San Domingo, contrary to the instructions of the sovereigns.

"Our principal vessel has sailed extremely ill and has constantly delayed the rest of the squadron. We will exchange it for one of the fleet which recently conveyed Ovando to San Domingo."

Hernando could not conceal the joy it gave him to learn that he was so soon to see Christina. The expression of his face showed that he had not been as happy since that day, so long ago, when the admiral gave permission for him to sail on the first voyage of discovery.

"There can be no blame for departing from orders

in a case of such importance," replied Hernando; but he could hardly be expected to give an unprejudiced opinion in a matter of such consequence to himself.

Don Nicholas de Ovando, a favorite of Ferdinand and a native subject of rank, had been chosen to supersede Bobadilla. Las Casas describes him as "a man of great prudence, capable of governing many people, but not of governing the Indians, on whom he inflicted incalculable injustice. He possessed great veneration for justice, was an enemy to avarice, and sober in his mode of living." Such is the picture drawn of him by a contemporary historian, but his conduct in many instances is in direct contradiction to it; in fact, the seven years of his administration in Hispaniola were so full of atrocities that one can hardly read his name without a feeling of horror. His attitude toward Columbus was certainly ungenerous and unjust.

The fleet conveying Ovando to San Domingo consisted of thirty ships, the largest that had yet sailed to the New World, and departed from Spain about three months before Columbus sailed on his last voyage of discovery.

When the admiral arrived in the harbor of San Domingo, he found ready for sea the fleet which brought out Ovando. He immediately sent ashore Hernando and the captain of one of the caravels to wait on the governor and explain that his purpose in coming was to procure a vessel in exchange for one

of his caravels, which threatened soon to become unseaworthy.

When Hernando returned to report to Columbus he was full of grief and indignation.

"My lord admiral, Ovando refuses your request and further orders you to depart at once."

The real greatness of Columbus never loomed up in such proportions as when contrasted with the petty tyranny of men like Ovando, who sought to subject him to every possible humiliation. Even after he had been denied the hospitality of the city he had founded, he was solicitous of his enemies' safety. His practiced eye had detected an approaching storm and he sought to avert the danger to the fleet which was about to sail.

"Return to the governor, Hernando, and warn him of the impending tempest. Entreat him not to permit the fleet to put to sea for several days."

This time Hernando was ridiculed as the representative of a false prophet. The weather to a less experienced eye was favorable, and the pilots and seamen scoffed at the prediction of the admiral. Hernando was denied permission to visit his father; and worse than all, was obliged to return to the squadron without learning anything of the whereabouts of Christina — uncertain, even, but that she, finding him absent, was about to return to Spain with the fleet then making preparations to depart. His disappointment was terrible — the more so because of his recently kindled hope of seeing Christina with-

out delay — but the brave youth bore it silently, and in his report to the admiral did not even mention the ridicule experienced as his representative. Only in the solitude of the night did he permit himself the luxury of grief. A heart less courageous, a soul of baser metal, must needs have despaired. An unkind fate seemed to oppose his every effort to join Christina. Unable to communicate with her in any way, to assure her of his unchanging affection, he was tortured by all manner of doubts concerning her faith in him. Knowing well the wild and lawless state of affairs that existed in San Domingo, he groaned at the thought that he, her only natural protector, could not be at her side to shield her from harm.

"Shall I never see you again, little Christina?" he thought. "May I never bring you the happiness that will blot from your memory these cruel years of separation?"

At last, worn out by the violence of his emotions, he fell asleep.

The crew murmured loudly at being shut out from a port of their own nation, when even strangers, under similar circumstances, would be admitted; but the admiral was uncomplaining, nor did Hernando rail at his fate.

Columbus kept his squadron close to shore, and sought for safe anchorage in some wild bay of the island until after the storm which he knew was certainly coming. In the meantime, the fleet, with Bobadilla in command, sailed from San Domingo.

Within two days after they stood confidently out to sea the predictions of Columbus were verified. The fleet had scarcely reached the eastern point of Hispaniola when a tremendous hurricane swept over it with awful fury, involving everything in wreck. The ship which carried Bobadilla, Roldan, and a number of the enemies of Columbus, was swallowed up with all its crew. Most of the ships were entirely lost, some returned in a shattered condition to San Domingo, and only one was able to continue her voyage to Spain. That one — the weakest of the fleet — had on board four thousand pieces of gold, the property of Columbus.

"We will not inquire now," said Las Casas, who witnessed the destruction of the fleet, "into this remarkable divine judgment, for at the last day of the world it will be made quite clear to us." Such an instance of poetic justice is not often seen in this world. If such judgments were more frequent, perhaps the ways of Providence would not have come so generally to be looked upon as inscrutable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHIPWRECKED.

After the tempest which sent Bobadilla and his fleet to the bottom of the ocean, Columbus put to sea, but had scarcely left the harbor in which he had taken refuge when he was compelled to seek shelter from another storm. Altogether, two weeks or a little more were lost after his arrival in the harbor of San Domingo on the 29th of June, 1502. During this time, however, he had repaired his vessels and the crew had refreshed themselves and were prepared to continue the voyage of discovery.

On the 30th of July, he discovered an island a few leagues off the coast of Honduras, to the east of the gulf of that name. This island, which was called by the Indians Guanaja, still retains that name; and in later years has been extended to include a group of smaller islands surrounding it.

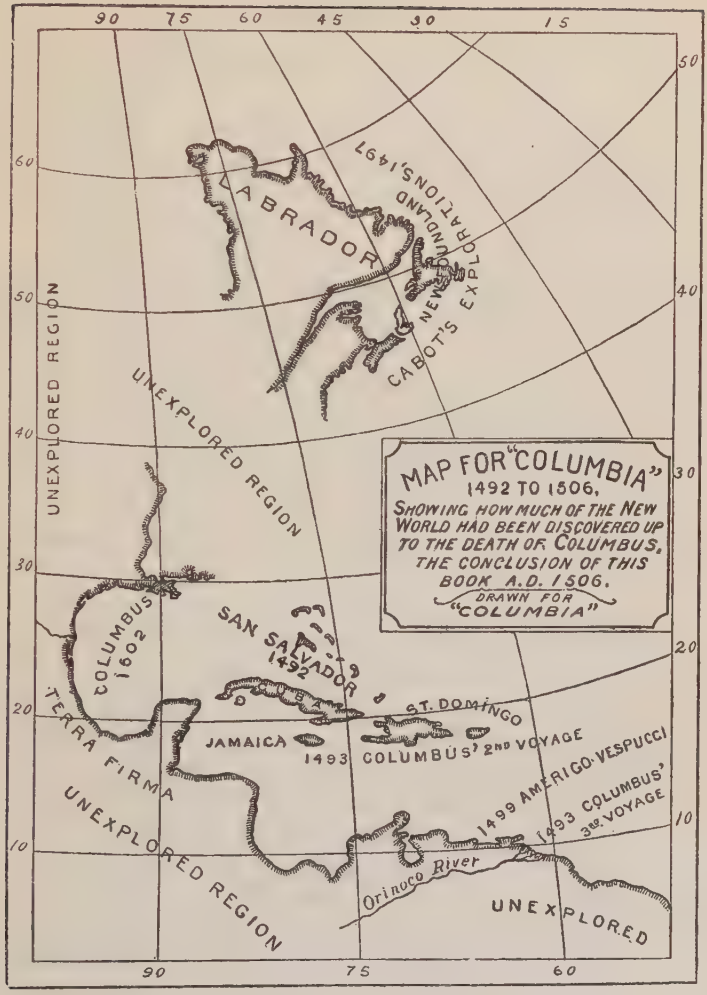
Don Bartholomew and Hernando, with two launches full of sailors, landed on one of the principal islands, which they found to be extremely fertile. While they were on shore, Hernando beheld a great canoe arriving as from a distant voyage. He was amazed at the size of the boat and cried out to Don Bartholomew, "Behold the gondola!" The

boat was eight feet wide and as long as a galley. It had been made from the trunk of a single tree and was built after the manner of the gondolas of Venice. The canopy in the center of the canoe, under which sat a cacique and his family, was constructed of palm leaves and was sufficiently close to exclude both sun and rain. Twenty-five Indians rowed the boat, and later when they came alongside the admiral's caravel, the Spaniards discovered, to their great delight, that the canoe was filled with all sorts of manufactured articles and natural products of the adjacent country. These natives had a more developed sense of modesty than any that had yet been discovered. The women wore mantles, in which they wrapped themselves like the Moorish women of Spain, and the men wore cloths of cotton round their loins.

Columbus examined with great curiosity and interest the contents of the canoe, and was astonished to find manufactured articles of copper, and utensils neatly formed of clay, marble, and of hard wood. These indications he accepted as evidence that they were approaching more civilized lands.

It is supposed that these natives had come from Yucatan. The Spaniards endeavored to learn the particulars of their country, but as the interpreter who accompanied the fleet spoke a different language, they could understand the Indians but imperfectly.

"These natives seem to be trying to impress us with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LABRADOR
NEWFOUNDLAND
CABOT'S EXPLORATIONS, 1497
UNEXPLORED REGION
UNEXPLORED REGION
UNEXPLORED REGION
MAP FOR "COLUMBIA"
1492 TO 1506,
SHOWING HOW MUCH OF THE NEW WORLD HAD BEEN DISCOVERED UP TO THE DEATH OF COLUMBUS, THE CONCLUSION OF THIS BOOK A.D. 1506.
DRAWN FOR "COLUMBIA"
COLUMBUS 1602
SAN SALVADOR 1492
ST. DOMINGO
JAMAICA
1493 COLUMBUS' 2ND VOYAGE
1499 AMERIGO VESPUCCI
1493 COLUMBUS' 3RD VOYAGE
TERRA FIRMA
UNEXPLORED REGION
Orinoco River
UNEXPLORED
90
75
60

the wealth and magnificence of their country," said Hernando.

"They have undoubtedly come from some rich, cultivated country to the west," Columbus replied.

"Will it not be well to follow their advice and steer in that direction?"

But the admiral's whole mind was filled with the idea of discovering a passage leading into the Indian Ocean, and he answered, "At some future time we can visit their country."

Had he followed the advice of the natives, he would have arrived, within a day or two, at Yucatan; the discovery of Mexico would have necessarily followed; the Pacific Ocean would probably have been disclosed to him; and these and other splendid discoveries would have shed fresh glory on his declining years.

On leaving the island of Guanaja, Columbus stood southwardly for the mainland and after sailing a few leagues, discovered a point of land now known as Cape Honduras. On Sunday, the 14th of August, Don Bartholomew landed here, with the captains of the caravels and many of the seamen, to celebrate mass, under the trees on the seashore, according to the pious custom of the admiral. From here they proceeded with great difficulty along the coast of Honduras. For upwards of sixty days they experienced the same stormy weather that had detained them on the coast of Hispaniola. There was almost incessant tempest, with heavy rains, and such

thunder and lightning that it seemed as if the end of the world were at hand.

During this time Columbus suffered extremely from gout; but that his serious illness might not prevent him from attending to his duties, he had a small cabin constructed on the stern. Here he was constantly attended by his faithful companion, Hernando, and though confined to his bed, he kept a lookout and regulated the sailing of the ships.

"We have seen many tempests, Hernando," he said, "but none so violent or of such long duration. I am anxious about Don Bartholomew, whom I persuaded against his will to come on this expedition. His vessel is the weakest of the squadron. I am constantly distressed, too, at the exposures which my son has endured."

"It is this anxiety that aggravates your own malady. Fernando is bearing the hardships with the courage of a veteran. My lord admiral must seek repose of mind, as well as of body."

"You are brave, Hernando. I would gladly have spared you the hardships and perils of this expedition." After a moment's interruption, caused by violent pain, Columbus continued, "You share our disappointments and nurse your own heartaches uncomplainingly. While the crew is murmuring against any further prosecution of the voyage, you are ever at your post, eager to press on."

Such praise from the master he loved filled Her-

nando with an emotion too deep for words, and he could make no reply.

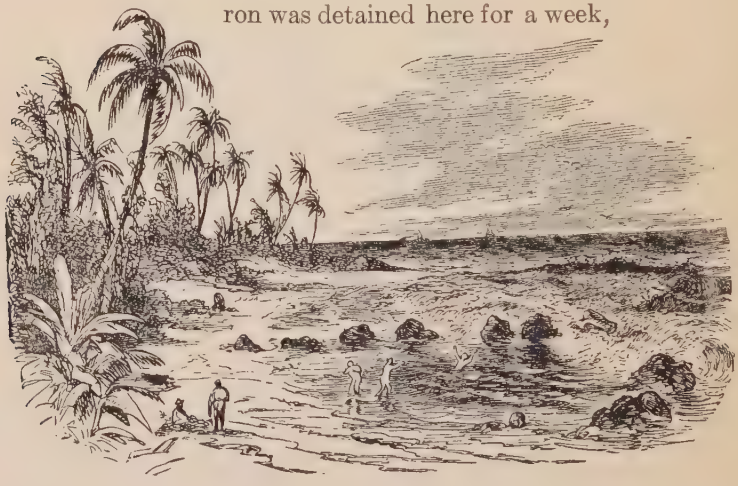
After struggling for upwards of forty days, during which time they had made only seventy leagues, they arrived on the 14th of September at a point where the coast makes a turn directly south, along

THE MOSQUITO SHORE.

what is now called the Mosquito shore. After doubling this cape, they enjoyed an easy wind and free navigation, and swept on with flowing sails and hearts filled with joy. To commemorate this sudden relief from peril, the admiral gave to the cape the name of Gracias a Dios, which signifies *Thanks to God.*

Early in October the squadron sailed along what is now known as Costa Rica, or Gold Coast, so named from the gold and silver mines afterward found in the mountains of that region. Here, for the first time, the Spaniards found specimens of pure gold, which the natives were wearing in the form of large plates suspended round their necks. The cupidity of the crew was greatly excited, but Columbus pressed

on in quest of the great object of the expedition, anchoring on the 2d of November in an excellent harbor, which, from the sweetness and beauty of the surrounding country, he called Puerto Bello. This place marks, lacking a few leagues, the extreme southern point reached by Columbus on his fourth voyage of discovery. The squadron was detained here for a week,



Along the Gold Coast.

by heavy rain and adverse winds, after which they sailed eastward for a distance of eight leagues. The continued stormy weather disheartened the members of the crew, who were disappointed at not being allowed to explore the rich coast they had left behind. At last Columbus was persuaded to relin-

quish the further prosecution of the voyage and they returned to the coast of Veragua to search for gold.

"It is our last opportunity to silence the reproaches of our enemies in Spain," remarked the admiral pathetically.

He had endured untold hardships in the pursuit of this last great undertaking. He had been disappointed in his expectation of finding a strait through what is at present known as the Isthmus of Darien; but it was because Nature herself had been disappointed. For does it not appear that she attempted to make a passage there?

In the voyage from Puerto Bello to Veragua, a distance of about thirty leagues, they were blown and tossed about for nearly a month, in such a manner as to baffle all seamanship. Nearly all their provisions had been consumed, and those which remained were damaged by the leakage of the ships. Their biscuit was so filled with worms that the men could satisfy their hunger only by eating in the dark. With his accustomed activity, Don Bartholomew explored the surrounding country. The natives seemed unwilling to give any information about the gold mines, but the Spaniards were convinced from what they saw and heard that the various accounts of the wealth of Veragua were correct. They secured twenty plates of gold and other articles of the same precious metal, in exchange for the veriest trifles. The Indians informed them that the mines lay among distant mountains. Don Bartholomew was induced

by these reports to ascend the river Veragua, and the reports which he brought from the interior led Columbus to believe that he had at last reached the fountain head of riches, those regions of the Asiatic continent which had been the source of the unbounded wealth of King Solomon.

"I shall report to the sovereigns that we have seen more indications of gold within two days after our arrival in this country than during four years in Hispaniola," remarked the admiral, with his usual enthusiasm, after he had listened eagerly to Don Bartholomew's report of the regions of unappropriated wealth, twenty days' journey in extent, which he found in his ascent of the Veragua.

"Here is a good place to found a colony," suggested Hernando.

"We will establish a mart that shall become the emporium of a vast tract," said the admiral, and continued eloquently:

"Hispaniola, the object of our pride and hopes, has been taken from us; the pearl coast of Paria is being ravaged by favored adventurers; but here is a region more favored than either. It will afford us some consolation for the wrongs we have suffered."

It was agreed that Don Bartholomew should remain with a force of eighty selected men, for the purpose of taking possession of the country and working the mines; while the admiral should return to Spain for reinforcements and supplies. Final arrangements were made for the management of the

colony, and the admiral took an affectionate leave of his brother and got under way with three of the caravels, leaving the fourth for the use of the colony. It was his intention to touch at Hispaniola on his way home and send supplies and reinforcements from there for the aid of the colony. Hernando was to accompany the admiral as far as San Domingo and there remain; and once more he was jubilant at the prospect of seeing Christina and gathering under his own roof the scattered remnant of his family. Soon they would be together again, and the meeting would be all the sweeter for the many weary years of separation. He promised himself that the love and devotion which he would shower upon Christina should be sufficient to compensate her for all that she had endured for the sake of his vanished ambition. Only one thought disturbed his peace of mind — he could not rid himself of the fear that Christina had sailed for Spain with the fleet under Bobadilla's command, and had possibly perished in the storm which wrecked most of the crew.

The admiral was compelled to anchor a league from shore and await a favorable wind, and before his departure disastrous tidings from the settlement were received, which filled his heart with grief and alarm. Hostile natives had surprised the colony and taken the Spaniards completely off their guard. One man had been killed and eight wounded in the conflict. Among the latter was Don Bartholomew who received a slight thrust of a javelin in the breast.

The colonists insisted on following the admiral in the caravel left for their use, and the remonstrances of Don Bartholomew were in vain; but finding the vessel landlocked they were in a state of mutiny. There was no alternative for Columbus but to take all of them with him and abandon the settlement temporarily.

Toward the end of April, 1503, Columbus left the disastrous coast of Veragua, but he had not proceeded far when he was obliged to leave one of his caravels, it being so eaten by worms that it was impossible to keep it afloat. All the men were now crowded into two caravels.

The violent weather encountered on the voyage is best described by the admiral's own words, that it seemed "as if the world would dissolve." He struggled against contrary winds and the usual currents from the east, and made repeated endeavors to beat up to Hispaniola; but every effort was in vain. In despair the admiral at last headed for the island of Jamaica, to seek some safe port, for there was imminent danger of foundering at sea. At last he was compelled to give up the long and arduous struggle against the persecution of the elements, but not until his ships had been reduced to mere wrecks and could no longer be kept afloat. The caravels were run aground in the harbor to which he had given the name of Port Santa Gloria on the occasion of his first visit to the island of Jamaica.

Shipwrecked on the shores of a savage island, in

an unfrequented sea, we leave the reader to imagine Hernando's feelings. He had struggled bravely for years in pursuit of an object, which again and again had seemed to be just within his reach; but ever it had vanished ere he could put out his hand and grasp it. Happiness seemed to him a mere will o' the wisp, as uncertain as life itself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TO THE RESCUE.

It was a distance of over two hundred leagues to San Domingo. The islands of Jamaica and Hispaniola are separated by a gulf forty leagues wide, swept by contrary currents. The rest of the way lay along the coast of a savage country, and one undertaking the journey would be subject to perils both by land and sea. The light canoe of the Indian was the only means of transporting a messenger to Ovando. Who would think of undertaking so hazardous a voyage in such a frail bark? There was scarcely one chance in a thousand for success. To have commanded any one to attempt it would have been almost equivalent to committing murder.

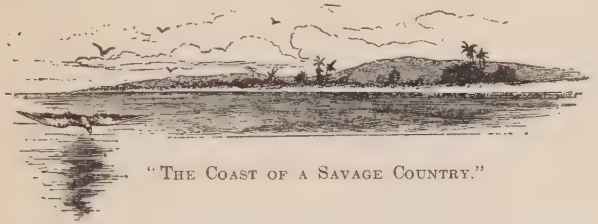
Foraging expeditions had been sent out among the natives of the island, and the immediate wants of the Spaniards were provided for, but the admiral knew the Indians could not be depended upon for aid and he was without means of compelling them to furnish his people with provisions. It was necessary therefore to find some means of communicating with Ovando. Columbus was greatly distressed and spent much time deliberating upon the most practicable means of sending notice of his situation

to the governor at San Domingo. One evening while he was thus engaged in deep thought, Hernando came upon him alone.

"My lord admiral, we are in a perilous situation," said Hernando, who knew the thoughts which were absorbing the admiral's mind.

"Only a few realize, Hernando, in how great peril we are placed."

For a few moments there was absolute silence, which at length was broken by Hernando.



"The Coast of a Savage Country."

'Admiral, I have a plan, which if it meets with your favor, may deliver us all from our present dangers."

The admiral looked up, his face troubled, as if anticipating the rash offer Hernando was about to make.

"The only means we have of reaching Hispaniola is by canoe," continued Hernando, "and such an undertaking is not only difficult —"

"But impossible," interrupted Columbus. "It would be necessary to traverse a gulf forty leagues wide, passing between islands where the sea is extremely wild and dangerous." In so forbidding a

tone did the admiral speak that Hernando hesitated to proceed with the plan he was about to propose; and before he could collect himself, the admiral finished, "No one would venture upon an undertaking so extremely perilous."

Hernando, who had regained his self-possession, replied quickly:

"Admiral, my life has many times been placed in peril of death. God hath hitherto preserved me in a miraculous manner and he will not desert us now. It is the only means of salvation for the expedition — and my only hope of joining Christina."

Columbus felt instinctively that the youth had determined upon this desperate enterprise and that nothing could be gained by direct opposition to his plans. He did not attempt, therefore, to openly dissuade him, but decided on a more diplomatic course to accomplish the same end. After a moment's hesitation, the admiral replied:

"Hernando, there are certain murmurers in the expedition, who say that you and Don Bartholomew are entrusted with all affairs where honor is to be gained. I beg, therefore, that you do not add to my present embarrassment. Wait until I can summon all the people and propose this enterprise publicly, to see if among them there is one who will undertake it. If all decline, you may then come forward and risk your life, with my permission."

Hernando knew that certain members of the crew regarded him with great jealousy, and he readily

assented to the admiral's proposal, but continued his preparations for the departure.

Columbus could not bring himself to allow the youth he loved to so risk his life, and he felt, moreover, that if any one attempted such a perilous journey, the lot should fall to some older member of the crew — a veteran, and not a mere youth. While discussing the project with Hernando, Columbus was running over in his mind the different members of the crew, and finally decided to approach Diego Mendez, a man whom he esteemed highly for his loyalty and courage, and persuade him to volunteer his services. Accordingly, he at once sought Diego Mendez and found him willing, even eager, to undertake the journey; and arrangements were made for him to offer his services at the appointed time.

Accordingly, the next day the crew was assembled by order of the admiral, who was confident that Hernando would not be given an opportunity to risk his life in this way. When the proposition was made, there was a moment's silence. Hernando was just on the point of speaking, when Diego Mendez stepped forward and said, "Your excellency, I have but one life to lose, yet I am willing to risk it in your service and for the good of all here present."

Columbus embraced his zealous follower, immeasurably relieved at Hernando's escape, and immediate preparations were made for the expedition. The boat, which was an Indian canoe, was furnished with a mast and a sail, and when provisions were put in,

there remained sufficient room for six Indians, Diego Mendez, and a Spanish comrade. That Spanish comrade was — Hernando Estevan, who had secretly determined to accompany Mendez.

Quite unprepared for this turn of affairs, Columbus protested and tried to dissuade Hernando — but in vain. Hernando listened patiently to all the admiral said, and then replied:

"My lord admiral, the pain of your displeasure robs me of the pleasure of risking my life to save you and my comrades here; but even that cannot deter me. Do not let me depart without your blessing. Consider that we go to seek relief from an unfriendly governor, who would gladly leave you here to perish if he thought by such means he could be rid of you. It is better, anyway, that two of us should go; then, if either fails, our undertaking will not be altogether defeated. None has served you with greater loyalty than I; perhaps that loyalty will help me to succeed where an older man would not. Give the message to Diego Mendez, and if he fails to secure aid from the governor, I shall, as a last resort, seek to raise an expedition privately and come to your rescue."

Columbus, seeing that protests were unavailing, gave a reluctant consent and the blessing Hernando besought. From the depths of his heart went up a prayer that God would guard and direct the brave youth whom he loved so well.

When everything was in readiness, they departed along the coast to the eastward. The voyage was

toilsome and perilous, but they made their way against strong currents and at length arrived at the eastern end of the island, a distance of thirty-four leagues from the harbor. While waiting here for calmer weather before striking out boldly into the open sea, they were captured by a band of hostile Indians, who carried them a distance of three leagues into the interior, determined to kill them. Some dispute arose over the division of the spoils taken from the prisoners, which they decided to settle by casting lots. While they were thus engaged, Diego Mendez escaped, found his way to the canoe, embarked in it, and returned to the harbor alone, after an absence of fifteen days. He reported at once to the admiral, and manifested great distress at being obliged to leave Hernando to his fate. "But," said he, "I knew I could help neither him nor my shipwrecked comrades by remaining there, and I felt that if I returned to you, I might succeed in a second attempt to secure aid for our party. Hernando himself would have bade me go."

Columbus' grief at the almost certain death of his friend was pitiful — though he could not but hope against hope for Hernando's escape, and did not give him up for lost for several days, during which time his appearance was daily expected. But as the days wore on and brought no sign of the youth, Columbus was finally compelled to give up hope and mourned as dead his faithful friend.

After his companion escaped, Hernando was

guarded more closely by the Indians and as he had been carried still farther into the interior, he had little hope of finding his way back to the harbor, even if he should escape. After many weary weeks of captivity, the time was finally set for his death, and on the night before the Indians were celebrating the occasion with a weird dance about a great fire.

Even then Hernando did not despair, but only sought the harder to contrive some way to outwit his captors. Providentially, almost, he noticed that a little shadow was slowly, steadily creeping across the face of the moon, and he remembered that Columbus had said that a total eclipse was due to occur soon. As if by inspiration came the thought that he might use this strange phenomenon of Nature to frighten his superstitious captors into letting him go. He sent for the cacique and told him that he was a worshiper of a God dwelling in the skies, who rewarded all who did well and punished all transgressors. This great Deity, he said, was incensed against the Indians for threatening to take the life of one of his children; and the moon was changing color as a warning to them that if they persisted in this course, they should be scourged with famine and pestilence. At first the Indians treated the prediction with derision, but as they beheld the dark shadow stealing over the moon, they began to tremble with fear. With the progress of the eclipse, their fears increased and when they saw a mysterious darkness covering the earth, their

terror knew no bounds. The cacique and his principal warriors threw themselves at the feet of the captive and begged him to intercede with his God to withhold the threatened punishment, promising that he should have not only his liberty, but anything else he might desire. Hernando affected indifference to their supplications, until the eclipse began to pass off the face of the moon, and then he informed them that his God had deigned to pardon them on condition of their sending him to his people across the intervening gulf.

When the credulous natives saw the moon restored to its former brightness, they overwhelmed Hernando with thanks for his intercession. They began immediate preparations to convey him to Hispaniola, and the next morning found them on their way across the gulf in canoes. There was no wind, the sky was without a cloud, and the heat was intolerable. Exhausted by heat, the Indians would plunge into the water to cool themselves, and return with new vigor to their labors. By the close of the first day they had lost sight of land. During the night the Indians took turns, one half sleeping while the others rowed — Hernando standing guard all the while, with their only weapons in his possession. In this way they toiled through the first night, their frail barks heaving up and down with the swelling of the ocean. The light canoes seemed scarcely capable of withstanding the broad undulations of a calm sea and Hernando could not but wonder uneasily

how they would be able to live amid waves and surges, should the wind rise.

During the first day the Indians, fatigued and tormented by thirst, had drunk up nearly all the water, and in the face of this new suffering, all others were forgotten. Before the end of the second day their strength failed them. Hernando had secretly reserved for such extremity two small kegs of water. The precious contents were administered in sparing mouthfuls to those who still labored at the oars. For the rest of the day they continued wearily toiling on, Hernando all the while keeping an anxious lookout for land. The sun went down on a shoreless sky; there was not even a cloud on the horizon which might have deceived them into a hope. The night closed upon them without any sight of the island and they now despaired of reaching it. Two of the Indians died; others lay panting at the bottom of the canoes. The night had far advanced; the last drop of water had been dealt out. Those whose turn it was to take repose were unable to sleep from the intensity of their thirst, while those on duty could scarcely move their paddles through the water. It seemed impossible that they should live to reach Hispaniola.

Hernando was now about to despair. He sat watching the horizon, which was gradually being lighted by the faint rays of light which precede the rising moon. As it rose, he perceived that it seemed to emerge from behind some dark mass ele-

vated above the level of the sea. Immediately he gave the cry of "Land!" The almost expiring Indians, roused to new life, exerted themselves with feverish energy, and by dawn they had reached the shore and landed on the bank of a beautiful river. There they were able to slake their thirst and were kindly received by the natives.

After remaining for two days' rest, Hernando departed with Indian guides from the island to cover the one hundred and thirty leagues along the coast that still separated him from San Domingo. They started by canoe, but after proceeding eighty leagues with infinite toil, always against the currents, they lost their boats. Still undaunted by difficulties or fatigue, he proceeded on foot, through savage forests and over mountains, until at last he arrived at San Domingo.

He had accomplished an undertaking which Columbus himself, who knew no obstacles, had pronounced impossible. Nothing less than his devotion to the admiral and his great love for Christina could have inspired such a heroic effort. But the journey had been made at terrific cost to both mind and body, and the moment Hernando realized that he was once more among friends, he sank unconscious under a strain that had overtaxed his physical endurance. Some weeks later when he regained consciousness, he found himself amongst familiar surroundings. At first he thought he was dreaming, for he seemed to be in the little house he had erected on his land grant near San

Domingo. But the atmosphere of the place was changed, as if it had been prepared for his home-coming; and the beautiful girl who sat by his bedside — surely it could not be — yes, yes, it was Christina.

"Christina, my guardian angel, is it you who has nursed me back to life?"

Such scenes are too sacred for description, and we shall leave them to enjoy alone those moments of unalloyed happiness, which seemed all the sweeter because of the years of hardship and separation that had kept them apart.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

The faithful Mendez, undaunted by the perils and hardships he had suffered, offered to depart immediately on a second expedition — which proved to be successful. He was received with great kindness by Ovando, who expressed the utmost concern at the unfortunate situation of Columbus and promised immediate relief; but "he was a slippery knave, who knew how to deal out promises without taking the first step toward their fulfillment."

Eight months had elapsed since Mendez's second departure, and in the meantime, Columbus was the tenant of a wreck on a savage coast, at the mercy, not only of the barbarous hordes who had been transformed into ferocious enemies, but a mutinous crew. It was a terrible year that the admiral spent on the wild coast of Jamaica. He was confined to his bed by excruciating maladies, which hardships and anxiety had heaped upon his advancing age. Before the year ended, there was a pitched battle, in which Don Bartholomew led the loyal forces in a victorious attempt to quell a band of mutineers.

Ovando threw impediments in the way of Mendez's obtaining the required relief, and in this way

prevented Hernando from co-operating with him; but both had been active in stirring up public sentiment in favor of the admiral — so much so that Ovando's conduct had aroused great indignation in San Domingo and he was openly condemned by the clergy. At length, just as Hernando was about to purchase some ships privately, on Columbus' account and was on the point of sending for the admiral, Ovando sent two ships over to Jamaica and brought Columbus and his starving party to Hispaniola. This was late in June, 1504.

Hernando's recovery was followed by an early marriage to Christina, and when Columbus arrived at San Domingo on the 13th day of August, 1504, one of the first to welcome him was Hernando, whom the admiral greeted as one returned from the dead. He found his youthful companion settled down to a peaceful and quiet life in the little home on his estate. With him were Roderigo and the aged Senora Doria, who had come to look upon the discoverer of the New World with reverence — as a man called of Heaven for a great work.

The admiral was visibly affected at seeing Hernando again, and received him with all the affection due a long-lost son.

"I have not seen you so happy in many a day," remarked Hernando, as he conducted Columbus to his home on the outskirts of the city.

"I was unable to learn if you had lived to reach San Domingo; and to find you not only alive, but

reunited with your family, gives me double cause for rejoicing," replied the admiral tenderly.

"We are all very happy. The years of separation prepared us for a higher appreciation of our present blessings. All these years I have been searching for riches, not realizing my wealth in the possession of your affection and confidence, and in the love of a pure, devoted woman."

"Such love as that is a greater luxury than anything that gold can buy. I trust, my son, that you will remain in this New World and be one of the men to lay the foundation of a great empire," was the admiral's admonition; and it was never forgotten by the head of the Estevan family in America, whose descendants have given freely of their services to the upbuilding of the nation.

Hernando was silent for some moments, as he reflected that his services for his beloved master were ended, and then replied, "I shall be content to remain here always, unless I can further serve you."

But Columbus would not tolerate even the suggestion. "My work is nearly finished. I shall return to Spain where my two faithful sons will care for me. Your thought now must be of Christina and your father and Señora Doria."

Hernando then spoke of the chaotic state of the admiral's affairs, which had given him great concern ever since his arrival in San Domingo.

"Your interests have been sacrificed during your absence."

"But those of the crown have suffered, also, under poor management." said Columbus. "The principal source of revenue has been cut off and the island has been almost depopulated of its original inhabitants."

"Hispaniola has been the scene of atrocities such as have scarcely been surpassed in all history," added Hernando with indignation.

"The desolation of the island has grieved me sorely, but I am powerless to interfere. My advice is ill received by the governor, and the sooner I return to Spain the better it will be for the peace and prosperity of Hispaniola."

A month later Columbus sailed for Spain. Fortune seemed to persecute him to the end of his last voyage, for he had scarcely left the harbor when he was encountered by a sudden and severe storm. For several weeks he was tempest-tossed, suffering at the same time the most excruciating pain from his malady; and when he anchored in the harbor of San Lucas on the 7th of November, 1504, he was in the grip of his last illness.

The subsequent history of Columbus is brief, but it is a sad page in the great book of humanity. When he arrived in Spain, Queen Isabella was on her deathbed and a few days later passed away. Her death was a great blow to the fortunes of Columbus. It left him to the cold ingratitude of Ferdinand, who realized that a little more delay, a few more disappointments, and the loyal heart of his faithful servant

would cease to beat, and he would be free from the just claims of one who, in ceasing to be useful, had become a burden.

What visions of glory would have filled Columbus' mind had he realized that he had discovered a new continent, equal in magnitude to the whole of the Old World. However, he died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery and the New World bears the name of another — but he needs no monument to perpetuate his memory. His name shall not cease to be a household word until "languages are dead and lips are dust."

He expired at Valladolid, with great resignation, on the Day of Ascension, the 20th of May, 1506. His last words were, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." His cherished plan of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre was never fulfilled, and perhaps it was God's will it should not be. That so great and good a man as Columbus should have been neglected in his old age and left to die of cold ingratitude — broken-hearted and disappointed — will bring pain and regret to the hearts of all who read his pathetic story, so long as the world shall stand.

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CHRONOLOGY

UNAUTHENTIC DISCOVERIES.

9th Century. Northmen at Iceland.
986. Eric the Red at Greenland.
Later. Biörn and Lief at Newfoundland.
1000. Vinland — supposed to be southeastern coast of New England.
Note.— Historians differ in regard to the authenticity of the above.

AUTHENTIC DISCOVERIES.

PERIOD I.—AGE OF DISCOVERY

From A.D. 1435 to A.D. 1506.

1435. Christopher Columbus born in Genoa, Italy.
1449-50. Columbus shipped in the Genoese Marine under his uncle.
1470. Columbus went to Lisbon to reside.
1471. Columbus married Felipa Monis de Palestrello.
1472. Columbus and wife resided at Porto Santo. His son Diego born.
1473. Columbus met an old pilot, who told him of picking up a strangely carved paddle 450 leagues west of Portugal.
1474. Toscanelli furnished Columbus with charts,— June 25.
1477. Columbus made a voyage 100 leagues beyond Iceland.

1484. Bartholomew Columbus set out for England.
Columbus left Lisbon for Spain.
(In autumn) Columbus met Juan Perez de Marchena, at Convent of La Rabida, at the gate of which he had stopped to ask for food for his child.

1485. Columbus' application rejected at Genoa.

1490. Columbus before the Commission, or Junta, at Salamanca.

1491. Commission, or Junta, reported Columbus' project impossible.

1492. Columbus received patent from Ferdinand and Isabella to discover countries,— April 17.

1492. Columbus set sail from Palos,— August 3.

1492. Columbus discovered America, at San Salvador, one of the Bahamas,— October 12.

1493. Columbus discovered Jamaica and other islands. Second voyage.

1497. Cabots, on second voyage, discovered the coast of Labrador,— June 24.

1498. Columbus discovered South America at mouth of Orinoco,— August 1. Third voyage.

1499. Amerigo Vespucci, for whom America was named, visited South America.

1500. Columbus arrested and sent to Spain in chains.
Cortereal, of Portugal, seeking India, explored Labrador.

1502. Columbus explored coast in Gulf of Mexico. Fourth voyage.

1506. Christopher Columbus died at Valladolid, Spain, — May 20.